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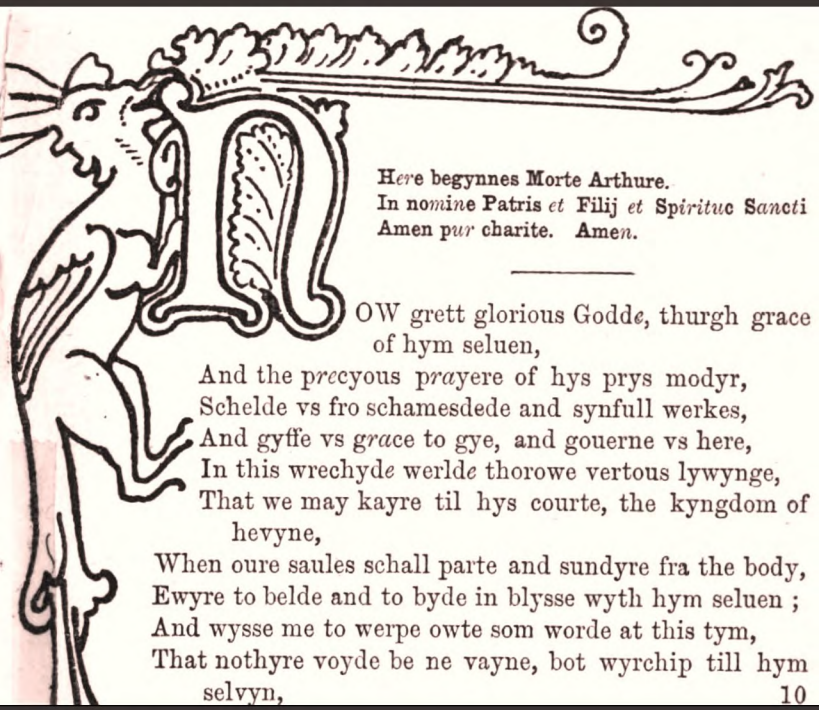

Here begynnes Morte Arthure.
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In this wrechyde werlde thorowe vertous lywynge,
That we may kayre til hys courte, the kyngdom of
hevyne,
When oure saules schall parte and sundyre fra the body,
Ewyre to belde and to byde in blysse wyth hym seluen ;
And wysse me to werpe owte som worde at this tym,
That nothyre voyde be ne vayne, bot wyrchip till hym
selvyn, 10

Morte Arthure

Huchown, Lincoln Cathedral. Library

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PART I

THE TEXT

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MORTE ARTHURE.

ERRATA.

MISPRINTS: TEXT.

line 527 *the* for þe
623 castelles *for* castells
656 eu*ere* ,, eu*ere*
694 þat ,, þ*at*
926 out ,, owt
1052 *th*am ,, þam
1085 þe ,, þe
1097 Lyme ,, Lym
1485 semi-colon missing at the end of the line
1687 comma missing at the end of the line
1845 sou*er*ayñge *for* sou*er*aygñe
2166 kynge *for* kyng*e*
2239 burlyched ,, burlyche
l. 2261 conqu*erour for* conquer*our*
2282 what *for* wh*a*te
2808 *th*em ,, þem
2857 blode ,, bolde
3100 stablis *for* stablede
3208 note[3]; r, rde *for* yr, gyrde
3259 comely *for* comly
3297 fro ,, for
3359 as ,, es
3371 frelich ,, freliche
3390 sondire ,, sondir*e*
3753 their *for* theire
3760 comma missing at the end of the line
4034 note of exclamation ditto
4040 thareto *for* þareto

NOTES.

line 156 Keus qui mont *for* Keus qui mout
l. 3942 Pre *for* þre

GLOSSARY.

Allblausters *for* allblawsters
(Baneoure) 3782 *for* 3732
Certyfye ; a. *for* v. (verb)
Chawnes *for* chawnse
Cleveworte *for* clereworte
Creete ,, creette
Deffure ,, deffuse
Dertflyche ,, derflyche
Dowtle ,, dowtte
(Dryssede) Drerce *for* dresce
(Ekken) ekys should be in small capitals
Faytherly *for* faythely
Frekkely ,, frekkly
(Frythes) *v.s. pl.* for *v.* 3 *pl.*
(Gledys) 177 *for* 117
(Graynes) 3163 *for* 3463
(Graythe) 1303 ,, 4303
Grewes *for* greues
Gwerddowns ,, gwerdouns
(Halely) 1101 ,, 1001
Hondem ,, honden
Housynge ,, howsynge
Lattede ,, layttede
(Rype) 1867 ,, 1877
(Salue) deal ,, heal
(Sawturoure, saltier) ordinarily *for* ordinary
Schirrewes *for* schirreues
(Schone) 3559 *for* 3599
(Semble) 1547 ,, 1457
Senegly ,, sengely
(Tak) tare ,, tase
(Tite) alle ,, alls
(Wiste) welte ,, wiet

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INDEX OF NAMES.

Fawnell *for* Fawuell.

CORRECTIONS.

l. 1051, 'Cowlefull' should be cowle full

l. 3126, 'stabbis' wants a note, MS. stablis

l. 3996, 'kyhte' wants a note to say that the MS. has 'kyghte' with the g twice stroked out.

In the Glossary, 'mailes' should be males. 'Ercheuesques' wants the line-number, 67. To 'o, oo,' add of, from. 'Offyre' wants the line-number, 939. To 'Singulere' add *adv.* 172. To 'Toppe-castells' add line-number, 3616. To 'Ventelde' add the line-number, 737. 'Roo,' 3272 should be 4304. 'Brayell,' *s.* stomach, 793, is omitted. N.B. (Alfyn) elephant=alfyn, is not meant to suggest that alfyn is derived from elephant; the form of statement is misleading.

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Morte Arthure

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Morte Arthure.

An alliterative Poem of the 14th Century

From

The Lincoln MS.

Written by

Robert of Thornton.

Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by

Mary Macleod Banks

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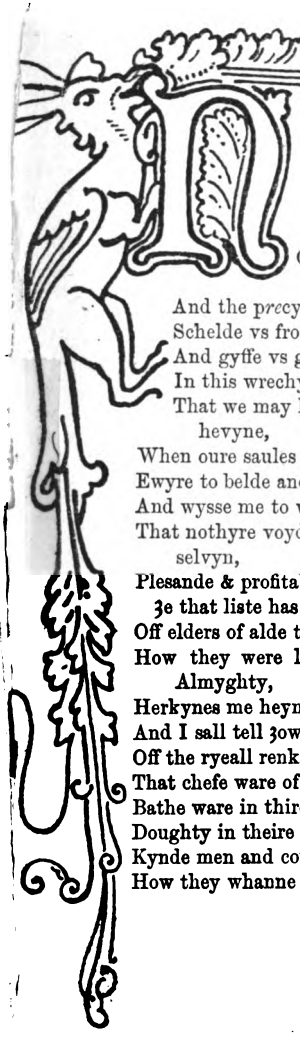
Morte Arthure.



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And wysse me to werpe owte som worde at this tym,
That nothyre voyde be ne vayne, bot wyrchip till hym
selvyn,
Plesande & profitabill to the pople þat them heres.
3e that liste has to lyth, or luffes for to here,
Off elders of alde tym and of theire awke dedys,
How they were lele in theire lawe, and louede God
Almyghty,
Herkynes me heyndly and holdys 3ow styll,
And I sall tell 3ow a tale, þat trewe es and nobyll,
Off the ryeall renkys of the rownnde table,
That chefe ware of cheualrye and cheftans nobyll,
Bathe ware in thire werkes and wyse men of armes,
Doughty in theire doyngs, and dredde ay schame,
Kynde men and courtays, and couthe of courte thewes ;
How they whanne wyth were wyrchippis many,

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Sloughe Lucyus þe lythyre, that lorde was of Rome,
And conqueryd that kyngryke thorowe craftys of armes.
Herkenes now hedyrwarde, and herys this storye.
Qwen that the kynge Arthur by conqueste hade wonnyn
Castells and kyngdoms, and contreez many,
And he had couerede the coroun of the kyth ryche,
Of all that Vter in erthe aughte in his tym,
Orgayle and Orkenay, and all this owte-iles,
Irelande vttirly, as Occyane rynnys ;
Scathyll Scottlande by skyll he skyftys as hym lykys,
And Wales of were he wane at hys will,
Bathe Flaundrez and Fraunce fre til hym seluyn ;
Holaund and Henawde they helde of hym bothen,
Burgoyne and Brabane, and Bretayn the lesse,
Gyan and Gothelande, & Grece the ryche.
Bayon and Burdeux he beldytt full faire,
Turoyn and Tholus with toures full hye ;
Off Peyters and of Prouynce he was prynce holdyn,
Of Valence & Vyenne, off value so noble,
Of Eruge & Anyon, thos erledoms ryche.
By conqueste full cruell þey knewe hym fore lorde
Of Nauerne and Norwaye, & Normaundye eke,
Of Almayne, of Estriche, and oþer ynowe ;
Danmarke he dryssede all by drede of hym seluyn,
Fra Swynn vnto Swetherwyke, with his swerde[1] kene.
Qwenn he thes dedes had don, he doubbyd hys knyghtez,
Dyuysyde dowcherys and delte in dyuerse remmes ;
Mad of his cosyns kyngys ennoyntede,
In kyth there they couaitte crounes to bere.
Whene he thys rewmes hade redyn & rewlyde the pople,
Then rystede that ryall and helde þe rounde tabyll ;
Suggeourns þat seson to solace hym seluen,
In Bretayn þe braddere, as hym beste lykes ;
Sythyn wente into Wales with his wyes all,
Sweys into Swaldye with his snell houndes,
For to hunt at þe hartes in thas hye laundes,
In Glamorgan with glee, thare gladchipe was eucre.

[1] MS. swrede. (Brock.)

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And thare a citee he sette, be assentte of his lordys,
That Caerlyon was callid, *with* curius walles,
On the riche reuare þat rynnys so faire,
There he myghte semble his sorte to see whenn hym lykyde.
Thane aftyre at Carlelele a Cristynmese he haldes,
This ilke kyde *con*querour, & helde hym for lorde,
Wyth dukez & dusperes of dyuers rewmes,
Erles & ercheuesqes, and o*þer* ynowe,
Byschopes & bachelers, & banerettes nobill
Þat bowes to his banere, buske when hym lykys.
Bot on the Cristynmesdaye, when they were all semblyde,
That comlyche *con*querour *com*maundez hym seluyn
Þat ylke a lorde sulde lenge, and no lefe take,
To the tende day fully ware takyn to þe ende.
Thus on ryall araye he helde his rounde table,
With semblant & solace & selcouthe metes;
Whas neuer syche noblay, in no manys tym,
Mad in mydwynter *in* þa weste marchys.
Bot on the newȝere daye, at þe none euyne,
As the bolde at the borde was of brede seruyde,
So come in sodanly a senatour of Rome,
Wyth sexten knyghtes in a soyte sewande hym one.
He saluȝed the souerayne & the sale aftyr,
Ilke a kynge aftyre kynge, and mad his enclines;
Gaynour in hir degré he grette as hym lykyde,
And syne agayne to þe gome he gaffe vp his nedys:
"Sir Lucius Iberius, the Emperour of Rome,
Saluz the as sugett, vndyre his sele ryche;
It es credens, *sir* kynge, *with* cruell wordez,
Trow it for no trufles, his targe es to schewe!
Now in this newȝers daye *with* notaries sygne,
I make the somouns *in* sale to sue for þi landys,
That on Lammesse daye thare be no lette founden,
Þat thow bee redy at Rome *with* all thi rounde table,
Appere *in* his presens *with* thy price knyghtez,
At pryme of the daye, in payne of ȝour lyvys,
In þe kydde Capytoile before þe kyng selvyn,
When he and his senatours bez sette as them lykes,

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To ansuere anely why thow ocupyes the laundez,
That awe homage of alde till hym & his eldyrs ;
Why thow has redyn and raymede, & raunsound þe pople,
And kyllyde doun his cosyns, kyngys ennoynttyde.
Thare schall thow gyffe rekkynynge for all thy round table,
Why thow arte rebell to Rome, and rentez them wytholdez.
ȝiff thow theis somouns wythsytte, he sendes thie thies wordes,
He sall the seke ouer þe see wyth sexten kynges,
Bryne Bretayn þe brade, and bryttyn thy knyghtys,
And brynge the bouxsomly as a beste with brethe whare hym lykes,
That thow no schall rowte ne ryste vndyr the heuene ryche,
þofe thow for reddour of Rome ryne to þe erthe.
For if thow flee into Fraunce or Freselaund owþer,
þou sall be fechede with force, and ouersette fore euer.
Thy fadyr mad fewtee, we fynde in oure rollez,
In the regestre of Rome, who so ryghte lukez :
Withowttyn more trouflynge the trebute we aske,
That Iulius Cesar wan wyth his ientill knyghttes ! "
THe kynge blyschit on the beryn with his brode eghn,
þat full brymly for breth brynte as the gledys ;
Keste colours as kynge with crouell lates,
Luked as a lyon, and on his lyppe bytes.
The Romaynes for radnesse ruschte to þe erthe,
Fore ferdnesse of hys face, as they fey were ;
Cowchide as kenetez before þe kynge seluyn,
Because of his contenaunce confusede them semede.
Then couerd vp a knyghte, & criede ful lowde,
"Kynge corounede of kynd, curtays and noble,
Misdoo no messangere for menske of þi seluyn,
Sen we are in thy mañrede, and mercy þe besekes ;
We lenge with sir Lucius, that lorde es of Rome,
That es þe meruelyousteste man þat on molde lengez ;
It es lefull till vs his likynge till wyrche ;
We come at his commaundment ; haue vs excusede."
Then carpys þe conqueror crewell wordez,—
"Haa ! crauaunde knyghte ! a cowarde þe semez !
þare [is] some segge in this sale, and he ware sare greuede,

[1] Words and letters inserted in brackets are from Brock's edition.

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Thow durste noghte (or) all Lumberdye luke on hym ones."
"Sir," sais þe senatour, "so Crist mott me helpe,
þe voute of thi vesage has woundyde vs all!
Thow arte þe lordlyeste lede þat euer I one lukyde;
By lukynge, withowttyn lesse, a lyon the semys!"
"Thow has me somonde," quod þe kynge, "& said what þe lykes;
Fore sake of thy soueraynge I suffre the þe more;
Sen I corouñde in kyth wyth crysum enoyntede,
Was neuer creature to me þat carpede so large.
Bot I sall tak concell at kynges enoyntede,
Off dukes & duspers and doctours noble,
Offe peres of þe parlement, prelates & oþer,
Off þe richeste renkys of þe rounde table;
Þus schall I take avisemente of valiant beryns,
Wyrke aftyre the wytte of my wyes knyghttes:
To warpe wordez in waste no wyrchipe it were,
Ne wilfully in þis wrethe to wreken my seluen,
Forþi sall þow lenge here, & lugge wyth þise lordes,
This seuenyghte in solace, to suggourne 3our horses,
To see whatte lyfe þat wee leede in thees lawe laundes."
For by þe realtee of Rome, þat recheste was euere,
He commande sir Cayous, "take kepe to thoos lordez,
To styghtyll þa steryn men as theire statte askys,
That they bee herberde in haste in thoos heghe chambres,
Sythin sittandly in sale seruyde theraftyr;
That they fynd na fawte of fude to thiere horsez,
Nowthire weyn, ne waxe, ne welthe in þis erthe;
Spare for no spycerye, bot spende what þe lykys,
That there be largesce on lofte, and no lake founden;
If þou my wyrchipe wayte, wy, be my trouthe,
Þou sall haue gersoms full grett, þat gayne sall þe euere!"
Now er they herberde in hey, & in oste holden,
Hastyly wyth hende men within thees heghe wallez;
In chambyrs with chympnes þey chaungen þeire wedez,
And sythyn the chauncelere þem fecchede with cheualrye[2] noble.
Sone þe senatour was sett, as hym wele semyde,

[1] MS. full. (Brock.)
[2] MS. chelualrye. (Brock.)

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At þe kyngez ownn borde ; twa knyghtes hym *ser*uede,
Singulere sothely, as Arthure hym seluyn,
Richely on þe ryghte haunde at the rounde table ;
Be resoun *þat* þe Romaynes whare so ryche holden,
As of þe realeste blode *þat* reynede in erthe.
There come in at þe fyrste course, befor þe kyng*e* seluen,
Bareheuedys *þat* ware bryghte, burnyste *with* sylu*er*,
All *with* taghte men and town in togers full ryche,
Of saunke reall in suyte, sexty at ones ;
Flesch fluriste of fermyson *with* frumentee noble,
Therto wylde to wale, and wynlyche bryddes,
Pacokes and plouers in platers of golde,
Pygg*es* of porke despyne, *þat* pasturede neu*er* ;
Sythen herons in hedoyne, hyled full faire ;
Grett swannes full swythe in silueryn charge*ours*,
Tartes of T*ur*ky, taste wham þem lykys ;
Gumbaldes graythely, full gracious to taste ;
Seyne bowes of wylde bores *with* þe braune lechyde,
Bernakes and bot*ur*es in baterde dysches,
þareby braunchers in brede, bettyr was neu*er*,
With brestez of barowes, *þat* bryghte ware to schewe.
Seyn come *þer* sewes sere, *with* solace *þer*after,
Ownd*e* of azure all ou*er* & ardant þem semyde,
Of ilke a leche þe lowe la*un*schide full hye,
þat all ledes myghte lyke *þat* lukyde þem apon ;
þan cranes & curlues craftyly rosted,
Connygez in cretoyne colourede full faire,
Fesauntez enflureschit in flammande silu*er*,
With dariells endordide, and daynteez ynewe ;
þane clarett and Creette, clergyally rennen,
With condethes full curio*us* all of clene siluyre ;
Osay a[n]d algarde, and o*þer* ynewe,
Rynisch wyne and Rochell, richere was neu*er* ;
Vernage of Venyce v*er*tuouse, and Crete
In faucetez of fyn golde, fonode who so lykes.
The kyngez cope-borde was closed in silu*er*,
In grete goblettez ou*er*gylte glorious of hewe ;
There was a cheeffe buttlere, a cheualere noble,

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Sir Cayous þe curtaise, þat of þe cowpe seruede,
Sexty cowpes of suyte fore þe kyng seluyn,
Crafty & curious, coruen full faire,
In euerilk a party pyghte with precyous stones,
That nan enpoyson sulde goo preuely þervndyre,
Bot þe bryght golde for brethe sulde briste al to peces,
Or ells þe venym sulde voyde thurghe vertue of þe stones;
And the conqueror hymseluen, so clenly arayede,
In colours of clene golde cleede, wyth his knyghttys,
Drissid with his dyademe on his deesse ryche,
Fore he was demyde þe doughtyeste þat duellyde in erthe.
Thane þe conqueror kyndly carpede to þose lordes,
Rehetede þe Romaynes with realle speche,
"Sirs, bez knyghtly of contenaunce, & comfurthes 3our seluyn,
We knowe noghte in þis countré of curious metez;
In thees barayne landez, bredes non oþer,
Forethy wythowttyn feynynge, enforce 3ow þe[1] more
To feede 3ow with syche feble as 3e before fynde."
"Sir," sais þe senatour, "so Criste motte me helpe!
There rygnede neuer syche realtee within Rome walles.
There ne es prelatte, ne pape, ne prynce in þis erthe,
That he ne,[2] myghte be wele payede of þees pryce metes."
Aftyre theyre welthe þey wesche, & went vnto chambyre,
þis ilke kydde conqueror with knyghtes ynewe.
Sir Gaywayne þe worthye Dame Waynour he ledys;
Sir Owghtreth on þe toþer syde, of Turry was lorde.
Thane spyces vnsparyly þay spendyde thereaftyre,
Maluesye & muskadell, þase meruelyous drynkes,
Raykede full rathely in rossete cowpes,
Till all þe riche on rawe, Romaynes & oþer.
Bot the souerayngne sothely, for solauce of hym seluen,
Assingnyde to þe senatour certaygne lordes,
To lede to his leueré, whene he leue askes,
With myrthe & with melodye of mynstralsy noble.
Thane þe conqueror to concell cayres thereaftyre,
Wyth lordes of his lygeaunce þat to hym selfe langys;
To þe geauntes toure iolily he wendes,

[1] MS. þe 3ow. (Brock.)
[2] MS. ne he. (Brock.)

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Wyth justicez & iũggez, and gentill knyghtes.
Sir Cador of Cornewayle to þe kynge carppes,
Lughe on hym luffly *with* lykande lates,—
"I thanke Gode of þat thraa þat vs þus thretys!
ȝow moste be traylede, I trowe, bot ȝife ȝe trett bettyre:
þe *lettres* of *sir* Luci*us* lyghttys myn herte.
We hafe as losels liffyde many longe daye,
Wyth delyttes in this land*e* *with* lordchipez many,
And forelytenede the loos þat we are layttede:
I was abaischite, be oure Lorde, of oure beste bernes,
Fore gret dule of deffuse of dedez of armes.
Now wakkenyse þe were, wyrchipide be Cryste!
And we sall wynn it ag[a]lyne be wyghtnesse & strenghe."
"Sir Cado*ur*," q*uod* þe kynge, "thy concell es noble,
Bot þou arte a m*er*uailo*us* man w*ith* thi mery wordez,
For thou countez no caas, ne castes no forthire,
Bot hurles furthe appon heuede, as thi herte thynkes;
I moste trette of a trew towchande þise nedes,
Talke of thies tythdands þ*at* tenes myn herte.
þou sees þ*at* þe emp*erour* es angerde a lyttill,
Yt semes be his sandismen þ*at* he es sore greuede;
His senato*ur* has som*m*onde me, and said what hym lykyde,
Hethely in my hall, wyth heynȝo*us* wordes,
In speche disspyszede me, & sparede me lyttill;
I myght noghte speke for spytte, so my herte trymblyde.
He askyde me tyrau*n*tly tribute of Rome,
That tenefully tynt was in tym of myn elders;
There alyenes, in absence of all men of armes,
Couerd*e* it of com*m*ons, as cronicles telles.
I haue title to take tribute of Rome,
Myne ancestres ware emp*er*ours, & aughte it þem seluen,
Belyn & Bremyn, & Bawdewyne the thyrde,
They ocupyede þe empyre aughte score wy*n*nttyrs,
Ilkane ayere aftyre oþ*er*, as awlde men telles;
Thei couerde þe capitoile, and keste doun þe walles,
Hyngede of þeire heddys-men by huñdrethes at ones;
Seyn Co*n*stantyne, our kynsmane, conquerid it aftyre,
þ*at* ayere was of Ynglande, and emp*erour* of Rome,

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He þat conquerid þe crosse be craftez of armes,
That Criste was on crucifiede, þat kyng es of heuen.
Thus hafe we euydens to aske þe emperour þe same,
That þus regnez at Rome whate ryghte þat he claymes."
Þan answarde kyng Aungers to Arthure hym seluyn,
"Thow aughte to be ouerlynge ouer all oþer kynges,
Fore wyseste, and worthyeste, and wyghteste of haundes,
The knyghtlyeste of counsaile þat euer coron bare.
I dare saye fore Scottlande, þat we them schathe lympyde,
When þe Romaynes regnede, þay raunsounde oure eldyrs,
And rade in theire ryotte, and rauyschett oure wyfes,
Withowttyn reson or ryghte refte vs oure gudes;
And I sall make myn avowe deuotly to Criste,
And to þe haly vernacle, vertuus and noble,
Of this grett velany I sall be vengede ones
On 3one venemus men, wyth valiant knyghtes.
I sall the forthire of defence fosterde ynewe,
Fifty thowsande men, wythin two eldes,
Of my wage for to wende, whare so the lykes,
To fyghte wyth thy faa men, þat vs unfaire ledes."
Thane the burelyche beryn of Bretayne þe lyttyll
Counsayles sir Arthure, and of hym besekys
To ansuere þe alyenes wyth austeren wordes,
To entyce the emperour to take ouere the mounttes.
He said, "I make myn avowe verreilly to Cryste,
And to þe haly vernacle, þat voide schall I neuere,
For radnesse of na Romayne þat regnes in erthe;
Bot ay be redye in araye, and at areste founden,
No more dowtte the dynte of theire derfe wapyns,
Þan þe dewe þat es daunke, when þat it doun falles;
Ne no more schoune fore þe swape of theire scharpe sucrddes,
Then fore þe faireste flour þatt on the folde growes.
I sall to batell the brynge of brenyede knyghtes
Thyrtty thosaunde be tale, thryftye in armes,
Wythin a monethe daye into whatte marche
þat þow wyll sothelye assygne, when thy selfe lykes."
"A! A!" sais þe Walsche kynge, "wirchipid be Criste!
Now schalle we wreke full wele þe wrethe of oure elders.

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In West Walys i-wysse syche woundyrs þay wroghte,
þat all for wandrethe may wepe, þat on þat were thynkes.
I sall haue the avanttwarde wyttʳly my seluen,
Tyll þat I haue venquiste þe Vicounte of Rome,
þat wroghte me at Viterbe a velanye ones,
As I paste in pylgremage by the Pounte Tremble.
He was in Tuskayne þat tyme, and tuke of oure knyghttes,
Areste them vnryghttwyslye, and raunsoũnde þam aftyre;
I sall hym surelye ensure, þat saghetyll sall we neuer,
Are we sadlye assemble by oure selfen ones,
And dele dynttys of dethe with oure derfe wapyns.
And I sall wagge to þat were of wyrchipfull knyghtes,
Of Wyghte and of Walschelande, and of þe weste marches,
Twa thosande in tale, horsede one stedys,
Of þe wyghteste wyes in all ȝone weste landys."
Syre Ewan fytz Vryenee[1] þane egerly fraynez,
Was cosyn to þe conquerour, corageous hymselfen,
"Sir, and we wyste ȝour wyll, we walde wirke þeraftyre,
ȝif þis journee sulde halde, or be ajournede forthyre,
To ryde one ȝone Romaynes & ryott theire landez,
We walde schape vs therefore to schippe whene ȝow lykys."
"Cosyn," quod þe conqueror, "kyndly þou asches;
ȝife my concell accorde to conquere ȝone landez,
By þe kalendez of Iuny we schall encountre ones,
Wyth full creuell knyghtez, so Cryste mot me helpe!
Thereto make I myn avowe devottly to Cryste,
And to þe holy vernacle, vertuous and noble,
I sall at Lammesse take leue, to lenge at my large
In Lorayne or Lumberdye, whethire me leue thynkys;
Merke vnto Meloyne, and myne doun þe wallez,
Bathe of Petyrsande, & of Pys, and of þe Pounte Tremble,
In þe Vale of Viterbe vetaile my knyghttes,
Suggourne there sex wokes & solace my selfen;
Send prckers to þe price toun, and plaunte there my segge,
Bot if þay profre me þe pece be processe of tym."
"Certys," sais sir Ewayn, "and I avowe aftyre,
And I þat hathell may see euer with myn eghn,

[1] *Read* Vryence. (Brock.)

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Þat ocupies thin *her*itage, Þe empyere of Rome,
I sall auntyre me anes hys egle to touche,
Þat borne es in his banere of brighte golde ryche,
And raas it from his riche men, and ryfe it in sondyre,
Bot he be redily reschowede *with* riot*ous* knyghtez.
I sall enforsse ȝowe in Þe felde *with* fresche men of armes,
Fyfty thosande folke apon faire stedys,
On thi foo men to fooñde, there the faire thynkes,
In Fraunce or in Friselande, feghte when Þe lykes."
"By oure Lorde," q*uod sir* Launcelott, "now lyghttys myn herte!
I loue Gode of Þis loue Þis lordes has avowede.
Nowe may lesse men haue leue to say whatt them lykes,
And hafe no lettyñg be lawe, bot lystynnys Þise wordez.
I sall be at jo*ur*nee *with* gentill knyghtes,
On a jamby stede full jolyly *gray*thide,
Or any jo*ur*nee began to juste *with* hym selfen,
Emange all his geauntez Genyuers and o*Þer*,
Stryke hym styfflye fro his stede, *with* strenghe of myn handys,
For all Þa steryn in sto*ur*, Þat in his stale houys.
Be my retenu arayede, I rekke bott a lyttill
To make rowtte into Rome, *with* ryoto*us* knyghtes;
Within a seuenyghte daye, *with* sex score helmes,
I sall be seen on the see, saile when Þe lykes."
Thane laughes *sir* Lottez, and all on lowde meles,
"Me likez Þat *sir* Luci*us* lau*n*ges aftyre sorowe;
Now he wylnez Þe were, hys wanedrethe begynnys,
It es owre weredes to wreke the wrethe of oure elders!
I make myn avowe to Gode, and to Þe holy ve*r*nacle,
And I may se Þe Romaynes, Þat are so ryche halden,
Arayede in Þeire riotes on a rounde felde,
I sall at Þe reue*r*ence of Þe rounde table
Ryde thrughte all Þe rowtte, rerewarde & o*Þer*,
Redy wayes to make, and renkkes full rowme,
Rynnande on rede blode, as my stede ruschez.
He Þat folowes my fare, and fyrste com*m*es aftyre,
Sall fynde in my fare-waye manye fay leuyde."
Thane Þe conquero*ur* kyndly comforthes Þese knyghtes,
Alowes Þaim gretly theire lordly avowes,—

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"Alweldande Gode wyrchipe 3ow all,
And latte me neuere wauntte 3ow, whylls I in werlde regne!
My menske and my manhede 3e mayntene in erthe,
Myn honour all vtterly in oþer kyngys landes;
My wele and my wyrchipe, of all þis werlde ryche,
3e haue knyghtly conqueryde, þat to my coroun langes;
Hym thare be ferde for no faees, þat swylke a folke ledes,
Bot euer fresche for to fyghte, in felde when hym lykes.
I acounte no kynge þat vndyr Criste lyffes,
Whills I see 3owe all sounde, I sette be no more."
Qwhen they tristily had tretyd, þay trumppede vp aftyre,
Descendyd doune with a daunce of dukes and erles;
Thane þey semblede to sale, and sowpped als swythe,
All þis semly sorte, wyth semblante full noble.
Thene the roy reall rehetes thes knyghttys,
Wyth reuerence and ryotte of all his rounde table;
Till seuen dayes was gone þe senatour askes
Answere to þe emperour with austeryn wordez.
Aftyre þe Epiphanye, when þe purpos was takyn
Of peris of þe parlement, prelates and oþer,
The kyng in his concell, curtaise and noblee,
Vtters þe alienes, and ansuers hym seluen:—
"Gret wele Lucius, thi lorde, and layne noghte þise wordes;
Ife þow be lyg-mane[1] lele, late hym wiet sone
I sall at Lammese take leue, and loge at my large
In delitte in his laundez, wyth lordes ynewe,
Regne in my realtee, and ryste when me lykes,
By þe reyuere of Reone halde my rounde table,
Faunge the fermes in faithe[2] of all þa faire rewmes,
For all þe manace of hys myghte, & mawgree his eghne,
And merke sythen ouer the mounttez into his mayne londez,
To Meloyne the meruaylous, and myn doun the walles;
In Lorrayne ne in Lumberdye lefe schall I nowthire
Nokyn lede appon liffe, þat þare his lawes 3emes;
And turne into Tuschayne, whene me tyme thynkys,
Ryde all þas rowme landes wyth ryotous knyghttes;
Byde hy[m] make reschewes fore menske of hym seluen,

[1] *Or* leygmane. (Brock.) [2] *Or* fatthe. (Brock.)

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And mette me fore his manhede in þase mayne landes.
I sall be foundyn in Fraunce, fraiste when hym lykes,
The fyrste daye of Feuerȝere, in thas faire marches.
Are I be fechyde wyth force, or forfette my landes,
þe flour of his faire folke full fay sall be leuyde.
I sall hym sekyrly ensure, vndyre my seele ryche,
To seege þe cetee of Rome wythin seuen wyntyre,
And that so sekerly ensege apon sere halfes,
That many a senatour sall syghe for sake of me one.
My sommons er certifiede and þow arte full seruyde
Of cuñdit and credense, kayre whene the lykes :
I sall thi journaye engyste, enjoyne them my seluen,
Fro this place to þe porte, there þou sall passe ouer ;
Seuen dayes to Sandewyche, I sette at the large,
Sexty myle on a daye, þe somme es bott lyttill,
Thowe moste spede at the spurs, and spare noghte thi fole,
Thow weyndez by Watlyng-strette, and by no waye ells.
Thare thow nyghttes on nyghte, nedez moste þou lenge,
Be it foreste or felde, found þou no forthire ;
Bynde thy blonke by a buske with thy brydill euen
Lugge þi selfe vndyre lynde, as þe leefe thynkes ;
There awes none alyenes to ayer appon nyghttys,
With syche a rebawdous rowtte to ryot thy seluen.
Thy lycence es lemete in presence of lordys,
Be now lathe or lette, ryghte as þe thynkes,
For bothe þi lyffe and thi lym lygges þerappon,
þofe sir Lucius had laide þe lordchipe of Rome ;
For be þow founden a fute withowte þe flode merkes,
Aftyr þe aughtende day, when vndroun es rungen,
þou sall be heuedede in hye, & with horsse drawen,
And seyn heyly be hangede, houndes to gnawen ;
The rente ne rede golde, þat vnto Rome langes,
Sall noghte redily, renke, raunson thyn one."
"Sir," sais þe senatour, "so Crist mot me helpe !
Might I with wirchipe wyn awaye ones,
I sulde neuer, fore emperour þat on erthe lenges,
Efte vnto Arthure ayere on syche nedys.
Bot I am sengilly here, with sex sum of knyghtes,

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I beseke ȝow, *sir*, that we may sounde passe :
If any vnlawefull lede lette vs by þe waye,
W*ith*in thy lycence, lorde, thy loosse es enpeyrede."
" Care noghte," q*uod* the kyng*e*, " thy coundyte es knawen
Fro Carlelele to þe coste, there thy cogge lengges ;
Þoghe thy cofers ware full, cramede w*ith* sylu*er*,
Thow myghte be sekyre of my sele sexty myle forthire."
They enclined to þe kyng*e*, and coungé þay askede,
Cayers owtt of Carelele, catchez on theire horsez ;
Sir Cadore þe curtayes kende them the wayes,
To Catrike þem cu*n*vayede, & to Crist þem bekennyde.
So þey spede at þe spoures, þey sprangen þeire horses,
Hyres þem hakenayes hastyly þereaftyre ;
So fore reddo*ur* þey reden, and risted them neu*er*,
Bot ȝif they luggede vndire lynd, whills þem lyghte failede ;
Bot eu*er*e þe senato*ur* forsothe soghte at þè gayneste.
By þe seuend*e* day was gone þe cetee þai rechide ;
Of all þe glee vndire Gode so glade ware þey neu*er*e,
As of þe sounde of þe see and Sandwyche belles.
Wythowttyn more stownntyng*e* they schippide þeire horsez,
Wery to þe wane see þey went all att ones ;
W*ith* þe men of þe walle they weyde vp þeire ankyrs,
And fleede at þe fore flude, in Flaundrez þey rowede,
And thorughe Flaundres þey founde, as þem faire thoghte,
Till Akyn in Almayn in Arthur landes ;
Gosse by þe Mount Goddarde full greuous wayes,
And so into Lu*m*berddye, lykande to schewe.
They turne thurghe Tuskayne, w*ith* towres full heghe,
In pris appairells them, in p*recious* wedez ;
The Sonondaye in Suters þay suggo*ur*ne þeire horsez,
And sekes þe seyntez of Rome, be assente of knyghtes ;
Sythyn p*re*kes to þe pales w*ith* portes so ryche,
Þare *sir* Luci*us* lenges w*ith* lordes enowe,
Lowttes to hym lufly, and l*ett*res hym bedes
Of credence enclosyde, w*ith* knyghtlyche wordez.
Then þe emp*erour* was egree, and enkerly fraynes,
þe answere of Arthure he askes hym sone,
How he arayes þe rewme, & rewlys þe pople,

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ȝif he be rebell to Rome, whate ryghte þat he claymes :
"Thow sulde his ceptre haue sesede, & syttyn aboun,
Fore reuerence and realtee of Rome þe noble :
By sertes þow was my sandes, & senatour of Rome,
He sulde for solempnitee hafe seruede þe hym seluen."
"Þat will he neuer for no waye[1] of all þis werlde ryche,
Bot who may wynn hym of werre, by wyghtnesse of handes ;
Many fey schall be fyrste appon þe felde leuyde,
Are he appere in this place, profre when þe likes.
I saye the, sir, Arthure es thyn enmye fore euer,
And ettells to bee ouerlynge of þe empyre of Rome,
That alle his ancestres aughte, bot Vtere hym selfe.
Thy nedes this newe ȝere, I notifiede my selfen,
Before þat noble of name & neynesom of kynges ;
In the moste reale place of þe rounde table,
I somounde hym solempnylye, one-seeande his knyghtez ;
Sen I was formyde in faythe so ferde was I neuere,
In all *the* placez ther I passede of pryncez in erthe :
I wolde foresake all my suyte of segnourry of Rome,
Or I efte to þat soueraygne whare sente one suyche nedes.
He may be chosyn cheftayne, cheefe of all oþer,
Bathe be chauncez of armes and cheuallrye noble,
For whyeseste, & worthyeste, and wyghteste of haundez
Of all the wyes þate I watte in this werlde ryche,
The knyghtlyeste creatoure in Cristyndome halden,
Of kynge or of conquerour, crownede in erthe,
Of countenaunce, of corage, of crewelle lates,
The comlyeste of knyghtehode þat vndyre Cryste lyffes.
He maye be spoken in dyspens, despysere of sylu*e*re,
That no more of golde gyffes þan of grette stones,
No more of wyne þan of watyre, þat of þe welle rynnys,
Ne of welthe of þis werlde bot wyrchipe allone.
Syche con*te*nau*n*ce was neuer knowen in no kythe ryche,
As was with þat con*n*querour in his courte halden ;
I countede at this Crystynmesse, of kyngez enoynttede,
Hole ten at his table, þat tym with hym selfen.
He wyll werraye i-wysse, be ware ȝif þe lykes,

[1] ? wye. (Brock.)

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Wage many wyghtemen, and wache thy marches,
That they be redye in araye, and at areste foundyn ;
For ȝife he reche vnto Rome, he raunsoun*s* it for eu*er*e.
I rede þow dresce the þ*er*fore, and drawe no lytte langere,
Be sekyre of þi sowdeours, and sende to þe mowntes ;
Be þe q*uar*tere of þis ȝere, and hym q*uar*te staunde,
He wylle wyghtlye in a qwhyle on his wayes hye."
"Bee Estyre," sais þe emp*er*ou*r*, "I ettyll my selfen
To hostaye in Almayne w*ith* armede knyghtez ;
Sende freklye into Fraunce, þat flou*r* es of rewmes,
Fande to fette þat freke, & forfette his landez ;
For I sall sette kepers, full conaunde & noble,
Many geaunte of Geen, justers full gude,
To mete hym in the mountes, & martyre hys knyghtes,
Stryke þem doun in strates, and struye them fore eu*er*e.
There sall appon Godarde a garette be rerede,
That schall be garneschte & kepyde w*ith* gude men of armes,
And a bekyn abouen*n* to brynne when þem lykys,
Þ*at* nane enmye w*ith* hoste sall entre the mou*n*tes ;
There schall one Mounte Bernarde be beyldede ano þ*er*e,
Buschede with ban*er*ettes and bachelers noble :
In at the portes of Pavye schall no prynce passe,
Thurghe the p*er*elou*s* places, for my pris knyghtes."
Thane s*ir* Lucius lordlyche l*ett*res he sendys
Onone into þe Oryente, with austeryn knyghtez,
Till Ambyganye and Orcage, and Alysaundyre eke,
To Inde and to Ermonye, as Ewfrates rynnys,
To Asye, and to Affrike, and Ewrope þe large,
To Irritayne, and Elamet, and all þase owte ilez ;
To Arraby and Egipt, till erles and o þ*er*
That any erthe ocupyes in þase este marches
Of Damaske and Damyat, and dukes and erles.
For drede of his daungere they dressid*e* þem sone ;
Of Crete and of Capados the honou*r*able kyngys
Come at his com*m*andmente, clenly at ones ;
To Tartary & Turky, when tythynngez es comen,
They t*ur*ne in by Thebay, terauntez full hugge,
The flou*r* of þe faire folke, of Amazonnes landes ;

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All thate faillez on þe felde be forfette fore eu*er*e !
Of Babyloyn and Baldake the burlyche knyghtes,
Bayo*us* w*ith* þeire baronage bydez no langere,
Of P*er*ce, and of Pamphile, and Pret*er* Iohne landes,
Iche prynce w*ith* his powere appertlyche graythede.
The Sowdane of Surrye assemblez his knyghtes,
Fra Nylus to Nazarethe, nommers full huge ;
To Garyere & to Galelé þey gedyre all at ones.
The Sowdanes that ware sekyre sowdeours to Rome,
They gadyrede ou*er*e þe Grekkes See w*ith* greuo*us* wapyns,
In theire grete galays, wyth gleter*a*nde scheldez ;
The kynge of Cyprys on þe see þe Sowdane habydes,
W*ith* all þe realls of Roodes, arayede w*ith* hym one ;
They sailede w*ith* a syde wynde oure þe salte strandez,
Sodanly þe Sarezenes, as them selfe lykede ;
Craftyly at Cornett the kynges are aryefede,
Fra þe ceté of Rome sexti myle large.
Be that the Grekes ware graythede, a full gret nombyre,
The myghtyeste of Macedone, w*ith* men of þa marches,
Pull and Pruyslande presses w*ith* o*þer*,
The lege-men of Lettow w*ith* legyons ynewe.
Thus they semble in sortes, su*m*mes full huge,
Sowdanes and Sarezenes owt of sere landes ;
The Sowdane of Surry and sextene kynges,
At the cetee of Rome assemblede at ones.
Thane yschewes þe emp*er*o*ur* armede at ryghtys,
Arayede w*ith* his Romaynes appon ryche stedys ;
Sexty geauntes before, engenderide w*ith* fendez,
With weches and warlaws to wacchen his tentys,
Ayware whare he wendes, wyntrez and ȝeres.
Myghte no blonkes them bere, thos busto*us* churlles,
Bot cou*er*de camellez of to*ur*se, enclosyde in maylez ;
He ayerez oute w*ith* alyenez, ostes full huge,
Ewyn into Almayne, þ*at* Arthure hade wonnyn ;
Rydes in by þe ryuere, and ryottez hym seluen,
And ayerez w*ith* a huge wyll all þas hye landez.
All Westwale of werre he wynnys as hym lykes,
Drawes in by Danuby, and dubbez hys knyghtez ;

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In the contré of Coloine castelles enseggez,
And suggeo*ur*nez þ*at* seson wyth Sarazenes ynewe.
At the vtas of Hillary, syr Arthure hym seluen
In his kydde cou*n*cell co*m*mande þe lordes,—
"Kayere to 3o*ur* cu*n*trez, and semble 3o*ur* knyghtes,
And kepys me at *Con*stantyne clenlyche arayede;
Byddez me at Bareflete apon þa blythe stremes,
Baldly w*ith*in borde w*ith* 3owre beste beryns;
I schall menskfully 3owe mete in thos faire marches."
He sendez furthe sodaynly s*er*geantes of armes,
To all hys mariners on rawe, to areste hym schippys;
Wythin sexten dayes hys fleet whas assemblede,
At Sandwyche on þe see, saile when hym lykes.
In the palez of 3orke a p*ar*lement he haldez,
W*ith* all þe perez of þe rewme, p*re*lates and o*þer*,
And aftyre þe p*re*chynge in p*re*sence of lordes,
The kyng in his concell carpys þes wordes;—
"I am in p*ur*pos to passe p*er*ilo*us* wayes,
To kaire w*ith* my kene men, to conquere 3one landes,
To owttraye myn enmy, 3if auenture it schewe,
That ocupyes myn heritage, þe empyre of Rome.
I sètt 3ow here a sou*er*aynge, ascente 3if 3owe lykys,
That es me sybb, my syst*er* son, sir Mordrede hym seluen,
Sall be my leuetenau*n*te, w*ith* lordchipez ynewe,
Of all my lele lege-men, þ*at* my landez 3emes."
He carpes till his cosyne þane, in cou*n*saile hym seluen,—
"I make the kepare, s*ir* knyghte, of kyngrykes manye,
Wardayne wyrchipfull, to weilde al my landes
That I haue wonnen of werre in all þis werlde ryche.
I wyll þ*at* Wayno*ur*, my weife, in wyrchipe be holden,
That hire waunte noo wele, ne welthe þ*at* hire lykes;
Luke my kydde castells be clenlyche arrayede,
There cho maye sugg*ou*rne hire selfe, wyth semlyche berynes.
Faunde my forestez be frythede, o frenchepe for eu*ere*,
That nane werreye my wylde, botte Wayno*ur* hir seluen,
And þat in þe seson whene grees es assignyde,
That cho take hir solauce in certayne ty*m*ms.[1]

[1] MS. not quite clear.

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Chauncelere and chambyrleyn chaunge as þe lykes,
Audytours and offycers ordayne thy seluen,—
Bathe jureez, and juggez, and justicez of landes,
Luke thow justyfye them wele that injurye wyrkes:
If me be destaynede to dye at Dryghtyns wyll,
I charge the my sektour, cheffe of all oþer,
To mynystre my mobles, fore mede of my saule,
To mendynauntez and mysese in myschefe fallen:
Take here my testament of tresoure full huge,
As I trayste appon the, betraye thowe me neuer!
As þow will answere before the austeryn jugge,
That all þis werlde wynly wysse as hym lykes,
Luke þat my laste wyll be lelely þerfournede.
Thow has clenly þe cure that to my coroune langez,
Of all my werdez wele, and my weyffe eke;
Luke þowe kepe the so clere, there be no cause fonden,
When I to contré come, if Cryste will it thole;
And thow haue grace gudly to gouerne thy seluen,
I sall coroune þe, knyghte, kyng with my handez."
Þan sir Modrede full myldly meles hym seluen,
Knelyd to þe conquerour, and carpes þise wordez,—
"I beseke 3ow, sir, as my sybbe lorde,
þat 3e will for charyté cheese 3ow anoþer;
For if 3e putte me in þis plytte, 3owre pople es dyssauyde,
To presente a prynce astate my powere es symple.
When oþer of werre wysse are wyrchipide hereaftyre,
Than may I forsothe be sette bott at lyttill.
To passe in 3our presance my purpos es takyn,
And all my purueaunce apperte fore my pris knyghtez."
"Thowe arte my neuewe full nere, my nurrree of olde,
That I haue chastyede and chosen, a childe of my chambyre;
For the sybredyn of me, foresake noghte þis offyce
That thow ne wyrk my will, thow watte whatte[1] it menes."
Nowe he takez hys leue, and lengez no langere,
At lordez, at lege-men, þat leues hym byhynden.
And seyne þat worthilyche wy went vnto chambyre
For to comfurthe þe qwene, þat in care lenges;

[1] MS. whatte watte. (Brock.)

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Waynour waykly wepande hym kyssiz,
Talkez to hym tenderly with teres ynewe,—
"I may wery the wye thatt this werre mouede,
That warnes me wyrchippe of my wedde lorde;
All my lykynge of lyfe owte of lande wendez,
And I in langour am lefte, leue ȝe, for euere!
Why ne myghte I, dere lufe, dye in ȝour armes,
Are I þis destanye of dule sulde drye by myne one?"
"Grefe þe noghte, Gaynour, fore Goddes lufe of hewen,
Ne gruche noghte my ganggynge, it sall to gude turne.
Thy wonrydez and thy wepynge woundez myn herte,
I may noghte wit of þis woo, for all þis werlde ryche;
I haue made a kepare, a knyghte of thyn awen,
Ouerlynge of Ynglande vndyre thy seluen,
And that es sir Mordrede, þat þow has mekyll prayesede,
Sall be thy dictour, my dere, to doo whatte the lykes."
Thane he takes hys leue at ladys in chambyre,
Kysside them kyndlyche, and to Criste beteches,
And then cho swounes full swythe, whe[n] he hys swerde aschede,
Twys in a swounyng, swelte as cho walde.
He pressed to his palfray, in presance of lordes,
Prekys of the palez with his prys knyghtes,
Wyth a reall rowte of þe rounde table,
Soughte towarde Sandwyche; cho sees hym no more!
Thare the grete ware gederyde, wyth galyarde knyghtes,
Garneschit on þe grene felde and graythelyche arayede;
Dukkes and duzseperez daynttehely rydes,
Erlez of Ynglande with archers ynewe:
Schirreues scharply schiftys the comouns,
Rewlys before þe ryche of the rounde table,
Assingnez ilke a contree to certayne lordes,
In the southe on þe see banke saile when þem lykes.
Thane bargez them buskez, and to þe baunke rowes,
Bryngez blonkez on bourde, and burlyche helmes;
Trussez in tristly trappyde stedes,
Tenntez and othire toylez, and targez full ryche,
Cabanes, & clathe-sekkes, and coferez full noble,
Hukes and haknays, and horsez of armez;

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Thus they stowe in the stuffe of full steryn knyghtez.
Qwen all was schyppede that scholde, they schounte no lengere,
Bot ventelde them tyte, as þe tyde rynnez ;
Coggez and crayers þan crossez þaire mastez,
At the *com*mandm*en*t of þe kynge, vncouerde at ones.
Wyghtly on þe wale þay wye vp þaire ankers,
By wytt of þe watyre-men of þe wale ythez ;
Frekes on þe forestayne faken þeire coblez,
In floynes, and fercostez, and Flemesche schyppes,
Tytt saillez to þe toppe, and t*ur*nez þe lufe,
Standez appon stere-bourde, sterynly þay songen.
The pryce schippez of the porte prouen theire depnesse,
And fondez wyth full saile ower þe fawe ythez ;
Holly w*ith*owttyn harme þay hale in bottes,
Schipe-men scharply schoten þaire portez,
Launchez lede apon lufe, lacchen þ*er* depez,
Lukkes to þe lade-sterne, when þe lyghte faillez,
Castez coursez be crafte, when þe clowde rysez,
W*ith* þe nedyll and þe stone one þe nyghte tydez.
For drede of þe derke nyghte þay drecchede a lyttill,
And all þe steryn of þe streme strekyn at onez.
The kynge was in a gret cogge, w*ith* knyghtez full many,
In a cabane enclosede, clenlyche arayede,
W*ith*in on a ryche bedde rystys a littyll,
And w*ith* þe swoghe of þe see in swefnynge he fell.
Hym dremyd of a dragon, dredfull to beholde,
Come dryfande ou*er* þe depe to drenschen hys pople,
Ewen walkande owte of the weste landez,
Wanderande vnworthyly ouere the wale ythez ;
Bothe his hede and hys hals ware halely all ou*er*
Oundyde of azure, enamelde full faire :
His scoulders ware schalyde all in clene sylu*er*e,
Schreede ou*er* all þe schry*m*pe w*ith* schrinkande poyntez ;
Hys wombe and hys wenges of wondyrfull hewes,
In m*er*uayl*ous* maylys he mou*n*tede full hye ;
Whaym þ*at* he towchede he was tynt for eu*er*.
Hys feete ware floreschede all in fyne sabyll,
And syche a ven*n*ymo*us* flayre flowe fro his lyppez,

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That the flode of þe flawez all on fyre semyde.
Thane come of þe Oryente, ewyn hym agaynez,
A blake bustous bere abwen in the clowdes,
With yche a pawe as a poste, and paumes full huge,
With pykes full perilous, all plyande þam semyde,
Lothen and lothely, lokkes and oþer,
All with lutterde legges, lokerde vnfaire,
Filtyrde vnfrely, wyth fomaunde lyppez,
The foulleste of fegure that fourmede was euer.
He baltyrde, he bleryde, he braundyschte þerafter;
To bataile he bounnez hym with bustous clowez:
He romede, he rarede, that roggede all þe erthe,
So ruydly he rappyd at to ryot hym seluen.
Thane the dragon on dreghe dressede hym agaynez,
And with hys d[i]nttez hym drafe one dreghe by þe walkyn:
He fares as a fawcon, frekly he strykez;
Bothe with feete and with fyre he feghttys at ones.
The bere in the bataile þe bygger hym semyde,
And byttes hym boldlye wyth balefull tuskez;
Syche buffetez he hym rechez with hys brode klokes,
Hys brest and his brayell whas blodye all ouer.
He rawmpyde so ruydly that all þe erthe ryfez,
Rynnande on reede blode as rayne of the heuen.
He hade weryede the worme by wyghtnesse of strenghte,
Ne ware it fore þe wylde fyre þat he hym wyth defendez.
Thane wandyrs þe worme awaye to hys heghttez,
Commes glydande fro þe clowddez, and cowpez full euen,
Towchez hym wyth his talounez, and terez hys rigge,
Betwyx þe taile and the toppe ten fote large.
Thus he brittenyd the bere, and broghte hym o lyfe,
Lette hym fall in the flode, fleete whare hym lykes.
So they brynge þe bolde kyng bynne þe schippe-burde,
þat nere he bristez for bale, on bede whare he lyggez.
Than waknez þe wyese kynge, wery foretrauaillede,
Takes hym two phylozophirs, that folowede hym euer,
In the seuyn scyence the suteleste fonden,
The cony[n]geste of clergye vndyre Criste knowen;
He tolde þem of hys tourmente, þat tym þat he slepede;

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"Drechede *with* a dragon, and syche a derfe beste,
Has mad me full wery; ȝe tell me my swefen,
Ore I mon swelte as swythe, as wysse me oure Lorde."
"Sir," saide þey son thane, thies sagge philosopherse,
"The dragon þat þow dremyde of, so dredfull to schewe,
That come dryfande ou*er* þe deepe, to drynchen thy pople,
Sothely and certayne thy seluen it es,
That thus saillez ou*er* þe see *with* thy sekyre knyghtez.
The colurez þat ware castyn appon his clere wengez
May be thy kyngrykez all, that thow has ryghte wonnyn;
And the tachesesede taile, *with* tonges so huge,
Betakyns þis faire folke, that in thy fleet wendez.
The bere that bryttenede was abowen in þe clowdez,
Betakyns the tyrauntez þat tou*r*mentez thy pople;
Or ells *with* som*m*e gyaunt some jou*r*nee sall happyn,
In syngulere batell by ȝoure selfe one,
And þow sall hafe þe victorye thurghe helpe of oure Lorde,
As þow in thy visione was opynly schewede.
Of this dredfull dreme ne drede the no more,
Ne kare noghte, *sir* conquerou*r*, bot comforth thy seluen;
And thise þat saillez ou*er* þe see, *with* thy sekyre knyghtez."
With trumppez then trystly, they trisen vpe þaire saillez,
And rowes ou*er* the ryche see, this rowtte all at onez;
The comely coste of Normandye they cachen full euen,
And blythely at Barflete theis bolde are arryfede,
And fyndys a flete there of frendez ynewe;
The floure and þe faire folke of fyftene rewmez
Fore kyngez and capytaynez kepyde hym fayre,
As he at Carelele co*m*maundyde at Cristymesse hym seluen.
Be they had taken the lande, and tentez vpe rerede,
Comez[1] a templere tyte, and towchide to þe kynge—
"Here es a teraunt besyde that tou*r*mentez thi pople,
A grett geaunte of Geen, engenderde of fendez;
He has fretyn of folke mo than fyfe hondrethe,
And als fele fawntekyns of freeborn*ne* childyre.
This has bene his sustynaunce all this seuen wyntt*er*es,
And ȝitt es that sotte noghte sadde, so wele hym it lykez;

[1] *Or* Co*m*mez. (Brock.

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In þe contree of Constantyne no kynde has he leuede,
Withowttyn kydd castells enclosid wyth walles,
That he ne has clenly dystroyede all the knaue childyre,
And them caryede to þe cragge, and clenly deworyde.
The duchez of Bretayne todaye has he takyn,
Beside Reynes as scho rade with hire ryche knyghttes,
Ledd hyre to þe mountayne, thare þat lede lengez,
To lye by that lady, aye whyls hir lyfe lastez.
We folowede o ferrom moo then fyfe hundrethe,
Of beryns, and of burgeys, and bachelers noble,
Bot he couerde the cragge; cho cryede so lowde,
The care of þat creatoure couer sall I neuer.
Scho was flour of all Fraunce, or of fyfe rewmes,
And one of the fayreste that fourmede was euere,
The gentileste jowell ajuggede with lordes,
Fro Geen vnto Geron, by Ihesu of heuen!
Scho was thy wyfes cosyn, knowe it if þe lykez,
Comen of þe rycheste, that rengnez in erthe:
As thow arte ryghtwise kynge rewe on thy pople,
And fande for to venge them, that thus are rebuykyde."
"Allas!" sais sir Arthure, "so lange haue I lyffede,
Hade I wyten of this, wele had me chefede;
Me es noghte fallen faire, bot me es foule happynede,
That thus this faire ladye this fende has dystroyede.
I had leuere thane all Fraunce, this fyftene wynter,
I hade bene before thate freke, a furlange of waye,
When he that ladye had laghte and ledde to þe montez:
I hadde lefte my lyfe are cho hade harme lymppyde.
Bot walde þow kene me to þe crage, thare þat kene lengez,
I walde cayre to þat coste, and carpe wythe hym seluen,
To trette with that tyraunt fore treson of lōndes,[1]
And take trewe for a tym, till it may tyde bettyre."
"Sire, see ȝe ȝone farlande, with ȝone two fyrez?
Þar filsnez þat fende, fraiste when the lykes,
Appone the creste of the cragge, by a colde welle,
That enclosez þe clyfe with þe clere strandez;
Ther may thow fynde folke fay wythowttyn nowmer,

[1] *Originally* lordez. (Brock.)

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Mo florenez in faythe than Fraunce es in aftyre ;
And more tres*our* vntrewely that trayt*our* has getyn,
Thane in Troye was, as I trowe, þat tym þat it was wonn."
Thane romyez the ryche kynge for rewthe of þe pople,
Raykez ryghte to a tente, and restez no lengere ;
He welterys, he wristeles, he wryngez hys handez,
Thare was no wy of þis werlde, þat wyste whatt he menede.
He calles s*ir* Cay*ous*, þat of þe cowpe serfede,
And s*ir* Bedvere þe bolde, þat bare hys brande ryche,—
"Luke ȝe aftyre euensang*e* be armyde at ryghttez,
On blonkez by ȝone buscayle, by ȝone blythe stremez,
Fore I will passe in pilgremage preuely hereaftyre,
In the tyme of suppere, whene lordez are servede,
For to seken a saynte be ȝone salte stremes,
In seynt Mighell mou*n*t, there myraclez are schewede."
Aftyre euesange, sir Arthure hym se[l]fen
Wente to hys wardrop*e*, and warp*e* of hys wedez,
Armede hym in a acton w*ith* orfraeez full ryche,
Abou*en* on þat a jeryn of Acres owte ou*er*,
Abou*en* þat a jesseraun*t* of jentyll maylez,
A jupon of Ierodyn jaggede in schredez.
He brayedez one a bacenett burneschte of sylu*er*,
The beste þat was in Basill, wyth bordurs ryche ;
The creste and þe coronall, enclosed so faire
Wyth clasppis of clere golde, couched wyth stones ;
The vesare, þe aventaile, enarmede so faire,
Voyde w*ith*owttyn vice, w*ith* wyndowes of sylu*er* ;
His gloues gaylyche gilte, and grauen at þe hemmez,
With gr*ay*nez and gobelets, glori*ous* of hewe ;
He bracez a brade schelde, and his brande aschez,
Bounede hym a broun stede, and on þe bente houys.
He sterte till his sterep*e* and stridez on lofte,
Streynez hym stowttly, and sterys hym faire,
Brochez þe baye stede, and to þe buske rydez,
And there hys knyghtes hym kepede full clenlyche arayede.
Than they roode by þat ryuer,[1] þat rynnyd so swythe,
Þare þe ryndez ou*er*rechez w*ith* reall bowghez ;

[1] MS. ryu*er*er.

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The roo and þe rayne-dere reklesse thare ronnen,
In ranez and in rosers to ryotte þam seluen ;
The frithez ware floreschte with flourez full many,
Wyth fawcouns and fesantez of ferlyche hewez ;
All þe feulez thare fleschez, that flyez with wengez,
Fore thare galede þe gowke one greuez full lowde,
Wyth alkyn gladchipe þay gladden þem seluen :
Of þe nyghtgale notez þe noisez was swette,
They threpide wyth the throstills, thre hundreth at ones,
þat whate swowynge of watyre, and syngynge of byrdez,
It myghte salue hym of sore, þat sounde was neuere.
Than ferkez this folke, and on fotte lyghttez,
Festenez theire faire stedez o ferrom bytweñe ;
And thene the kynge kenely comandyde hys knyghtez
For to byde with theire blonkez, and bowne no forthyre,—
" Fore I will seke this seynte by my selfe one,
And mell with this mayster mane, þat this monte ȝemez ;
And seyn sall ȝe offyre, aythyre aftyre oþer,
Menskfully at Saynt Mighell full myghtty with Criste ! "
The kyng coueris þe cragge wyth cloughes full hye,
To the creste of the clyffe he clymbez on lofte ;
Keste vpe hys vmbrere, and kenly he lukes
Caughte of þe colde wynde to comforthe hym seluen ;
Two fyrez he fyndez flawmande full hye,
The fourtedele a furlange betwene þus he walkes ;
The waye by þe welle strandez he wandyrde hym one,
To wette of þe warlawe, whare þat he lengez ;
He ferkez to þe fyrste fyre, and euen there he fyndez
A wery wafull wedowe, wryngande hire handez,
And gretande on a graue grysely teres,
New merkyde on molde, sen myddaye it semede :
He saluȝede þat sorowfull with sittande wordez,
And fraynez aftyre the fende fairely thereaftyre.
Thane this wafull wyfe vñwynly hym gretez,
Couerde vp on hire kneesse, and clappyde hire handez ;
Said, " carefull careman, thow carpez to lowde,
May ȝone warlawe wyt, he worows vs all.
Weryd worthe þe wyghte ay, that þe thy wytt refede,

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That mase the to wayfe here in þise wylde lakes!
I warne þe fore wyrchipe, þou wylnez aftyr sorowe.
Whedyre buskes þou berne? vnblysside þow semes,
Wenez thow to britten hym *with* thy brande ryche?
Ware thow wyghttere than Wade or Wawayn owthire,
Thow wynnys no wyrchipe, I warne the before;
Thow saynned the vnsekyrly to seke to þese mountez,
Siche sex ware to symple to semble *with* hym one;
For and thow see hym *with* syghte, the seruez no herte,
To sayne the sekerly, so semez hym huge.
Thow arte frely and faire, and in thy fyrste flourez,
Bot thow arte fay be my faythe, and þat me forthynkkys.
Ware syche fyfty on a felde, or one a faire erthe,
The freke walde *with* hys fyste fell ȝow at ones.
Loo! here the duchez dere,—to daye was cho takyn,—
Depe doluen and dede, dyked in moldez;
He hade morthirede this mylde be myddaye war rongen,
*With*owttyn mercy one molde, I not watte it ment:
He has forsede hir and fylede, and cho es fay leuede;
He slewe hir vnslely, and slitt hir to þe nauyll,
And here haue I bawmede hir, and beryede þeraftyr;
For bale of þe botelesse, blythe be I neu*er*.
Of alle þe frendez cho hade, þere folowede none aftyre,
Bot I, hir fost*er* modyr of fyftene wynter;
To ferke of this farlande, fande sall I neu*er*,
Bot here be founden on felde, till I be fay leuede."
Thane answers *sir* Arthure to þ*at* alde wyf;
"I am comyn fra þe co*n*queror*ur*, curtaise and gentill,
As one of þe hathelest of Arthur knyghtez,
Messenger to þis myx*en*,[1] for mendemente of þe pople,
To mele *with* this maister man, that here this mou*n*te ȝemez;
To trete with this tyraunt for treso*ur* of landez,
And take trew for a tym, to bettyr may worthe."
"ȝa, thire wordis are bot waste," q*uod* this wif thane,
"For bothe landez and lythes full lyttill by he settes;
Of rentez ne of rede golde rekkez he neu*er*,
For he will lenge out of lawe, as hym selfe thynkes,

[1] MS. has unusual contraction for *en* here.

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Withouten licence of le.le, as lorde in his awen.
Bot he has a kyrtill one, kepide for hym seluen,
That was sponen in Spayne with specyall byrdez,
And sythyn garnescht in Grece full graythly togedirs ;
It es hydede all with hare hally al ouere,
And bordyrde with the berdez of burlyche kyngez,
Crispid and kombide, that kempis may knawe
Iche kynge by his colour, in kythe there he lengez.
Here the fermez he fangez of fyftene rewmez,
For ilke Esterne ewyn, howeuer that it fall,
They send it hym sothely for saughte of þe pople,
Sekerly at þat seson with certayne knyghtez,
And he has aschede Arthure all þis seuen wynntter.
Forthy hurdez he here, to owttraye hys pople,
Till þe Bretons kynge haue burneschte his lyppys,
And sent his berde to that bolde wyth his beste berynes ;
Bot thowe hafe broghte þat berde, bowne the no forthire,
For it es butelesse bale thowe biddez oghte ells ;
For he has more tresour to take when hym lykez,
Than euere aughte Arthure, or any of hys elders.
If thowe hafe broghte þe berde, he base more blythe
Thane þowe gafe hym Burgoyne, or Bretayne þe more ;
Bot luke nowe for charitee, þow chasty thy lyppes,
That the no wordez eschape, whate so betydez ;
Luke þi presante be priste, and presse hym bott lytill,
For he es at his sowper, he will be sone greuyde.
And þow my concell doo, þow dosse of thy clothes,
And knele in thy kyrtyll, and call hym thy lorde.
He sowppes all þis seson with seuen knaue childre,
Choppid in a chargour of chalke whytt syluer,
With pekill & powdyre of precious spycez,
And pyment full plenteuous of Portyngale wynes ;
Thre balefull birdez his brochez þey turne,
þat byddez his bedgatt, his byddynge to wyrche ;
Siche foure scholde be fay within foure hourez,
Are his fylth ware fillede that his flesch ȝernes."
"ȝa, I haue broghte þe berde," quod he, "the bettyre me lykez ;
Forthi will I boun me, and bere it my seluen ;

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Bot, lefe, walde þow lere me whare þat lede lengez,
I sall alowe þe and I liffe, oure Lorde so me helpe!"
"Ferke fast to þe fyre," q*uod* cho, "that flawmez so hye;
Thare fillis þat fende hym, fraist when the lykez;
Bot thow moste seke more southe, sydlyñgs a lyttill,
For he will hafe sent hym selfe sex myle large."
To þe sowre of þe reke he soghte at þe gayneste,
Sayned hym sekerly w*ith* certeyne wordez,
And sydlyñgs of þe segge the syghte had he rechid*e*,
How vnsemly þat sott satt sowpand*e* hym one.
He lay lenand on lang*e*, lugand*e* vnfaire,
þe thee of a m*a*nns lym*m*e lyfte vp by þe haunche;
His bakke, and his bewschers, and his brode lendez,
He bekez by þe bale-fyre, and breklesse hym semede;
þare ware rostez full ruyd*e*, and rewfull bredez,
Beerynes and bestaile brochede togeders,
Cowlefull cramed*e* of crysmed*e* childyre,
Su*m* as brede brochede; and bierdez *th*am to*ur*nede.
And þan this comlych kyng*e*, bycause of his pople,
His herte bledez for bale, one bent ware he standez.
Thane he dressede one his schelde, schuntes no lengere,
Braundesche his bryghte swerde by þe bryghte hiltez,
Raykez towarde þe renke reghte w*ith* a ruyd*e* will,
And hyely hailsez þat hulke w*ith* hawtayne wordez,—
"Now, all-weldand Gode, þat wyrscheppez vs all,
Giff the sorowe and syte, sotte, there thow lygges,
For the fulsomeste freke that fo*ur*med*e* was eu*er*e;
Foully thow fedys the, þe fende haue thi saule!
Here es cury vnclene, carle, be my trowthe,
Caffe of creato*ur*s all, thow curssede wriche,
Because that þow killide has þise cresmede childyre,
Thow has marters made, and broghte oute of lyfe,
þat here are brochede on bente, and brittened*e* w*ith* thi handez,
I sall merke þe thy mede, as þou has myche serfed*e*,
Thurghe myghte of seynt Mighell, þat þis monte ȝemes.
And for this faire ladye, þat þow has fey leuyde,
And þus forced*e* one foulde, for fylth of þi selfen,
Dresse the now, dogge-sone, the deuell haue þi saule,

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For þow sall dye this day, thurghe dynt of my handez."
Than glopnede þe gloton and glorede vnfaire,
He grennede as a grewhounde, with grysly tuskes ;
He gapede, he groned faste, with grucchande latez,
For grefe of þe gude kynge, þat hym with grame gretez.
His fax and his foretoppe was filterede togeders,
And owte of his face fome ane halfe fote large ;
His frount and his forheuede, all was it ouer,
As þe fell of a froske, and fraknede it semede,
Huke-nebbyde as a hawke, and a hore berde,
And herede to þe hole eyghn with hyngande browes ;
Harske as a hunde-fisch, hardly who so lukez,
So was þe hyde of þat hulke hally al ouer.
Erne had he full huge, and vgly to schewe,
With eghne full horreble, and ardaunt for sothe ;
Flatt-mowthede as a fluke, with fleryande lyppys,
And þe flesche in his fortethe fowly as a bere.
His berde was brothy and blake, þat till his brest rechede,
Grassede as a mereswyne with corkes full huge,
And all falterde þe flesche in his foule lippys,
Ilke wrethe as a wolfe-heuede, it wraythe owtt at ones !
Bullenekkyde was þat bierne, and brade in the scholders,
Brok-brestede as a brawne, with brustils full large,
Ruyd armes as an ake with rusclede sydes,
Lyme and leskes full lothyn, leue ȝe for sothe :
Schouell-fotede was þat schalke, and schaylande hym semyde,
With schankez vnschaply, schowand togedyrs ;
Thykke theese as a thursse, and thikkere in þe hanche,
Greesse growen as a galte, full grylych he lukez.
Who þe lenghe of þe lede lelly accountes,
Fro þe face to þe fote was fyfe fadom lange.
Thane stertez he vp sturdely on two styffe schankez,
And sone he caughte hym a clubb all of clene yryn.
He walde hafe kyllede þe kynge with his kene wapen,
Bot thurghe þe crafte of Cryste ȝit þe carle failede.
The creest and the coronall, þe claspes of syluer,
Clenly with his clubb he crasschede doune at onez.
The kynge castes vp his schelde, and couers hym faire,

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And *with* his burlyche brande a box he hym reches ;
Full butt in þe frunt the fromonde he hittez,
That the burnyscht blade to þe brayne ry*n*nez ;
He feyed*e* his fysnamye *with* his foule hondez,
And frappez faste at hys face fersely *per*aftyre.
The kyng chaungez his fote, eschewes a lyttill,
Ne had he eschapede þat choppe, cheuede had euyll ;
He folowes in fersly, and festenesse a dynte
Hye vpe on þe hanche, *with* his harde wapyn,
That he hillid þe swerde halfe a fote large ; 1120
The hott blode of þe hulke vnto þe hilte rynnez,
Ewyn into inmette the gyaunt he hyttez,
Iust to þe genitales,[1] and jaggede þam in sondre.
Thane he romyed*e* and rared*e*, and ruydly he strykez
Full egerly at Arthur*e*, and on the erthe hittez
A swerde lenghe *with*in þe swarthe, he swappez at ones,
That nere swounes þe kyng*e* for swoughe of his dynttez.
Bot ȝit the kyng*e* swep*e*rly full swythe he byswenkez,
Swappez in *with* the swerde þat it þe swange brystedde ;
Bothe þe guttez and the gorr*e* guschez owte at ones, 1130
Þat all englaymez þe gresse one grou*n*de *per* he standez.
Thane he castez the clubb and the kyng*e* hentez,
On þe creeste of þe cragg he caughte hym in armez,
And enclosez hym clenly, to cruschen hys rybbez ;
So harde haldez he þat hende, þat nere his herte brystez.
Þane þe balefull bierdez bownez to þe erthe,
Kneland and cryande, and clappide þeire handez,—
" Criste comforthe ȝone knyghte, and kepe hym fro sorowe,
And latte neu*er* ȝone fende fell hym o lyfe ! "
ȝitt es þe warlow so wyghte, he welters hym vnder, 1140
Wrothely þai wrythyn and wrystill togederz,
Welters and walowes ou*er* *with*in þase buskez,
Tumbellez and t*ur*nes faste, and terez þaire wedez,
Vntenderly fro þe toppe þai tiltin togederz,
Whilom Arthure ou*er*, and o*per*while vndyre,
Fro þe heghe of þe hyll vnto þe harde roche ;
They feyne neu*er* are they fall at þe flode merkes.

[1] MS. genitates. (Brock.)

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Bot Arthur *with* ane anlace egerly smyttez,
And hittez eu*er* in the hulke vp to þe hiltez.
þe theeffe at þe dede-thrawe so throly hym thryngez,
þat three rybbys in his syde he thrystez in sundere.
Then *sir* Kayo*us* þe kene vnto þe kyng*e* styrtez,—
Said, "allas! we are lorne, my lorde es co*n*fundede,
Ou*er*fallen w*ith* a fende, vs es full hapnede!
We mon be forfetede in faith, and flemyde for eu*er*."
þay hafe vp hys hawberke þan and handilez þ*er*vndyre,
His hyde and his haunche eke, on heghte to þe schuldrez,
His flawnke and his feletez, and his faire sydez,
Bothe his bakke and his breste, and his bryghte armez.
þay ware fayne þ*at* þey fande no flesche entamede,
And for þ*at* jo*ur*nee made joye, þir gentill knyghttez.
"Now, certez," saise Sir Bedwere, "it semez, be my Lorde!
He sekez seyntez bot selden, þe sorer*e* he grypes,
þat þus clekys this corsau*n*t owte of þir heghe clyffez,
To carye forthe siche a carle at close hym in siluer*e*.
Be Myghell, of syche a makk I hafe myche wondyre
That eu*er* owre sou*er*aygne Lorde suffers hym in heuen;
And all seyntez be syche, þat seruez oure Lorde,
I sall neu*er* no seynt bee, be my fadyre sawle!"
Thane bour*e*dez þe bolde kyng*e* at Bedvere wordez,—
"þis seynt haue I soghte, so helpe me owre Lorde!
Forthy brayd owtte þi brande, and broche hym to þe herte;
Be sekere of this *ser*geau*n*t, he has me sore greuede.
I faghte noghte wyth syche a freke þis fyftene wyntyrs,
Bot in þe montez of Araby I mett syche ano*þer*;
He was þe forcyer*e* be ferre þat had I nere funden,
Ne had my fortune bene faire, fey had I leuede.
Onone stryke of his heuede, and stake it thereaftyre,
Gife it to thy sqwyere, fore he es wele horsede;
Bere it to *sir* Howell þat es in herde bandez,
And byd hym herte hym wele, his enmy es destruede;
Syne bere it to Bareflete, and brace it in yryne,
And sett it on the barbycane, biernes to schewe.
My brande and my brode schelde apon þe bent lyggez,
On þe creeste of þe cragge, thare fyrste we encontrede,

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And þe clubb þarby, all of clene iren,
þat many Cristen has kyllyde in *Con*stantyne landez;
Ferke to the farlande, and fetche me þat wapen,
And late founde till oure flete, in flode þare it lengez.
If thow wyll any tres*our*, take whate the lykez;
Haue I the kyrtyll and þe clubb, I coueite noghte ells."
Now þey caire to þe cragge, þise comlyche knyghtez,
And broghte hym þe brade schelde, and his bryghte wapen,
þe clubb and þe cotte alls, syr Kayo*us* hym seluen,
And kayres w*ith* [þe] co*n*quero*ur*, the kyngez to schewe;
That in couerte þe kynge helde closse to hym seluen,
Whills clene day fro þe clowde clymbyd on lofte.
Be that to courte was comen clamo*ur* full huge,
And before þe comlyche kynge they knelyd all at ones,—
"Welcom, oure liege lorde, to lang has thow duellyde,
Gou*ern*o*ur* vndyr Gode, graytheste and noble,
To wham grace es graunted, and gyffen at his will.
Now thy comly come has comforthede vs all,
Thow has in thy realtee reuengyde thy pople.
Thurghe helpe of thy hande thyne enmyse are struyede,
That has thy renkes ou*er*ronñe, and refte them theire childyre;
Whas neu*er* rewme owte of araye so redyly releuede."
Than þe conquero*ur* cristenly carpez to his pople,
"Thankes Gode," q*uod* he, "of þis grace, and no gome ells,
For it was neu*er* ma*n*ns dede, bot myghte of Hym selfen,
Or myracle of Hys modyre, þat mylde es till all."
He somond þan þe schippemen scharpely þeraftyre,
To schake furthe w*ith* þe schyre-men to schifte þe gudez;
"All þe myche tres*our* þat traytor had wonnen,
To comou*n*s of the contré, clergye and o*þer*,
Luke it be done and delte to my dere pople,
That none pleyn of theire parte, o peyne of ȝo*ur* lyfez."
He comande hys cosyn w*ith* knyghtlyche wordez,
To make a kyrke on þe cragg, ther the corse lengez,
And a couent therein, Criste for to serfe,
In mynde of þat martyre, þat in þe monte rystez.
Qwen Sir Arthur the kynge had kylled þe gyau*n*t,
Than blythely fro Bareflete he buskes on þe morne,

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With his batell on brede, by þa blythe stremes ;
Towarde Castell Blanke he chesez hym the waye,
Thurghe a faire champayne, vndyr schalke hyllis.
The kyng fraystez a furth ouer the fresche strandez,
Foundez with his faire folk ouer as hym lykez :
Furthe stepes that steryn and strekez his tentis
One a strenghe by a streme, in þas straytt landez.
Onone aftyre myddaye, in the mene-while,
þare comez two messangers of tha fere marchez,
Fra þe marschall of Fraunce, and menskfully hym gretes,
Besoghte hym of succour, and saide hym þise wordez,—
" Sir, thi marschall, þi mynistre, thy mercy besekez,
Of thy mekill magestee, fore mendement of thi pople,
Of þise marchez-men, that thus are myskaryede,
And thus merrede amange, maugree theire eghne.
I witter þe þe emperour es entirde into Fraunce,
With ostes of enmyse, orrible and huge ;
Brynnez in Burgoyne thy burghes so ryche,
And brittenes thi baronage, that bieldez þarein ;
He encrochez kenely by craftez of armez,
Countrese and castells þat to thy coroun lañgez ;
Confoundez thy comouns, clergy and oþer ;
Bot thow comfurth them, sir kynge, couer sall they neuer.
He fellez forestez fele, forrayse thi landez,
Frysthez no fraunchez, bot fraisez the pople.
Þus he fellez thi folke, and fangez theire gudez
Fremedly the Franche tunge fey es belefede.
He drawes into douce Fraunce, as Duchemen tellez,
Dresside with his dragouns, dredfull to schewe ;
All to dede they dyghte with dynttys of swerddez,
Dukez and dusperes, þat dreches tharein.
Forthy the lordez of the lande, ladys and oþer,
Prayes the for Petyr luffe, þe apostyll of Rome,
Sen thow arte presant in place, þat þow will profyre make
To þat perilous prynce, be processe of tym.
He ayers by 3one hilles, 3one heghe holtez vndyr,
Hufes thare with hale strenghe of haythen kyngez ;
Helpe nowe for His lufe, that heghe in heuen sittez,

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And talke tristly to them, þat thus vs destroyes."
The kynge biddis sir Boice, "buske the belyfe!
Take with the sir Berill, and Bedwere the ryche,
Sir Gawayne and sir Gryme, these galyarde knyghtez,
And graythe 3owe to 3one grene wode, and gose on þer nedes;
Saise to syr Lucius, to vnlordly he wyrkez,
Thus letherly agaynes law to lede my pople;
I lette hym or oghte lange, 3if me þe lyffe happene,
Or many lyghte sall lawe, þat hym ouere lande folowes.
Comande hym kenely wyth crewell wordez,
Cayre owte of my kyngryke with his kydd knyghtez;
In caase that he will noghte, þat cursede wreche,
Com for his curtaisie, and countere me ones.
Thane sall we rekken full rathe, whatt ryghte þat he claymes,
Thus to ryot þis rewme and raunsone the pople;
Thare sall it derely be delte with dynttez of handez:
The Dryghtten at Domesdaye dele as hym lykes."
Now thei graythe them to goo, theis galyarde knyghttez,
All gleterande in golde, appon grete stedes,
Towarde þe grene wode, þat with grownden wapyn,
To grete wele the grett lorde, that wolde be grefede sone.
Thise hende houez on a hill by þe holte eyues,
Behelde þe howsynge full hye of hathen kynges—
They herde in theire herbergage hundrethez full many,
Hornez of olyfantez full helych blawen—
Palaisez proudliche pyghte, þat palyd ware ryche,
Of pall and of purpure, wyth precyous stones;
Pensels and pomell of ryche prynce armez,
Pighte in þe playn mede, þe pople to schewe;
And than the Romayns so ryche had arayede their tentes,
On rawe by þe ryuere, vndyr þe round hillez,
The emperour for honour ewyn in the myddes,
Wyth egles al ouer ennelled so faire;
And saw hym and þe sowdane, and senatours many,
Seke towarde a sale with sextene kyngez,
Syland softely in, swettly by them selfen,
To sowpe withe þat soueraygne full selcouthe metez.
Nowe they wende ouer the watyre, þise wyrchipfull knyghttez,

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Thurghe þe wode to þe wone, there the wyese rystez ;
Reght as þey hade weschen, and went to þe table,
Sir Wawayne þe worthethy vnwynly he spekes,—
" The myghte & þe maiestee, þat menskes vs all,
That was merked and made thurghe þe myghte of Hym seluen,
Gyffe ȝow sytte in ȝour sette, Sowdane and oþer,
That here are semblede in sale, vnsawghte mott ȝe worthe !
And þe fals heretyke, þat emperour hym callez,
That ocupyes in erroure the empyre of Rome,
Sir Arthure herytage, þat honourable kynge,
That all his auncestres aughte bot Vtere hym one,
That ilke cursynge þat Cayme kaghte for his brothyre,
Cleffe on þe, cukewalde, with crouñe ther thow lengez,
For the vnlordlyeste lede þat I on lukede euer !
My lorde meruailles hym mekyll, man, be my trouthe,
Why thow morthires his men, þat no mysse serues,
Comouns of þe countré, clergye and oþer,
þat are noghte coupable þerin, ne knawes noght in armez.
Forthi the comelyche kynge, curtays and noble,
Comandez þe kenely to kaire of his landes,
Ore ells for thy knyghthede encontre hym ones ;
Sen þow couettes the corouñe, latte it be declarede !
I hafe dyschargide me here, chalange whoo lykez,
Before all thy cheualrye, cheftaynes and oþer.
Schape vs an ansuere, and schunte þow no lengere,
þat we may schifte at þe schorte, and schewe to my lorde."
The emperour ansuerde wyth austeryn wordez,
" ȝe are with myn enmy, sir Arthure hym seluen ;
It es non honour to me to owttray hys knyghttez,
þoghe ȝe bee irous men, þat ayres on his nedez.
Bot say to thy souerayngne, I send hym thes wordez,
Ne ware it for reuerence of my ryche table,
þou sulde repent full rathe of þi ruyde wordez,
Siche a rebawde as þowe rebuke any lordez,
Wyth theire retenuz arrayede, full reall & noble !
Here will I suggourne, whills me lefe thynkes,
And sythen seke in by Sayne with solace þeraftere ;
Ensegge all þa cetese be þe salte strandez,

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And seyn ryde in by Rone, þat rynnez so faire,
And of all his ryche castells rusche doun þe wallez ;
I sall noghte lefe in Paresche, by processe of tyme,
His parte of a pechelyne, proue when hym lykes."
"Now, certez," sais *sir* Wawayne, "myche wondyre haue I,
Þat syche an alfyn as thow dare speke syche wordez !
I had leu*er* then all Fraunce, that heuede es of rewmes,
Fyghte *with* the faythefully on felde be oure one."
Thane answers *sir* Gay*ous* full gobbede wordes,—
Was eme to þe emp*erour*, and erle hym selfen,—
"Euere ware þes Breton*s* braggers of olde !
Loo ! how he brawles hym for hys bryghte wedes,
As he myghte bryttyn vs all *with* his brande ryche !
ȝitt he berkes myche boste, ȝone boy þere he standes ! "
Than greuyde *sir* Gawayne at his grett wordes,
Graythes towarde þe gome *with* grucchande herte ;
With hys stelyn brande he strykes of hys heuede,
And sterttes owtte to hys stede, and *with* his stale wendes.
Thurghe þe wacches þey wente, thes wirchipfull knyghtez,
And fyndez in theire farewaye wondyrlyche many ;
Ou*er* þe watyre þey wente by wyghtnesse of horses,
And tuke wynde as þey walde by þe wodde he*m*mes.
Thane folous frekly one fote frekkes ynewe,
And of þe Romayns arrayed appon ryche stedes,
Chasede thurghe a champayne oure cheualro*us* knyghtez,
Till a cheefe forest, on schalke whitte horses.
Bot a freke all in fyne golde, and fretted in sable,
Come for*þer*maste on a freson, in flawmande wedes ;
A faire floreschte spere in fewtyre he castes,
And folowes faste on owre folke, and freschelye ascryez.
Thane *sir* Gawayne the gude appone a graye stede,
He gryppes hym a grete spere, and graythely hym hittez ;
Thurghe þe guttez into þe gorre he gyrdes hym ewyn,
That the grounden stele glydez to his herte.
The gome and þe grette horse at þe grounde lyggez,
Full gryselyche gronande, for grefe of his woundez.
Þane presez a preker in, full proudely arayede,
That beres all of po*urpour*, palyde *with* sylu*er* :

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Byggly on a broune stede he *pro*fers full large.
He was a paynyme of Perse þat þus hym *per*suede.
Sir Boys vnabaiste all he buskes hym agaynes,
With a bust*ous* laun*ce* he berez hym thurghe,
þat þe breme and þe brade schelde appon þe bente lyggez,
And he bryngez furthe the blade, & bownez to his felowez.
Thane *sir* Feltem*our* of myghte, a man mekyll praysede,
Was mouede on his manere, and manacede full faste;
He graythes to *sir* Gawayne graythely to wyrche,
For grefe of *sir* Gayo*us*, þat es on grounde leuede.
Than *sir* Gawayne was glade; agayne hym he rydez,
Wyth Galuth his gude swerde graythely hym hyttez;
The knyghte on þe co*ur*sere he cleuede in sondyre;
Clenlyche fro þe croune his corse he dyuysyde,
And *þus* he killez þe knyghte w*ith* his kydd wapen.
Than a ryche man of Rome relyede to his byerns,—
"It sall repent vs full sore and we ryde forthire;
ȝone are bold bosturs, þat syche bale wyrkez;
It befell hym full foule, *þat* þam so fyrste namede."
Thane þe riche Romayns reto*ur*nes þaire brydills
To þaire tentis in tene, telles theire lordez
How *sir* Marschalle de Mowne es on þe monte lefede,
Forejustyde at that jo*ur*nee, for his grett japez.
Bot thare chasez on oure men cheuallro*us* knyghtez,
Fyfe thosande folke appon faire stedes,
Faste to a foreste ou*er* a fell watyr,
That fillez fro þe falow see fyfty myle large.
Thare ware Bretons enbuschide, and banarettez noble,
Of þe cheualrye cheefe of þe kyngez chambyre,
Seese them chase oure men, and changen þeire horsez,
And choppe doun cheftaynes, that they moste chargyde.
Thane þe enbuschement of Bretons brake owte at ones,
Brothely at banere, and Bedwyne knyghtez,
Arrestede of þe Romayns, þat by þe fyrthe rydez,
All þe realeste renkes þat to Rome lengez;
Thay iche on þe enmyse and egerly strykkys,
Erles of Inglande, and "Arthure!" ascryes.
Thrughe brenes and bryghte scheldez, brestez they thyrle,

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Bretons of the boldeste with theire bryghte swerdez.
Thare was Romayns ouerredyn, and ruydly wondyde,
Arrestede as rebawdez, with ryotous knyghttez.
The Romaynes owte of araye remouede at ones,
And rydes awaye in a rowtte, for reddoure it semys.
To þe senatour Petyr a sandes-mane es commyn,
And saide, "sir, sekyrly, ȝour seggez are supprysside."
Than ten thowsande men he semblede at ones,
And sett sodanly on oure seggez, by þe salte strandez.
Than ware Bretons abaiste, and greuede a lyttill,
Bot ȝit the banerettez bolde, and bachellers noble,
Brekes that baitailles with brestez of stedes.
Sir Boice and his bolde men myche bale wyrkes;
The Romaynes redyes þan, arrayez þam better,
And al toruscheez oure men withe theire ryste horsez,
Arestede of the richeste of þe rounde table,
Ouerrydez oure rerewarde, and grette rewthe wyrkes.
Thane the Bretons on þe bente habyddez no lengere,
Bot fleede to þe foreste, and the feelde leuede;
Sir Beryll es born down and sir Boice taken,
The beste of oure bolde men vnblythely wondyde.
Bot ȝitt oure stale on a strenghe stotais a lyttill,
All tostonayede with þe stokes[1] of þa steryn knyghtez,
Made sorowe fore theire soueraygne, þat so þare was nomen,
Besoughte Gode of socure, sende whene hym lykyde.
Than commez sir Idrus, armede vp at all ryghttez,
Wyth fyue hundrethe men appon faire stedes,
Fraynez faste at oure folke freschely þareaftyre,
ȝif þer frendez ware ferre, þat on þe felde foundide.
Thane sais sir Gawayne, "so me God helpe!
We hafe bene chased to daye, and chullede as hares,
Rebuyked with Romaynes appon þeire ryche stedez,
And we lurkede vndyr lee as lowrande wreches.
I luke neuer on my lorde þe dayes of my lyfe,
And we so lytherly hym helpe, þat hym so wele lykede."
Thane the Bretons brothely brochez theire stedez,
And boldly in batell appon þe bent rydes;

[1] ? strokes. (Brock.)

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All þe ferse men before frekly ascryes,
Ferkand in þe foreste, to freschen þam selfen.
The Romaynes than redyly arrayes them bettyre,
On rawe on a rowm felde, reghttez theire wapyns,
By the ryche reuare, and rewles þe pople ;
And with reddour sir Boice es in areste halden.
Now thei semblede vnsaughte by þe salte strandez ;
Saddly theis sekere menn settys þeire dynttez,
With lufly launcez on lofte they luyschen togedyres,
In lorayne so lordlye on leppande stedes. 1460
Thare ware gomes thurghegirde with grundyn wapyns,
Grisely gayspande with grucchande lotes,
Grete lordes of Greke greffede so hye ;
Swyftly with swerdes they swappen thereaftyre,
Swappez doun full swe*per*lye swelltande knyghtez,[1]
That all swellttez one swarthe, that they ou*er*swyngen,
So many sweys in swoghe swounande att ones.
Syr Gaweayne the gracyous, full graythelye he wyrkkes,
The gretteste he gretez wyth gryeslye wondēs ;
Wyth Galuth he gyrdez doun full galyarde knyghtez, 1470
Fore greefe of þe grett lorde, so grymlye he strykez.
He rydez furthe ryallye and redely thereaftyre,
Thare this reall renke was in areste halden ;
He ryfez þe raunke stele, he ryghttez þeire brenez,
And refte them the ryche man, and rade to his strenghes.
The senatour Peter thane persewede hym aftyre,
Thurghe þe presse of þe pople, wyth his pryce knyghttes ;
Appertly fore þe prysonere proues his strenghes,
Wyth prekers the proudeste that to þe presse lengez ;
Wrothely on the wrange hande sir Gawayne he strykkes, 1480
Wyth a wapen of were vnwynnly hym hittez,
The breny one þe bakhalfe he brystez in sondyre ;
Bot ȝit he broghte forthe sir Boyce, for all þeire bale biernez.
Thane þe Bretons boldely braggen þeire tromppez,
And fore blysse of sir Boyce was broghte owtte of bandez
Boldely in batell they bere doun knyghtes,
With brandes of broun stele þey brettened maylez ;

[1] MS. knynghtez. (Brock.)

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Þay stekede stedys in stoure *with* stelen wapyns,
And all stewede wyth strenghe, þat stode þem agaynes.
Sir Idrus fitz Ewayn þan "Arthure!" ascryeez,
Assemblez on þe senato*ur* wyth sextene knyghttez,
Of þe sekereste men þat to oure syde lengede.
Sodanly in a soppe they sett in att ones,
Foynes faste att þe fore breste *with* flawmande swerdez,
And feghttes faste att þe fronte freschely þareaftyre;
Felles fele on þe felde appon þe ferrere syde,
Fey on þe faire felde by þa fresche strandez.
Bot *sir* Idrus fytz Ewayn ante*r*s hym seluen,
And ente*r*s in anly, and egyrly strykez,
Sekez to þe senato*ur* and sesez his brydill;
Vnsaughtely he saide hym þese sittande wordez,—
"ȝelde þe, *sir*, ȝapely, ȝife þou þi lyfe ȝernez,
Fore gyftez þat þow gyffe may, þou ȝeme now þe selfen;
Fore dredlez dreche þow, or droppe any wylez,
Thow sall dy þis daye thorowe dyntt of my handez."
"I ascente," q*uod* þe senato*ur*, "so me Criste helpe!
So þat I be safe broghte before þe kynge seluen;
Raunson me resonabillye, as I may ouerreche,
Aftyre my renttez in Rome may redyly forthire."
Thane answers *sir* Idrus with austeryn wordez,
"Thow sall hafe condycyon, as þe kynge lykes,
When thow comes to þe kyth there the cou*r*te haldez;
In caase his concell bee to kepe the no langere,
To be killyde at his co*m*mandment his knyghttez before."
Þay ledde hym furthe in þe rowte, and lached ofe his wedes,
Lefte hym wyth Lyonell and Lowell hys brothire.
O lawe in þe launde þane, by þe lythe strandez,
Sir Luci*us* lygge-men loste are fore eue*r*;
The senato*ur* Pete*r* es prysone*r* takyn,
Of Perce and of Porte Iaffe full many price knyghtez,
And myche pople wyth all perischede þam selfen.
For presse of þe passage, they plungede[1] at onez.
Thare myghte men see Romaynez rewfully wondyde,
Ouerredyn *with* renkes of the round table.

[1] MS. *repeats* they plungede. (Brock.)

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In þe raike of þe furthe they righten þeire brenys,
þat rane all on reede blode redylye all ou*er*;
They raughte in þe rerewarde full ryot*ous* knyghtez,
For raun*s*one[1] of rede golde and reall stedys;
Radly relayes, and restez theire horsez,
In rowtte to þe ryche kynge they rade al at onez.
A knyghte cayrez before, and to þe kynge telles,—
"Sir, here co*m*mez thy messangerez w*ith* myrthez fro þe mou*n*tez,
þay hafe bene machede todaye w*ith* men of þe marchez,
Foremaglede in þe marras w*ith* meruailo*us* knyghtez.
We hafe foughten in faithe, by ȝone fresche strandez,
W*ith* þe frekkeste folke that to þi foo langez;
Fyfty thosaunde on felde of ferse men of armez,
Wythin a furlange of waye, fay ere bylefede.
We hafe eschewede þis chekke, thurghe chance of oure Lorde,
Of tha cheualro*us* men that chargede thy pople.
The cheefe chaunchelere of Rome, a cheftayne full noble,
Will aske þe chartyre of pesse for charitee hym selfen;
And the senato*ur* Petire to preso*n*er es takyn.
Of Perse and of Porte Iaffe payny*m*mez ynewe
Co*m*mez prekande in the presse, w*ith* thy prysse knyghttez,
With pouerte in thi preson theire paynez to drye.
I beseke ȝow, sir, say whate ȝowe lykes,
Whethire ȝe suffyre them saughte, or sone delyu*er*de.
ȝe may haue fore þe senato*ur* sextie horse chargede
Of silu*er* be Set*er*daye, full sekyrly payede,
And for þe cheefe chauncelere, þe cheualere noble,
Charottez chokkefull charegyde w*ith* golde;
The remen*a*unt of þe Romaynez be in areste halden,
Till thiere renttez in Rome be rightewissly knawen.
I beseke ȝow, sir, certyfye ȝone lordez,
ȝif ȝe will send þam ou*er* þe see, or kepe þam ȝo*ur* selfen.
All ȝo*ur* sekyre men, for sothe, sounde are byleuyde,
Saue s*ir* Ewayne fytz Henry es in þe side wonddede."
"Crist be thankyde," q*uod* the kynge, "and hys clere modyre,
That ȝowe comforthed*e* and helpede be crafte of hym selfen;
Skilfull skomfyture he skiftez as hym lykez,

[1] MS. raⁿsone.

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Is none so skathlye may skape, ne skewe fro his handez;
Desteny and doughtynes of dedys of armes,
All es demyd and delte at Dryghtynez will;
I kwn the thanke for thy come, it comfort*es* vs all.
Sir knyghte," sais þe conquero*ur*, "so me Criste helpe!
I ȝif the for thy thyȝandez Tolouse þe riche,
The toll and þe tachementez, tau*er*nez and o*þer*,
þe town and þe tenementez w*ith* towrez so hye,
That towchez to þe tempo*r*altee, whills my tym lastez.
Bot say to þe senato*ur* I sende hym þes wordez,
Thare sall no silu*er* hym saue, bot [*sir*] Ewayn recouere;
I had leu*er* see hym synke on the salte strandez,
Than the seegge ware seke, þat es so sore wou*n*dede;
I sall disseue*r*e that sorte, so me Criste helpe,
And sett them full solytarie, in sere kyngez landez:
Sall he neu*er* sownde see his seynowres in Rome,
Ne sitt in þe assemblé, in syghte wyth his feris.
For it comes to no kyng*e*, þat conquero*ur* es holden,
To comon with his captifis fore couatys of silu*er*:
It come neu*er* of knyghthede, knawe it ȝif hym lyke,
To carpe of coseri, when captyfis ere takyn;
It aughte to no p*re*soners to prese no lordez,
Ne come in p*re*sens of pryncez, whene p*ar*tyes are mouede.
Comaunde ȝone constable, þe castell þat ȝemes,
That he be clenlyche kepede, and in close halden;
He sall haue maundement tomorne or myddaye be roungen,
To what marche þay sall merke, w*ith* maugere to lengen."
þay co*n*uaye this captyfe with clene men of armez,
And kend hym to þe constable, alls þe kynge byddez;
And seyn to Arthure þey ayre, and egerly hym towchez
The answere of þe emper*our*, irows of dedez.
Thane *sir* Arthure, on erthe atheliste of o*þere*,
At euen at his awen borde auantid his lordez,—
"Me aughte to hono*ur* them in erthe ou*er* all o*þer* thyngez,
þat þus in myn absens awnters þem selfen;
I sall them luffe whylez I lyffe, so me our Lorde helpe!
And gyfe þem landys full large, whare them beste lykes;
They sall noghte losse, on þis layke, ȝif me lyfe happen,

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þat þus are lamede for my lufe be þis lythe strandez."
Bot in þe clere daweyng, þe dere kynge hym selfen
Comaundyd *sir* Cadore *with* his dere knyghttes,
Sir Cleremu*s*, sir Cleremonde, *with* clene men of armez,
Sir Clowdmu*r*, *sir* Clegis, to co*n*uaye theis lordez;
Sir Boyce and *sir* Berell *with* baners displayede,
Sir Bawdwyne, *sir* Bryane, and *sir* Bedwere þe ryche,
Sir Raynalde and *sir* Richere, Rawlaund*e* childyre,
To ryde *with* þe Romaynes in rowtte wyth theire feres.
"Prekez now preualye to Parys the ryche,
Wyth Petir the pryssonere and his price knyghttez;
Beteche þam þe proueste, in presens of lordez,
O payne and o p*er*ell þat pendes theretoo,
That they be weisely wachede and in warde holden,
Wardede of warantizez *with* wyrchipfull knyghttez;
Wagge hym wyghte men, and woonde for no siluyre;
I haffe warnede þ*a*t wy, be ware ȝife hym lykes!"
Now bownes þe Bretons, als þe kynge byddez,
Buskez theire batells, theire baners displayez;
Towardez Chartris they chese, thes cheualro*us* knyghttez,
And in the champayne lande full faire þay eschewede:
For þe emp*er*o*ur* of myghte had ordand*e* hym selfen
Sir Vtolfe and sir Ewandyre, two hono*ur*able kyngez,
Erles of þe Orient*e*, with austeryn knyghttez,
Of þe awntrouseste men þat to his oste lengede,
Sir Sextyno*ur* of Lyby and senato*ur*s many,
The kynge of Surrye hym selfe *with* Sarzynes ynowe,
The senato*ur* of Sutere wyth sowmes full huge,
Whas assygnede to þat courte be sent of his peres,
Traise towarde Troys þe treson[1] to wyrke,
To hafe betrappede with a trayne oure tr*a*uelande knyghttez,
That hade p*er*sayfede þat Pet*er* at Parys sulde lenge,
In p*r*esonne with þe prouoste, his paynez to drye.
Forthi they buskede them bownn with baners displayede,
In the buskayle of his waye, on blonkkes full hugge;
Planttez them in the pathe with powere arrayede,
To pyke up þe presoners fro oure pryse knyghttez.

[1] MS. þe treson the treson. (Brock.)

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Syr Cadore of Cornewalle comaundez his peris,
Sir Clegis, *sir* Cleremus, *sir* Cleremownnde þe noble;
"Here es þe close of Clyme with clewes so hye;
Lokez the contree be clere, the corners are large;
Discoueres now sekerly skrogges and oþer,
That no skathell in þe skroggez skorne vs hereaftyre;
Loke ȝe skyfte it so þat vs no skathe lympe,
For na skomfitoure in skoulkery is skomfite euer."
Now þey hye to þe holte, thes harageous knyghttez,
To herken of þe hye men to helpen theis lordes;
Fyndez them helmede hole and horsesyde on stedys,
Houande on þe hye waye by þe holte hemmes.
With knyghttly contenaunce Sir Clegis hym selfen
Kryes to þe companye, and carpes thees wordez,—
"Es there any kyde knyghte, kaysere or oþer,
Will kyth for his kynge lufe craftes of armes?
We are comen fro þe kyng of þis lythe[1] ryche,
That knawen es for conquerour, corownde in erthe,
His ryche retenuz here all of his round table,
To ryde with þat reall in rowtt where hym lykes;
We seke justynge of werre, ȝif any will happyn,
Of þe jolyeste men ajuggede be lordes;
If here be any hathell man, erle or oþer,
That for þe emperour lufe will awntere hym selfen."
And ane erle þane in angere answeres hym son,—
"Me angers at Arthure, and att his hathell bierns,
That thus in his errour ocupyes theis rewmes;
And owtrayes þe emperour, his erthely lorde.
The araye and þe ryalltez of þe rounde table
Es wyth rankour rehersede in rewmes full many;
Of oure renttez of Rome syche reuell he haldys,
He sall ȝife resoun full rathe, ȝif vs reghte happen,
That many sall repente that in his rowtte rydez,
For the reklesse roy so rewlez hym selfen."
"A!" sais sir Clegis þan, "so me Criste helpe!
I knawe be thi carpynge a cowntere þe semes,
Bot be þou auditoure, or erle, or emperour thi selfen,

[1] *Read* kythe.

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Appon Arthurez byhalue I answere the sone.
The renke so reall, þat rewllez vs all,
The ryotous men and þe ryche of þe rounde table,
He has araysede his accownte, and redde all his rollez,
For he wyll gyfe a rekenyng that rewe sall aftyre,
That all þe ryche sall repeñte þat to Rome langez,
Or þe rereage be requit[1] of rentez þat he claymez.
We crafe of ȝour curtaisie three coursez of werre,
And claymez of knyghthode, take kepe to ȝour selfen!
ȝe do bott trayne vs to daye wyth trofelande wordez,
Of syche trauaylande men trecherye me thynkes.
Sende owte sadly certayne knyghttez,
Or say me sekerly sothe, forsake ȝif ȝowe lykes."

Þane sais þe kynge of Surry, "Alls saue me oure Lorde
ȝif þow hufe all þe daye, þou bees noghte delyuerede,
Bot thow sekerly ensure with certeyne knyghtez,
þat þi cote and thi breste be knawen with lordez,
Of armes of ancestrye, entyrde with londez."
"Sir kyng," sais sir Clegys, "full knyghttly þow askez:
I trowe it be for cowardys thow carpes thes wordez.
Myn armez are of ancestrye enueryde with lordez,
And has in banere bene borne sen sir Brut tyme;
At the cité of Troye þat tymme was ensegede,
Ofte seen in asawtte with certayne knyghttez,
Fro þe Borghte broghte vs and all oure bolde elders,
To Bretayne þe braddere, within chippe-burdez."
"Sir," sais sir Sextenour, "saye what þe lykez,
And we sall suffyre the, als vs beste semes;
Luke thi troumppez be trussede, and trofull no lengere,
For þoghe þou tarye all þe daye, the tyddes no bettyr;
For there sall neuer Romayne, þat in my rowtt rydez,
Be with rebawdez rebuykyde, whills I in werlde regne."
Thane sir Clegis to þe kynge a lyttill enclinede,
Kayres to sir Cadore, and knyghtly hym tellez,—
"We hafe founden in ȝone firthe, floreschede with leues,
þe flour of þe faireste folke þat to þi foo langez,
Fifty thosandez of folke of ferse men of armez,

[1] *Looks like* requiter *in* MS. (Brock.)

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þat faire are fewteride on frounte vndyr ȝone fre bowes.
They are enbuschede on blonkkes, with baners displayede,
In ȝone bechen wode appon the waye sydes.
Thay hafe the furthe forsette all of þe faire watyre,
That fayfully of force feghte vs byhowys ;
For thus vs schappes to daye, schortly to tell,
Whedyr we schone or schewe, schyft[1] as þe lykes."
"Nay," *quod* Cador, "so me Criste helpe!
It ware schame þat we scholde schone for so lytyll;
Sir Lancelott sall neuer laughe, þat with þe kyng lengez,
That I sulde lette my waye for lede appon erthe.
I sall be dede and vndone ar I here dreche,
For drede of any doggeson in ȝone dym schawes."
Syr Cador thane knyghtly comforthes his pople,
And with corage kene he karpes þes wordes,—
"Thynk on þe valyaunt prynce þat vesettez vs euer,
With landez and lordcheppez, whare vs beste lykes ;
That has vs ducherés delte, and dubbyde vs knyghttez,
Gifen vs gersoms and golde, and gardwynes many,
Grewhoundez and grett horse, and alkyn gamnes,
That gaynez till any gome, that vndyre God leuez ;
Thynke on riche renoun of þe rounde table,
And late it neuer be refte vs fore Romayne in erthe ;
Feyne ȝow noghte feyntly, ne frythes no wapyns,
Bot luke ȝe fyghte faythefully, frekes ȝour selfen ;
I walde be wellyde all qwyke, and quarterde in sondre,
Bot I wyrke my dede, whils I in wrethe lenge."
Than this doughtty duke dubbyd his knyghttez,
Ioneke and Askanere, Aladuke and oþer,
That ayarez were of Esexe, and all þase este marchez ;
Howell and Hardelfe, happy in armez,
Sir Heryll and sir Herygall, þise harageouse knyghttez.
Than the souerayn assignede certayne lordez,
Sir Wawayne, sir Vryell, sir Bedwere þe ryche,
Raynallde and Richeere, and Rowlandez childyre,—
"Takez kepe on this prynce with ȝoure price knyghtez,
And ȝife we in þe stour withstonden the better, •

[1] MS. *appears to read* schyst.

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Standez here in this stedé, and stirrez no forthire;
And ȝif þe chaunce fall þat we bee ouercharggede,
Eschewes to som castell, and chewyse ȝour selfen;
Or ryde to þe riche kynge ȝif ȝow roo happyn,
And bidde hym com redily to rescewe hys biernez."
And than the Bretons brothely enbrassez þeire scheldez,
Braydez one bacenetez, and buskes theire launcez.
Thus he fittez his folke, and to þe felde rydez,
Fif hundreth on a frounte fewtrede at onez.
With trompes þay trine, and trappede stedes,
With cornettes and clarions, and clergiall notes;
Schokkes in with a schakke, and schontez no langere,
There schawes ware scheen vndyr þe schire eyuez.
And thane the Romaynez rowtte remowes a lyttill,
Raykes with a rerewarde þas reall knyghttez;
So raply þay ryde thare, that all þe rowte ryngez,
Of ryues and raunke stele, and ryche golde maylez.
Thane schotte owtte of þe schawe schiltrounis many,
With scharpe wapynns of were schotande at ones:
The kynge of Lebe before the wawarde he ledez,
And all his lele ligemen o laundon ascriez.
Thane this cruell kynge castis in fewtire,
Kaghte hym a couerde horse, and his course haldez,
Beris to sir Berill, and brathely hym hittes,
Throwghe golet and gorgere he hurtez hym ewyne.
The gome and þe grette horse at þe grounde liggez,
And gretez graythely to Gode, and gyffes hym þe saule.
Thus es Berell the bolde broghte owtte of lyue,
And byddez aftyre beryell, þat hym beste lykez.
And thane sir Cador of Cornewayle es carefull in herte,
Because of his kynyse-mane, þat þus es myscaryede;
Vmbeclappes the cors, and kyssez hym ofte,
Gerte kepe hym couerte with his clere knyghttez.
Thane laughes the Lebe kynge, and all on lowde meles,—
"ȝone lorde es lyghttede, me lykes the bettyre!
He sall noghte dere vs to daye, the deuyll haue [his] bones!"
"ȝone kynge," said Cador, "karpes full large,
Because he killyd þis kene; Criste hafe þi saule!

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He sall hafe corne bote, so me Criste helpe !
Or I kaire of þis coste, we sall encontre ones ;
So may þe wynde weile turnne, I quytte hym or ewyn,
Sothely hym selfen, or summ of his ferez."
Thane sir Cador þe kene, knyghttly he wyrkez,
Cryez, "A Cornewale," and castez in fewtere,
Girdez streke thourghe þe stour on a stede ryche ;
Many steryn mane he steride by strenghe of hym on.
Whene his spere was sprongen, he spede hym full ȝerne,
Swappede owtte with a swerde, that swykede hym neuer,
Wroghte wayes full wyde, and wounded knyghttez ;
Wyrkez his in wayfare, full werkand sydez,
And hewes of þe hardieste halsez in sondyre,
That all blendez with blode thare his blanke rynnez.
So many biernez the bolde broughte owt of lyfe,
Tittez tirauntez doun, and temez[1] theire sadills,
And turnez owte of þe toile, when hym tyme thynkkez.
Thane the Lebe kynge criez full lowde
One sir Cador the kene, with cruell wordez,
"Thowe hase wyrchipe wonne, and wondyde knyghttez !
Thowe wenes fore thi wightenez the werlde es thy nowen.
I sall wayte at thyne hounde, wy, be my trowthe !
I haue warnede þe wele, be ware ȝif the lykez ! "
With cornuse and clariones þeis newe made knyghttez
Lythes vnto þe crye, and castez in fewtire ;
Ferkes in on a frounte one feraunte stedez,
Fellede at þe fyrste come fyfty att ones,
Schotte thorowe the schiltrouns, and scheuerede launcez,
Laid doun in þe lumppe lordly biernez.
And thus nobilly oure newe men notez þeire strenghez :
Bot new notte es onon þat noyes me sore.
The kynge of Lebe has laughte a stede þat hym lykede,
And comes in lordely in lyonez of siluere,
Vmbelappez þe lumpe, and lattes in sondre ;
Many lede with his launce þe liffe has he refede.
Thus he chaces þe childire of þe kyngez chambire,
And killez in þe champanyse cheualrous knyghttez,

[1] MS. *repeats* and temez. (Brock.)

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With a chasynge spere he choppes doun many.
There was *sir* Alyduke slayne, and Achino*ur* wondyde,
Sir Origge and *sir* Ermyngall hewen al to pecez;
And ther was Lewlyn laughte, and Lewlyns brothire,
With lordez of Lebe, and lede to þeire strenghez:
Ne hade *sir* Clegis comen, and Clemente þe noble,
Oure newe men hade gone to noghte, and many ma oþer.
Þane sir Cador þe kene castez in fewtire
A cruell launce and a kene, and to þe kynge rydez,
Hittez hym heghe on þe helme w*ith* his harde wapen,
That all þe hotte blode of hym to his hande rynnez.
The hethen harageous kynge appon þe hethe lyggez,
And of his hertly hurte helyde he neu*er*.
Thane *sir* Cador þe kene cryez full lowde,—
"Thow has corne botte, *sir* kynge, þare God gyfe þe sorowe,
Thow killyde my cosyn, my kare es the lesse.
Kele the nowe in the claye, and comforthe thi selfen!
Thow skornede vs lang ere w*ith* thi skornefull wordez,
And nowe has þow cheuede soo; it es thyn awen skathe!
Holde at þow hente has, it harmez bot lyttile,
For hethynge es hame-holde, vse it who so will."
The kyng of Surry þan es sorowfull in herte,
For sake of this sou*er*ayñge, þat þus was supprissede;
Semblede his Sarazenes, and senato*urs* manye:
Vnsaughtyly þey sette thane appon oure sere knyghttez.
Sir Cador of Cornewaile, he cownterez them sone,
With his kydde companye clenlyche arrayede;
In the frount of þe fyrthe, as þe waye forthis,
Fyfty thosande of folke was fellide at ones.
Thare was at þe assemble certayne knyghttez,
Sore wondede sone appone sere halfes;
The sekereste Sarzanez that to þat sorte lengede,
Behynde the sadylls ware sette sex fotte large;
They scherde in the schiltrone scheldyde knyghttez,
Schalkes they schotte thrughe schrenkande maylez,
Thurghe brenys browden brestez they thirllede,
Brasers burnyste bristez in sondyre;
Blasons blode and blankes they hewen,

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With brandez of browne stele brankkand stedez.
The Bretones brothely brittenez so many,
The bente and þe brode felde all on blode rynnys.
Be thane sir Cayous þe kene a capitayne has wonnen;
Sir Clegis clynges in and clekes anoþer,
The capitayne of Cordewa, vndire þe kynge selfen,
That was keye of þe kythe of all þat coste ryche;
Vtolfe and Ewandre Ioneke had nommen,
With þe erle of Affryke and oþer grette lordes.
The kynge of Surry the kene to sir Cador es ȝelden,[1] 1870
þe synechall of Sotere to Segramoure hym selfen.
When þe cheualrye saw theire cheftanes were nommen,
To a cheefe foreste they chesen theire wayes,
And felede them so feynte, they fall in þe greues,
In the ferynne of þe fyrthe, fore ferde of oure pople.
Thare myght men see the ryche ryde in the schawes,
To rype vpe the Romaynez ruydlyche wondyde,
Schowttes aftyre men, harageous knyghttez,
Be hunndrethez they hewede doun be þe holte eyuys.
Thus oure cheualrous men chasez þe pople, 1880
To a castell they eschewede a fewe þat eschappede.
Thane relyez þe renkez of þe rounde table,
For to ryotte þe wode, þer þe duke restez;
Ransakes the ryndez all, raughte vp theire feres,
That in þe fightynge before fay ware byleuyde.
Sir Cador garte chare theym, and couere them faire,
Kariede them to þe kynge with his beste knyghttez;
And passez vnto Paresche with presoners hym selfen,
Betoke theym the proueste, pryncez and oþer;
Tase a sope in the toure, and taryez no langere, 1890
Bot tournes tytte to þe knyge, and hym wyth tunge telles.
"Syr," sais sir Cador, "a caas es befallen;
We hafe cownterede to day, in ȝone coste ryche
With kyngez and kayseres, krouell and noble,
And knyghtes and kene men clenlych arayede.
Thay hade at ȝone foreste forsette vs þe wayes,
At the furthe in þe fyrthe, with ferse men of armes;

[1] ? ȝolden. (Brock.)

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Thare faughtte we in faythe, and foynede with sperys,
One felde with thy foo-men, and fellyd them on lyfe.
The kynge of Lebe es laide, and in þe felde leuyde,
And manye of his lege men þat þare to hym langede,
Oþer lordez are laughte of vncouthe ledes ;
We hafe lede them at lenge, to lyf whilles þe lykez.
Sir Vtere and *sir* Ewaynedyre, theis honourable knyghttez,
Be a nawntere of armes Ioneke has nommen,
With erlez of þe Oryentte, austeren knyghttez,
Of awncestrye þe beste men þat to þe oste langede ;
The senatour Barouns es kaughte with a knyghtte,
The capitayne of Cornette, that crewell es halden,
The syneschall of Sutere vnsaughte wyth þes oþer,
The kynge of Surry hym selfen, and Sarazenes.
Bot fay of ours in þe felde a fourtene knyghttez,
I will noghte feyne ne forbere, bot faythfully tellen ;
Sir Berell es one, a banerette noble,
Was killyde at þe fyrste come with a kynge ryche ;
Sir Alidoyke of Towell, with his tende knyghtez,
Emange þe Turkys was tynte, and in tym fonden ;
Gude sir Mawrell of Mauncez, and Mawren his broþer,
Sir Meneduke of Mentoche, with meruailous knyghttez."
Thane the worthy kynge wrythes, and wepede with his eughne,
Karpes to his cosyn *sir* Cador theis wordez,—
" Sir Cador, thi corage confundez vs all !
Kowardely thow castez owtte all my beste knyghttez ;
To putte men in perille, it es no pryce holden,
Bot þe partyes ware puruayede, and powere arayede ;
When they ware stade on a strenghe, þou sulde hafe withstonden,
Bot 3if thowe wolde all my steryn stroyé for þe nonys."
" Sir," sais *sir* Cador, " 3e knowe wele 3our selfen,
3e are kynge in þis kythe, karpe whatte 3ow lykys,
Sall neuer vpbrayde me, þat to þi burde langes,
That I sulde blyn fore theire boste, thi byddynge to wyrche ;
When any stirttez to stale, stuffe þam þe bettere,
Ore thei will be stonayede, and stroyede in 3one strayte londez.
I dide my delygens to daye, I doo me one lordez,
And in daungere of dede fore dyuerse knyghttez,

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I hafe no *grace* to þi gree, bot syche grett wordez ;
ȝif I heu*en* my herte, my hape es no bettyre."
ȝofe *sir* Arthure ware angerde, he ansuers faire,
" Thow has doughttily donn, *sir* duke, *with* thi handez,
And has donn thy deu*er* with my dere knyghttez ;
Forthy thow arte demyde, *with* dukes and erlez,
For one of þe doughtyeste þat dubbede was eu*er*,
Thare es non ischewe of vs, on this erthe sprongen ;
Thow arte apparant to be ayere, are one of thi childyre ;
Thow arte my sist*er* sone, forsake sall I neu*er*."
Thane gerte he in his awen tente a table be sette,
And tryede in *with* tromppez *tra*uaillede biernez,
Serfede them solempnely *with* selkouthe metez,
Swythe semly in syghte with sylu*er*en dischees.
Whene the senato*urs* harde say þat it so happenede,
They saide to þe emp*erour*, " thi seggez are suppryssede,
Sir Arthure, thyn enmy has owterayede þi lordez,
That rode for þe rescowe of ȝone riche knyghttez.
Thow dosse bot ty*n*nez þi tym, and turmenttez þi pople,
Thow arte betrayede of þi men, that moste thow on traystede :
That schall turne the to tene and torfere for eu*er*."
Than the emp*erour* irus was angerde at his herte,
For oure valyant biernez siche prowesche had wonnen.
With kyng and with kaysere to consayle they wende,
Sou*er*ayngez of Sarazenez, and senato*urs* manye.
Thus he semblez full sone certayne lordez,
And in the assemble thane he sais them theis wordez,—
" My herte sothely es sette, assente ȝif ȝowe lykes,
To seke into Sexon, *with* my sekyre knyghttez,
To fyghte with my foo-men, if fortune me happen,
ȝif I may fynde the freke *with*in the four haluez ;
Or entir*e* into Awguste awnters to seke,
And byde with my balde men *with*in þe burghe ryche ;
Riste vs and reuell, and ryotte oure selfen,
Lende þare in delytte in lordechippez ynewe,
To *sir* Leo be comen *with* all his lele knyghtez,
With lordez of Lu*m*berdye, to lette hym þe wayes."

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Bot owre wyese kyng es warre to waytten his renkes,
And wyesly by þe woddez voydez his oste ;
Gerte felschen his fyrez, flawmande full heghe,
Trussen full traystely, and treunt thereaftyre.
Seþen into Sessoyne, he soughte at the gayneste,
And at the surs of þe sonne disseuerez his knyghttez :
Forsette them the cité appon sere halfez,
Sodaynly on iche halfe, with seuen grett stales.
Anely in the vale a vawewarde enbusches ;
Sir Valyant of Vyleris, with valyant knyghttez,
Before þe kyngez visage made siche avowez,
To venquyse by victorie the vescownte of Rome.
Forthi the kynge chargez hym, what chaunce so befall,
Cheftayne of þe cheekke, with cheualrous knyghttez,
And sythyn meles with mouthe, þat he moste traistez ;
Demenys the medylwarde menskfully hym selfen,
Fittes his fote-men, alls hym faire thynkkes,
On frounte in the fore breste, the flour of his knyghtez,
His archers on aythere halfe he ordaynede þeraftyre
To schake in a sheltroñe, to schotte when þam lykez.
He arrayed in þe rerewarde full riall knyghtez,
With renkkes renownnd of þe rounde table,
Sir Raynalde, sir Richere, that rade was neuer,
The riche duke of Rown wyt[h] ryders ynewe ;
Sir Cayous, sir Clegis, and clene men of armes,
The kyng castes to kepe be þaa clere strandes.
Sir Lott and sir Launcelotte, þise lordly knyghttez,
Sall lenge on his lefte hande, wyth legyones ynewe,
To meue in þe morne-while, ȝif þe myste happynne ;
Sir Cador of Cornewaile, and his kene knyghtez,
To kepe at þe karfuke, to close in þer oþere :
He plantez in siche placez pryncez and erlez,
That no powere sulde passe be no preué wayes.
Bot the emperour onone, with honourable knyghtez
And erlez enteres the vale, awnters to seke,
And fyndez sir Arthure with hostez arayede ;
And at his income, to ekken his sorowe,
Oure burlyche bolde kynge appon the bente howes,

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With his bataile on brede, and baners displayede.
He hade þe ceté forsett appon sere halfes,
Bothe the clewez and þe clyfez with clene men of armez,
The mosse and þe marrasse, the mounttez so hye,
With gret multytude of men, to marre hym in þe wayes.
When *sir* Lucius sees, he sais to his lordez,
"This traytour has treunt[1] this treson to wyrche!
He has the ceté forsett appon sere halfez,
All þe clewez and the cleyffez with clene men of armez!
Here es no waye i-wys, ne no wytt ells,
Bot feghte with oure foo-men for flee may we neuer!"
Thane this ryche mane rathe arayes his byernez,
Rewlede his Romaynez, and reall knyghtez,
Buschez in the avawmewarde the vescounte of Rome,
Fro Viterbe to Venyse, theis valyante knyghtez;
Dresses vp dredfully the dragone of golde,
With egles alouer, enamelede of sable;
Drawen dreghely the wyne, and drynkyn thareaftyre,
Dukkez and dusseperez, dubbede knyghtez,
For dauncesynge of Duchemen, and dynnynge of pypez,
All dynned fore dyn that in þe dale houede.
And thane *sir* Lucius on lowde said lordlyche wordez,
"Thynke on the mychе renownn of ȝour ryche fadyrs,
And the riatours of Rome, þat regnède with lordez
And the renkez ouerrane all that regnede in erthe,
Encrochede all Cristyndome be craftes of armes;
In euеriche a viage the victorie was halden;
Insette all þe Sarazenes within seuen wyntter,
The parte fro the porte Iaffe to Paradyse ȝatez!
Thoghe a rewme be rebelle, we rekke it bot lyttill!
It es resone and righte the renke be restreynede!
Do dresse we tharefore, and byde we no langere,
Fore dredlesse withowttyn dowtte, the daye schall be ourez!"
Whene þeise wordez was saide, the Walsche kynge hym selfen
Whas warre of this wyderwyn, þat werrayede his knyghttez:
Brothely in the vale with voyce he ascryez,—
"Viscownte of Valewnce, enuyous of dedys,

[1] Word not clear in MS.

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The vassallage of Viterbe to daye schall be reuengede!
Vnuenquiste for[1] þis place voyde schall I neuer!"
Thane the vyscownte valiante, with a uoyse noble,
Auoyeddyde the avawewarde, enuerounde his horse;
He drissede in a derfe schelde, endenttyd with sable,
With a dragone engowschede, dredfull to schewe,
Deuorande a dolphyn with dolefull lates,
In seyne that oure soueraygne sulde be distroyede,
And all don of dawez with dynttez of swerddez;[2]
For thare es noghte bot dede thare the dragone es raissede!
Thane the comlyche kynge castez in fewtyre,
With a crewell launce cowpez full euen
Abowne þe spayre[3] a spanne, emange þe schortte rybbys,
That the splent and the spleen on the spere lengez.
The blode sprente owtte and sprede as þe horse spryngez,
And he sproulez full spakely, bot spekes he no more.
And thus has sir Valyant halden his avowez,
And venqwyste þe viscownte, þate victor was halden!
Thane sir Ewayne sir Fytz Vriene full enkerlye rydez
Onone to the emperour his egle to towche;
Thrughe his brode bataile he buskes belyfe,
Braydez owt his brande with a blyth chere,
Reuerssede it redelye, and awaye rydys;
Ferkez in with the fewle in his faire handez,
And fittez in freely one frounte with his feris.
Now buskez sir Launcelot, and braydez full euen
To sir Lucius the lorde, and lothelye hym hyttez;
Thurghe pawnce & platez he percede the maylez,
That the prowde pensell in his pawnche lengez,
The hede haylede owtt behynde ane halfe fote large,
Thurghe hawberke and hanche, with þe harde wapyn,
The stede and the steryn mane strykes to þe grownde,
Strake down a standerde, and to his stale wendez.
"Me lykez wele," sais sir Loth, "3one lordez are delyuerede!
The lott lengez nowe on me, with leue of my lorde:
To day sall my name be laide, and my life aftyre,
Bot some leppe fro the lyfe, that on 3one lawnde houez."

[1] *Read* fro. [2] MS. swreddez. (Brock.)
[3] MS. þe spayre the spayere. (Brock.)

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Thane strekez the steryn, and streynys his brydyll,
Strykez into the stowre on a stede ryche,
Enjoynede with a geaunt, and jaggede hym thorowe.
Jolyly this gentill forjustede anoþer,
Wroghte wayes full wyde, werrayande knyghtez,
And wondes all wathely, that in þe waye stondez,
Fyghttez with all the frappe a furlange of waye,
Felled fele appon felde with his faire wapen,
Venqwiste and has the victorie of valyaunt knyghtez,
And all enverounde the vale, and voyde when hym likede.
Thane bowmen of Bretayne brothely theraftyre
Bekerde with bregaundez of ferre in tha laundez,
With flonez fleterede þay flitt full frescly þer frekez,
Fichene with fetheris thurghe þe fyne maylez:
Siche flyttynge es foule þat so the flesche derys,
That flowe o ferrome in flawnkkes of stedez;
Dartes the Duchemen dalten a3aynes,
With derfe dynttez of dede, dagges thurghe scheldez;
Qwarells qwayntly swappez thorowe knyghtez,
With iryn so wekyrly, that wynche they neuer.
So they scherenken fore schotte of þe scharppe arowes,
That all the scheltron schonte, and schoderide at ones.
Thane riche stedes rependez and rasches on armes;
The hale howndrethe on hye appon heyghe lygges,
Bott 3itte þe hathelieste on hy, haythen and oþer,
All hourseches ouer hede harmes to wyrke.
And all theis geauntez before, engenderide with fendez,
Ioynez on sir Ienitall, and gentill knyghtez,
With clubbez of clene stele clenkkede in helmes,
Craschede doun crestez, and craschede braynez,
Kyllede cou[r]sers and couerde stedes,
Choppode thurghe cheualers on chalke-whytte stedez.
Was neuer stele ne stede myghte stande them a3aynes
Bot stonays and strykez doun, that in þe stale houys,
Till þe conqueror come with his kene knyghttez.
With crewell contenaunce he cryede full lowde,—
"I wende no Bretonns walde bee basschede for so lyttill,
And fore barelegyde boyes, þat on the bente houys!"

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He clekys owtte Collbrande, full clenlyche burneschte,
Graythes hym to Golapas, þat greuyde moste,
Kuttes hym euen by þe knees clenly in sondyre.
"Come down," *quod* the kynge, "and karpe to thy ferys!
Thowe arte to hye by þe halfe, I hete þe in trouthe!
Thow sall be handsomere in hye, *with* þe helpe of my Lorde!"
With þat stelen brande he strake ofe his hede.
Sterynly in þat stoure he strykes a-noþer;
Thus he settez on seuen with his sekyre knyghttez.
Whylles sexty ware seruede soo ne sessede they neuer;
And thus at the joynenyge the geauntez are distroyede,
And at þat journey forjustede *with* gentill lordez.
Than the Romaynes, and the remnkkez of þe rounde table,
Rewles them in arraye, rerewarde ande oþer,
With wyghte wapynez of werre, thay wroghten on helmes,
Rittez with raunke stele full ryalle maylez;
Bot they fitt them fayre, thes frekk byernez,
Fewters in freely one feraunte stedes,
Foynes ful felly with flyschande speris,
Freten of orfrayes feste appon scheldez.
So fele fay es in fyghte appon þe felde leuyde,
That iche a furthe in the firthe of rede blode rynnys.
By that swyftely one swarthe þe swett es byleuede,
Swerdez swangen in two, sweltand knyghtez
Lyes wyde opyn welterande on walopande stedez;
Wondes of wale men, werkande sydys,
Facez feteled vnfaire in filterede lakes,
All craysed fortrodyn with trappede stedez,
The faireste fygured folde that fygurede was euer,
Alls ferre alls a furlange, a thosande at ones.
Be than the Romaynez ware rebuykyde a lyttill,
Withdrawes theym drerely, and dreches no lengare;
Oure prynce with his powere persewes theym aftyre,
Prekez on[1] þe proudeste *with* his price knyghttez.
Sir Kayous, sir Clegis, with clene men of armez,
Enconters them at þe clyffe *with* clene men of armes,
Fyghttes faste in þe fyrth, frythes no wapen,

[1] *Or* over. (Brock.)

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Felled at þe firste come fyfe hundrethe at ones.
And when they fande theym foresett with oure fers knyghtez,
Fewe men agayne fele mot fyche them bettyre;
Feghttez *with* all þe frappe, foynes *with* speres,
And faughte with the frekkeste *þat* to Fraunce langez.
Bot sir Kayo*us* þe kene castis in fewtyre,
Chasez one a co*ur*sere, and to a kynge rydys;
With a launce of Lettowe he thirllez his sydez,
That the lyu*er* and þe lu*n*ggez on þe launce lengez.
The schafte sc[h]odyrde and schott in the schire byerne,
And soughte thorowowte þe schelde, and in þe schalke rystez.
Bot Kayo*us* at the income was kepyd vnfayre
With a cowarde knyghte of þe kythe ryche;
At þe turny*n*ge that tym the traytou*re* hym hitte
In thorowe the felettes, and in þe flawnke aftyre,
That the boustous launce þe bewells attamede,
Þat braste at þe brawlynge, and brake in þe myddys.
Sir Kayo*us* knewe wele, be *þat* kyde wounde,
That he was dede of þe dynte, and don owte of lyfe.
Than he raykes in arraye and one rawe rydez,
One this ryall his dede to reuenge;
"Kepe the, cowarde," and calles hym sone,
Cleues hym wyth his clere brande clenliche in sondire.
"Hadde thow wele delte thy dynt with thi handes,
I hade forgeffen þe my dede, be Crist now of hewyn!"
He weyndes to þe wyese kynge, and wynly hym gretes,
"I am wathely woundide, waresche mon I neu*er*!
Wirke nowe thi wirchipe, as þe worlde askes,
And brynge me to beryell, byd I no more.
Grete wele my ladye þe qwene, ȝife þe werlde happyne,
And all þe burliche birdes *þat* to hir boure lengez,
And my worthily weife, *þat* wrethide me neu*er*,
Bid hire fore hir wyrchipe wirke for my saulle!"
The kyngez confesso*ur* come, w*ith* Criste in his handes,
For to comforthe the knyghte, kende hym þe wordes.
The knyghte coueride on his knees w*ith* a kaunt herte,
And caughte his Creato*ure* *þat* comfurthes vs all.
Thane remmes þe riche kynge fore rewthe at his herte,

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Rydes into rowte his dede to reuenge ;
Presede into þe plumpe and with a prynce metes,
That was ayere of Egipt in thos este marches,
Cleues hym with Collbrande clenlyche in sondyre.
He broches euen thorowe þe byerne, and þe sadill bristes,
And at þe bake of þe blonke þe bewelles entamede !
Manly in his maly[n]coly he metes anoþer,
The medill of þat myghtty, þat hym myche greuede ;
He merkes thurghe the maylez the myddes in sondyre,
That the myddys of þe mane on þe mounte fallez,
þe toþer halfe of þe haunche on þe horse leuyde.
Of þat hurte, alls I hope, heles he neuer !
He schotte thorowe þe schiltrouns with his scharpe wapen,
Schalkez he schrede thurghe, and schrenkede maylez ;
Baneres he bare downe, bryttenede scheldes,
Brothely with brown stele his brethe he þare wrekes ;
Wrothely he wryththis by wyghtnesse of strenghe,
Woundes þese whydyrewyns, werrayede knyghttes,
Threppede thorowe þe thykkys thryttene sythis,
Thryngez throly in the thrange, and chis euen aftyre.
Thane sir Gawayne the gude, with wyrchipfull knyghttez,
Wendez in the avawewarde be tha wodde hemmys ;
Was warre of sir Lucius, one launde there he houys,
With lordez and ligge-men, that to hym selfe lengede.
Thane the emperour enkerly askes hym sonne,
" What will thow, Gawayne, wyrke with thi wapyn ?
I watte be thi wauerynge, thow willnez aftyre sorowe ;
I sall be wrokyn on thi wrethe, fore all thi grete wordez ! "
He laughte owtte a lange swerde, and luyschede one faste,
And sir Lyonell in the launde lordely hym strykes,
Hittes hym on þe hede, þat þe helme bristis ;
Hurttes his herne-pane an haunde-brede large.
Thus he layes one þe lumppe, and lordlye þem seruede,
Wondide worthily wirchipfull knyghttez !
Fighttez with Florenţ that beste es of swerdez,
Till þe fomande blode till his fyste rynnes.
Thane þe Romayns releuyde, þat are ware rebuykkyde,
And all torattys oure men with theire riste horsses ;

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Fore they see þaire cheftayne be chauffede so sore,
They chasse and choppe doun oure cheualrous knyghttes.
Sir Bedwere was borne thurghe, and his breste thyrllede,
With a burlyched braunde, brode at þe hiltes;
The ryall raunke stele to his herte rynnys,
And he rusches to þe erthe, rewthe es the more!
Thane þe conquero*ur* tuke kepe, and come with his strenghes
To reschewe þe ryche men of þe rounde table,
To owttraye þe emp*erour*, ȝif auntire it schewe,
Ewyn to þe egle, and "Arthure!" askryes.
The emp*erour* thane egerly at Arthure he strykez,
Awkwarde on þe vmbrere, and egerly hym hittez!
The nakyde swerde at þe nese noyes hym sare,
The blode of [the] bolde kyng*e* ou*er* þe breste rynnys,
Beblede at[1] þe brode schelde and þe bryghte mayles!
Oure bolde kyng*e* bowes þe blonke be þe bryghte brydyll,
With his burlyche brande a buffette hym reches,
Thourghe þe brene and þe breste w*ith* his bryghte wapyn,
O slante doun fro þe slote he slyttes at ones.
Thus endys þe emp*erour* of Arthur*e* hondes,
And all his austeryn oste þareofe ware affrayede.
Now they ferke to þe fyrthe, a fewe þat are leuede,
For ferdnesse of oure folke, by þe fresche strandez.
The floure of oure ferse men one ferant stedez
Folowes frekly on þe frekes, thate frayede was neu*er*.
Thane þe kyde conqu*erour* cryes full lowde,—
"Cosyn of Cornewaile, take kepe to þi selfen,
That no captayne be kepyde for non silu*er*,
Or s*ir* Kayo*us* dede be cruelly vengede!"
"Nay," sais s*ir* Cador, "so me Cryste helpe!
Thare ne es kaysere ne kyng*e*, þat vndire Criste ry*n*gnes,
þat I ne schall kill colde dede be crafte of my handez!"
Thare myghte men see chiftaynes, on chalke-whitte stedez,
Choppe doun in the chaas cheualrye noble;
Romaynes þe rycheste and ryall kynges,
Braste with ranke stele theire rybbys in sondyre,
Braynes forebrusten thurghe burneste helmes,

[1] *Read* al. (Brock.)

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With brandez forbrittenede one brede in þe laundez.
They hewede doun haythen men with hiltede swerdez,
Be hole hundrethez on hye, by þe holte eyuyes.
Thare myghte no siluer thaym saue, ne socoure theire lyues,
Sowdane, ne Sarazene, ne senatour of Rome.
Thane releuis þe renkes of the rounde table,
Be þe riche reuare that rynnys so faire ;
Lugegez thaym luflye by þa lyghte strandez,
All on lawe in þe lawnde, thas lordlyche byernes.
Thay kaire to þe karyage, and tuke what them likes,
Kamells and sekadrisses, and cofirs full riche,
Hekes, and hakkenays, and horses of armes,
Howsynge and herbergage of heythen kyngez ;
They drewe owt of dromondaries dyuerse lordes,
Moyllez mylke whitte, and meruayllous bestez,
Elfaydes, and arrabys, and olyfauntez noble,
þer are of þe Oryent, with honourable kynges.
Bot sir Arthure onone ayeres þeraftyre
Ewyn to þe emperour, with honourable kyngis ;
Laughte hym vpe full louelyly with lordlyche knyghttez,
And ledde hym to þe layere, thare the kyng lygges.
Thane harawdez heghely, at heste of the lordes,
Hunttes vpe the haythemen, that on heghte lygges,
The Sowdane of Surry, and certayne kynges,
Sexty of þe cheefe senatours of Rome.
Thane they bussches and bawmede þaire honourliche kyngis,
Sewed them in sendell sextifaulde aftire,
Lappede them in lede, lesse that they schulde
Chawnge or chawffe, ȝif þay myghte escheffe ;
Closed in kystys clene vnto Rome,
With theire baners abowne, theire bagis therevndyre,
In whate countré þay kaire that knyghttes myghte knawe
Iche kynge be his colours, in kyth whare [he] lengede.
Onone on þe secounde daye, sone by þe morne,
Twa senatours ther come, and certayne knyghttez,
Hodles fro þe hethe, ouer þe holte eyues,
Barefote ouer þe bente, with brondes so ryche,
Bowes to þe bolde kynge, and biddis hym þe hiltes,

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Whethire he will hang theym or hedde, or halde theym on lyfe,
Knelyde before þe conqueror in kyrtills allone ;
With carefull contenaunce þay karpide þese wordes,—
"Twa senatours we are, thi subgettez of Rome,
That has sauede oure lyfe by þeise salte strandys ;
Hyd vs in þe heghe wode, thurghe þe helpynge of Criste ;
Besekes the of socoure, as soueraygne and lorde ;
Grante vs lyffe and lym with leberall herte,
For his luffe that the lente this lordchipe in erthe !" 2319
"I graunte," quod [the] gude kynge, "thurghe grace of my selfen,
I giffe ȝowe lyffe and lyme, and leue for to passe,
So ȝe doo my message menskefully at Rome,
That ilke charge þat I ȝow ȝiffe here before my cheeffe knyghttez."
"ȝis," sais the senatours, "that sall we ensure,
Sekerly be oure trowhes thi sayenges to fullfill ;
We sall lett for no lede þat lyffes in erthe,
Fore pape, ne for potestate, ne prynce so noble,
That ne sall lelely in lande thi letteres pronounce,
For duke ne fore dussepere, to dye in þe payne !"
Thane the banerettez of Bretayne broghte þem to tentes ; 2330
There barbours ware bownn with basyns on lofte,
With warme wartire i-wys they wette them full son ;
They schouen thes schalkes schappely theraftyre,
To rekken theis Romaynes recreaunt and ȝolden ;
Forthy schoue they them to schewe, for skomfite of Rome.
They coupylde þe kystys on kameles belyue,
On asses and arrabyes, theis honourable kynges ;
The emperoure for honoure, all by hym one,
Euen appon an olyfaunte, hys egle owtt ouere ;
Bekende them the captyfis, the kynge dide hym selfen, 2340
And all byfore his kene men karpede thees wordes,—
"Here are the kystis," quod the kynge, "kaire ouer þe mownttez ;
Mette full monee þat ȝe haue mekyll ȝernede,
The taxe and þe trebutte of tene schore wynteres,
That was tenefully tynte in tym of oure elders.
Saye to þe senatoure, þe ceté þat ȝemes,
That I sende hym þe somme, assaye how hym likes !
Bott byde them neuere be so bolde, whylls my blode regnes,

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Efte for to brawlle þem for my brode landez,
Ne to aske trybut ne taxe be nakyn tytle,
Bot syche tresoure as this, whilles my tym lastez."
Nowe they raike to Rome the redyeste wayes,
Knylles in the capatoylle, and comowns assembles,
Soueraynge z and senatours, the ceté þat 3emes,
Bekende them the caryage, kystis and oþer,
Alls þe conqueror comaunde with cruell wordes.
"We hafe trystily trayuellede þis tributte to feche,
The taxe and þe trewage of fowre score wynteris,
Of I[n]glande, of Irelande and all þir owtt illes,
That Arthure in the Occedente ocupyes att ones.
He byddis 3ow neuere be so bolde, whills his blode regnes,
To brawle 3owe fore Bretayne ne his brode landes,
Ne aske hym trebute ne taxe be nonkyns title,
Bot syche tresoure as this, whills his tyme lastis.
We haffe foughtten in France, and vs es foule happenede,
And all oure myche faire folke faye are byleuede.
Eschappide there ne cheullrye, ne cheftaynes noþer,
Bott choppede downn in the chasse, syche chawnse es befallen.
We rede 3e store 3owe of stone, and stuffen 3our walles:
3ow wakkens wandrethe and werre; be ware, 3if 3ow lykes!"
In the kalendez of Maye this caas es befallen:
The roy ryalle renownde, with his rownde table,
One the coste of Costantyne by þe clere strandez,
Has the Romaynes ryche rebuykede for euer.
Whene he hade foughtten in Fraunce, and the felde wonnen,
And fersely his foomen fellde owtte of lyfe,
He bydes for þe beryenge of his bolde knyghtez,
That in batell with brandez ware broughte owte of lyfe.
He beryes at Bayone sir Bedwere þe ryche;
The cors of Kayon þe kene at Came es beleuefede,
Koueride with a crystall clenly all ouer;
His fadyre conqueride þat kyth knyghtly with hondes.
Seyn in Burgoyne he bade to bery mo knyghttez,
Sir Berade and Bawdwyne, sir Bedwar þe ryche,
Gud ser Cador at Came, as his kynde askes.
Thane sir Arthure onone, in þe Auguste þeraftyre,

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Enteres to Almayne wyth ostez arrayed ;
Lengez at Lusscheburghe, to lechen hys knyghttez,
With his lele ligge-men, as lorde in his awen.
And on *Christ*ofre daye a concell he haldez,
Withe kynges and kaysers, clerkkes and oþer,
Comandez them kenely to caste all þeire wittys,
How he may *con*quere by crafte the kythe þat he claymes.
Bot the *con*queror*our* kene, curtais and noble,
Karpes in the concell theys knyghtly wordez—
"Here es a knyghte in theis kleuys, enclosside with hilles,
That I haue cowayte to knawe, because of his wordez,
That es Lorayne þe lele, I kepe noghte to layne ;
The lordchipe es louely, as ledes me telles.
I will that ducherye devyse, and dele as me lykes,
And seyn dresse wyth þe duke, if destyny suffre :
The renke rebell has bene vnto my rownde table,
Redy aye with Romaynes, and ryotte my landes.
We sall rekken full rathe, if reson so happen,
Who has ryghte to þat rente, by ryche Gode of heuen !
Than will I by Lum*bardye* lykande to schawe,
Sett lawe in þe lande, þ*at* laste sall eu*er* ;
The tyrauntez of T*ur*kayn[1] tempeste a littyll,
Talke with þe temperall, whills my tym lastez ;
I gyffe my prottecciõe to all þe pope landez,
My ryche pensell of pes my poplo to schewe.
It es a foly to offende oure fadyr vndire Gode,
Ow þ*er* Pet*er* or Paule, þa postles of Rome.
ȝif we spare the sp*irit*uell, we spede bot the bettire ;
Whills we haue for to speke, spille sall it neu*er* ! "
Now they spede at þe spurres, w*ith*owttyn speche more,
To þe marche of Meyes, theis manliche knyghtez,
That es Lorrayne alosede as London es here,
Ceté[2] of þat seynȝowre, that sou*er*aynge es holden.
The kyng ferkes furthe on a faire stede,
With Ferrer and[3] Ferawnte, and oþer foure knyghtez ;
Abowte the ceté þa seuen, they soughte at þe nextte,

[1] *Read* Tuskayn. (Brock.)
[2] MS. Pety. (Brock.)
[3] MS. ferrerannde. (Brock.)

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To seke them a sekyre place to sett withe engeynes ;
Thane they beneyde in burghe bowes of vyse,
Bekyrs at þe bolde kynge with boustouse lates,
Allblawsters at Arthure egerly schottes,
For to hurte hym or his horse with þat hard wapen.
The kynge schonte for no schotte, ne no schelde askys,
Bot schewes hym scharpely in his schene wedys ;
Lenges all at laysere, and lokes on the wallys,
Whare þey ware laweste the ledes to assaille.
"Sir," said *sir* Ferrere, "a foly thowe wirkkes,
Thus nakede in thy noblaye to neghe to þe walles,
Sengely in thy surcotte, this ceté to reche,
And schewe þe *with*in, there to schende vs all.
Hye vs hastylye heyn*n*e, or we mon full happen,
For hitt they the or thy horse, it harmes for eu*er* ! "
" Ife thow be ferde," q*uod* the kyng, " I rede thow ryde vttere,
Lesse þ*at* þey rywe the with theire rownnd wapyn !
Thow arte bot a fawntkyn, no ferly me thynkkys !
Þou will be flayede for a flye þ*at* on thy flesche lyghttes !
I am nothynge agaste, so me Gode helpe !
Þof siche gadlynges be greuede, it greues me bot lyttill ;
Thay wyn no wirchipe of me, bot wastys theire takle ;
They sall wante or I weende, I wagen myn hevede !
Sall neu*er* harlotte haue happe, thorowe helpe of my Lorde,
To kyll a corownde kynge with[1] krysom enoynttede ! "
Thane come þe herbariours, harageous knyghtez,
The hale batells on hye harrawnte theraftyre ;
And oure forreours ferse, appon fele halfes,
Come flyeande before one ferawnt stedes ;
Ferkande in arraye theire ryall knyghttez,
The renkez renownde of þe rownnd table.
All þe frekke men of Fraunce folowede thareaftyre,
Faire fittyde on frownte, and on the felde houys.
Thane the schalkes scharpelye scheftys theire horsez,
To schewen them semly in theire scheen wedes ;
Buskes in batayle with baners displayede,
With brode scheldes enbrassede, and burlyche helmys,

[1] MS. with with. (Brock.)

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With penoun*s* and pensells of ylke prynce armes,
Appayrellde with perrye and p*recious* stones.
The lawnces with loraynes, and lemande scheldes,
Lyghtenande as þe leuenynge, and lemand al ou*er*.
Thane the price men prekes, and p*roues* þeire horsez,
Satills to þe ceté, appon sere halfes ;
Enserches the subbarbes sadly thareaftyre,
Discou*er*is of schotte-men, and skyrmys a lyttill ;
Skayres þaire skottefers, and theire skowtte-waches,
Brittenes theire barrers with theire bryghte wapyns ;
Bett down a barbycan, and þe brygge wynnys.
Ne hade the garnyson bene gude at þe grete ȝates,
Thay hade wonn that wone be theire awen strenghe.
Than withdrawes oure men, and drisses them bettyre,
For dred of þe drawe-brigge dasschede in sondre ;
Hyes to þe harbergage, thare the kynge houys
With his batell on heghe, horsyde on stedys.
Thane was þe prynce p*ur*uayede, and þeire places no*m*men,
Pyghte pauyllyons of palle, and plattes in seegge.
Thane lenge they lordly, as þem leefe thoghte,
Waches in ylke warde, as to þe werre falles,
Settes vp sodaynly certayne engynes.
One Sonondaye be þe Sooñe has a flethe ȝolden.
The kynge calles on Florente, þat flo*ur* was of knyghttez,—
"The Fraunchemeñe enfeblesches, ne farly me thynkkys !
They are vnfondyde folke in þa faire marches,
For them wantes þe flesche and fude that them lykes.
Here are forestez faire appon fele halues,
And thedyre feemen are flede with freliche bestes.
Thow sall foonde to þe fell, and forraye the mountes ;
Sir Forawnt and *sir* Florydas sall folowe thi brydyll ;
Vs moste with some fresche mette refresche oure þople,
That are feedde in þe fyrthe w*ith* þe froyte of þe erthe.
Thare sall weende to þis viage sir Gawayne hym selfen,
Wardayne full wyrchipfull, and so hym wele semes ;
Sir Wecharde, *sir* Waltyre, theis wyrchipfull knyghtes,
With all wyseste men of þe weste marches ;
Sir Clegis, *sir* Clarybalde, *sir* Clarymownde þe noble,

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The capytayne oo Cardyfe clenlyche arrayede.
Goo now, warne all þe wache, Gawayne and oþer,
And weendes furthe on 3our waye withowttyn moo wordes."
Now ferkes to þe fyrthe thees fresche men of armes,
To þe fell so fewe, theis fresclyche byernes,
Thorowe hopes and hymlande hillys and oþer,
Holtis and hare woddes with heslyn schawes,
Thorowe marasse and mosse and montes so heghe;
And in the myste mornynge one a mede falles,
Mawen and vnmade, maynoyrede bott lyttyll,
In swathes sweppen down, full of swete flo*ur*es.
Thare vnbrydills theis bolde, and baytes þeire horses,
To þe grygynge of þe daye, þat byrdez[1] gan synge,
Whylls the surs of þe son*n*e, þat sonde es of Cryste,
That solaces all synfull, þat syghte has in erthe.
Thane weendes owtt the wardayne, *sir* Gawayne hym selfen,
Alls he þat weysse was and wyghte,[2] wondyrs to seke;
Than was he warre of a wye, wondyre wele armyde,
Baytand on a wattire banke by þe wodde eyuis,
Buskede in brenyes bryghte to behalde,
Enbrassede a brode schelde on a blonke ryche,
With[3] biren*n*e ony borne, bot a boye one,
Houes by hym on a blonke, and his spere holdes.
He bare gessenande in golde, thre grayhondes of sable,
With chapes a cheynes of chalke whytte sylu*er*,
A charebocle in þe cheefe, chawngawnde of hewes,
And a cheefe ant*er*ous, chalange who lykes.
Sir Gawayne glyftes on the gome w*ith* a glade will;
A grete spere fro his grome he grypes in hondes,
Gyrdes ewen ou*er*e þe streme on a stede ryche.
To þat steryn in sto*ur*, one strenghe þare he houys,
Egerly one Inglisce "Arthure!" he askryes.
The toþer irouslye ansuers hym sone
On a launde of Lorrayne with a lowde steu*en*,
That ledes myghte lysten þe lenghe of a myle.
"Whedyr prykkes thow, pilou*ur*, þat profers so large?

[1] MS. þat þyrdez that byrdes. (Brock.) [2] MS. wyghte wyghte. (Brock.)
[3] *Read* withouten ony berne. (Brock.)

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Here pykes thowe no praye, profire when þe lykes!
Bot thow in þis *per*ell[1] put of the bettire,
Thow sall be my presonere, for all thy prowde lates!'
"Sir," sais *sir* Gawayne, "so me Gode helpe,
Siche glauerande gomes greues me bot lyttill.
Bot if thowe graythe thy gere, the will grefe happen,
Or thowe goo of þis greue, for all thy grete wordes."
Than þeire lau*nces* they lachen, thes lordlyche byernez,
Laggen *with* longe speres one lyarde stedes;
Cowpen at awntere be kraftes of armes,
Till bothe þe crowell speres brousten att ones.
Thorowe scheldys þey schotte, and scherde thorowe males,
Bothe schere thorowe schoulders a schaft-monde large.
Thus worthylye þes wyes wondede ere bothen,
Or they wreke þem of wrethe awaye will þey neu*er*.
Than they raughte in the reyne and agayne rydes,
Redely theis rathe mene rusches owtte swerdez,
Hittes one hellmes full hertelyche dynttys,
Hewes appon hawberkes with full harde wapyns.
Full stowttly þey stryke, thire steryn knyghttes,
Stokes at þe stomake with stelyn poyntes,
Feghtten and floresche withe flawmande swerdez,
Till þe flawes of fyre flawmes one theire helmes.
Thane *sir* Gawayne was greuede, and grychgide full sore;
With Galuthe his gude swerde grymlye he strykes,
Clefe þe knyghttes schelde clenliche in sondre.
Who lukes to þe lefte syde, when his horse launches,
With þe lyghte of þe sonñe men myghte see his lyuere.
Thane granes þe gome fore greefe of his wondys,
And gyrdis at *sir* Gawayne, as he by glentis,
And awkewarde egerly sore he hym smyttes;
An alet enamelde he oches in sondire,
Bristes þe rerebrace with the bronde ryche,
Kerues of at þe coutere with þe clene egge,
Ane[n]tis þe avawmbrace, vrayllede *with* silu*er*.
Thorowe a dowble vesture of veluett ryche,
With þe venymous swerde a vayne has he towchede,

[1] MS. *per*erell. (Brock.)

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That voydes so violently þat all his witte changede ;
The vesere, the aventaile, his vesturis ryche,
With the valyant blode was verrede all ou*er*.
Thane this tyrante tite t*ur*nes þe brydill,
Talkes vntendirly, and sais, "þow arte towchede !
Vs bus haue a blode-bande, or thi ble change ;
For all þe barbours of Bretayne sall noghte thy blode stawnche,
For he þat es blemeste with þis brade brande, blyne schall he neu*er*."
"ȝa," q*uod sir* Gawayne, "thow greues me bot lyttill.
Thowe wenys to glopyne me with thy gret wordez,
Thow trowes w*ith* thy talkyng*e* þat my harte talmes.
Thow betydes to*ur*fere or thowe hyen turne,
Bot thow tell me tytte, and tarye no lengere,
What may staunche this blode þat thus faste rynnes."
"ȝise, I say þe sothely and sekire þe my trowthe,
No surgyon in Salarne sall saue þe bettyre,
Withthy þat thowe suffre me, for sake of thy Cryste,
To schewe shortly my schrifte, and schape for myn ende."
"ȝis," q*uod sir* Gawayne, "so me God helpe !
I gyfe þe grace and graunt, þofe þou hafe grefe s*er*uede,
Withthy thowe say me sothe what thowe here sekes,
Thus sengilly and sulayne all þi selfe one ;
And whate laye thow leues one, layne noghte þe sothe,
And whate legyaun*c*e, and whare þow arte lorde."
"My name es *sir* Priam*us* ; a kynce es my fadyre,
Praysede in his p*ar*tyes with prouede kynges :
In Rome thare he regnes he es riche halden ;
He has bene rebell to Rome, and reden theire landes,
Werreyand weisely wyntters and ȝeres,
Be witt, and be wyssdome, and be wyghte strenghe,
And be wyrchipfull werre, his awen has he wonn.
He es of Alexandire blode, ou*er*lyng*e* of knyges,
The vncle of his ayele, *sir* Ector of Troye ;
And here es the kynreden that I of come,
And Iudas and Iosue, þise gentill knyghtes.
I ame apparaunt his ayere, and eldeste of o*þer* ;
Of Alexandere and Aufrike, and all þa owte landes,
I am in possessione, and plenerly sessede.

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In all þe price cetees that to þe porte langes,
I sall hafe trewly the tres*our* and the londes,
And bothe trebute and taxe whills my tym lastes.
I was so hawtayne of herte, whills I at home lengede,
I helde nane my hippe heghte vndire heuen ryche ;
Forthy was I sente hedire with seuen score knyghttez,
To asaye of this werre, be sente of my fadire ;
And I am for cirqwitrye schamely supprisede,
And be aw[n]tire of armes owtrayede fore eu*er*e.
Now hafe I taulde the þe kyne that I ofe come,
Will thow for knyghthede kene me thy name?"
"Be Criste," q*uod sir* Gawayne, "knyghte was I neu*er*!
With þe kydde conquero*ur* a knafe of his chambyre
Has wroghte in his wardrope wynters and ȝeres,
One his long*e* armo*ur* that hym beste lykid ;
I poyne all his pavelyou*ns* þat to hym selfe pendes,
Dyghttes his dowblettez for dukes and erles,
Aketou*ns* auen*a*unt fore Arthure hym selfen,
That he vsede in werre all this aughte wyntt*er*.
He made me ȝomane at ȝole, and gafe me gret gyftes,
And c. pou*nde*, and a horse, and harnayse full ryche ;
Gife I happe to my hele that hende for to s*er*ue,
I be holpen in haste, I hette the forsothe."
"Giffe his knafes be syche, his knyghttez are noble ;
There es no kyng*e* vndire Criste may kemp*e* w*ith* hym on.
He will be Alexander ayre, that all þe erthe lowttede,
Abillere þan eu*er* was s*ir* Ector of Troye.
Now fore the krisome þ*at* þou kaghte þat day þou was crystenede
Whethire thowe be knyghte or knaffe, knawe now þe sothe."
"My name es s*ir* Gawayne, I graunt þe for sothe,
Cosyn to þe conquero*ur*, he knawes it hym selfen,
Kydd in his kalander a knyghte of his chambyre,
And rollede the richeste of all þe rounde table.
I ame þe dussepere and duke he dubbede with his hondes,
Deynttely on a daye before his dere knyghtes.
Gruche noghte, gude s*ir*, þofe me this grace happen ;
It es þe gifte of Gode, the gree es hys awen."
"Petire!" sais Priam*us*, "now payes me bettire

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Thane I of Provynce warre prynce, and of Paresche ryche!
Fore me ware leu*er* preuely be prykkyd to þe harte,
Than eu*er* any prikkere had siche a pryse wonnyn.
Bot here es herberde at hand*e*, in ȝone huge holtes,
Halle batáile one heyghe, take hede ȝif the lyke;
The duke of Lorrayne the derfe, with his dere knyghtes,
The doughtyest of Dolfinede, and Duchemen many,
The lordes of Lu*m*bardye that leders are halden,
The garnyson of Godard*e* gaylyche arrayede,
The wyese of þe Westuale, wirchipfull biernez,
Of Sessoyn and Surylande Sarazenes enewe;
They are nowmerde full neghe, and namede in rollez,
Sexty thowsande and ten forsothe of sekyre men of armez;
Bot ȝif thow hye fro þis hethe, it harmes vs bothe,
And bot my hurtes be son holpen, hole be I neu*er*.
Tak heede to þis hanseman, þat he no horn blawe,
Are thowe heyly in haste beese hewen al to peces;
For they are my retenuz to ryde whare I wyll,
Es non redyare renkes regnande in erthe.
Be thow raghte *with* þat rowtt, thow rydes no for*þer*,
Ne thow bees neu*er* rawnsonede for reches in erthe."
Sir Gawayn wente or þe wathe com, whare hym beste lykede,
With this wortheliche wye, that wondyd was sore;
Merkes to þe mountayne there oure men lenges,
Baytaynde theire blonkes þ*er* on þe brode mede;
Lordes lenande lowe on lemand*e* scheldes,
With lowde laghttirs on lofte for lykyng*e* of byrdez,
Of larkes, of lynkwhyttez, þat lufflyche songen,
And some was sleghte one slepe *with* slaughte of þe pople
Þat sange in þe seson in the schen*ne* schawes,
So lawe in þe lawndez so lykand*e* notes.
Thane *sir* Whycher whas warre þaire wardayne was wondyde,
And went to hym wepand, and wryngande his handes;
Sir Wychere, *sir* Walchere, theis weise men of armes,
Had wondyre of *sir* Gawayne, and wente hym agayns,
Mett hym in the mydwaye, and m*er*uaile them t[h]oghte
How he maisterede þat man, so myghtty of strenghes.
Be all þe welthe of þe werlde, so woo was þem neu*er*.

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"For all ouré wirchipe i-wysse awaye es in erthe!"
"Greue ȝow noghte," *quod* Gawayne, "for Godis luffe of heuen;
For this es bot gosesomere, and gyffen on erles;
Þoffe my schouldire be schrede, and my schelde thyrllede,
And the wielde of myn arme werkkes a littill,
This prissonere *sir Priamus*, þat has *perilous* wondes,
Sais þat he has saluez sall soften vs bothen."
Thane stirttes to his sterape sterynfull knyghttez,
And he lordely lyghttes and laghte of his brydill,
And lete his burlyche blonke baite on þe flores;
Braydes of his bacenette and his ryche wedis,
Bownnes to his brode schelde and bowes to þe erthe,
In all the bodye of that bolde es no blode leuede.
Than preses to *sir Priamous* precious knyghtes,
Auyssely of his horse hentes hym in armes;
His helme and his hawberke þay taken of aftyre,
And hastily for his hurtte all his herte chawngyd;
They laide hym down in the lawndez, and laghte of his wedes,
And he lenede hym on lange, or how hym beste lykede.
A foyle of fyne golde they fande at his gyrdill,
Þat es full of þe flour of þe fouur well,
Þat flowes owte of Paradice when þe flode ryses,
That myche froyt of fallez, þat feede schall vs all;
Be it frette on his flesche, þare synues are entamede,
The freke schalle be fische-halle within fowre howres.
They vncouere þat cors with full clene hondes;
With clere watire a knyghte clensis theire wondes,
Keled theym kyndly, and comforthed þer hertes.
And whene þe carffes ware clene, þay clede them aȝayne;
Barell-ferrers they brochede, and broghte them the wyne,
Bothe brede and brawn, and bredis full ryche;
When þay hade eten anon they armede after.
Thane tha awntrende men "*as armes!*" askryes,
With a claryoune clere, thire knyghtez togedyre,
Callys to concell, and of this case tellys:—
"ȝondyr es a companye of clene men of armes,
The keneste in contek þat vndir Criste lenges;
In ȝone oken wode an oste are arrayede,

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Vndirtakande men of þiese owte londes ;
As sais vs *sir* Priamo*us*, so helpe seynt Pet*er* !"
"Go, men," q*uod* Gawayne, "and grape in ȝour hertez,
Who sall graythe to ȝone greue to ȝone gret lordes ;
ȝif we gettlesse goo home, the kyng will be greuede,
And say we are gadlynges, agaste for a lyttill.
We are w*ith* *sir* Florente, as todaye falles,
That es floure of Fraunce, for he fleede neu*er* ;
He was chosen and chargegide in chambire of þe kyng*e*,
Chiftayne of þis jo*ur*nee w*ith* cheualrye noble ;
Whethire he fyghte or he flee, we sall folowe aftyre ;
Fore all þe fere of ȝone folke forsake sall I neu*er*."
"Fadyre," sais *sir* Florent, "full faire ȝe it tell !
Bot I ame bot a fawntkyn, vnfraystede in armes ;
ȝif any foly befall, þe fawte sall be owrs,
And fremdly o Fraunce be flemede for eu*er*.
Woundes noghte ȝ*our* wirchipe, my witte es bot symple ;
ȝe are owre wardayne i-wysse, wyrke as ȝowe lykes ;
ȝe are at the ferreste noghte passande fyve huñdrethe,
And þ*at* es fully to fewe to feghte with them all,
Fore harlottez and hansemene sall helpe bott littill ;
They will hye theym hyen for all þeire gret wordes.
I rede ȝe wyrke aftyre witte, as wyesse men of armes,
And warpes wylily awaye, as wirchipfull knyghtes."
"I grawnte," q*uod* *sir* Gawayne, "so me Gode helpe !
Bot here are galyarde gomes þat of þe gre *ser*uis,
The kreuelleste knyghttes of þe kynges chambyre,
That kane carpe with the coppe knyghtly wordes ;
We sall p*r*oue todaye who sall the prys wyn."
Nowe forriours fers vnto þe fyrthe rydez,
And fou*n*gez a faire felde, and on fotte lyghttez ;
Prekes aftyre þe pray, as pryce men of armes.
Florenñt and Floridas, with fyve score knyghttez,
Folowede in þe foreste, and on þe way fowndys,
Flyngande a faste trott, and on þe folke dryffes.
Than felewes fast to oure folke wele a fyve hundreth
Of freke men to þe fyrthe, appon fresche horses ;
One *sir* Feraunt before, apon a fayre stede,

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Was fosterde in Famacoste, the fende was his fadyre,
He flenges to *sir* Florent, and pristly he kryes,—
" Why flees thow, falls knyghte ? þe fende hafe þi saule !"
Thane *sir* Florent was fayne, and in fewter castys ;
One Fawuell of Fryselande to[1] Feraunt he rydys,
And raghte in þe reyne on þe stede ryche,
And rydes towarde the rowte, restes he no lengere.
Full butt in þe frounte he flysches hym euen,
And all dysfego*ur*es his face with his fell wapen.
Thurghe his bryghte bacenette his brayne has he towchede,
And brusten his neke-bone, þat all his breste[2] stoppede.
Thane his cosyn askryede, and cryede full lowde,
" Thowe has killede colde dede þe kynge of all knyghttes !
He has bene fraistede on felde in fyftene rewmes ;
He fonde neu*er* no freke myghte feghte w*ith* hym one.
Thow schall dye for his dede w*ith* my derfe wapen,
And all þe doughtty for dule þat in ȝone dale houes."
" Fy," sais s*ir* Floridas, " thow fleryande wryche !
Thow wenes for to flay vs, floke-mowthede schrewe ! "
Bot Floridas w*ith* a swerde, as he by glenttys,
All þe flesche of þe flanke he flappes in sondyre,
That all þe filthe of þe freke and fele of the guttes
Foloes his fole fotte, whene he furthe rydes.
Than rydes a renke to reschewe þat byerne,
þat was Raynalde of þe Rodes, and rebell to Criste,
P*er*uertede w*ith* paynyms þat Cristen p*er*sewes ;
Presses in prowdly, as þe praye wendes,
Fore he hade in Prewsslande myche pryce wonnen ;
Forthi in *pre*sence thare he profers so large.
Bot thane a renke, *sir* Richere of þe rounde table,
One a ryall stede rydes hym aȝaynes ;
Thorowe a rownnde rede schelde he ruschede hym sone,
That the rosselde spere to his herte rynnes.
The renke relys abowte and rusches to þe erthe,
Roris full ruydlye, bot rade he no more.
Now all þat es fere and vnfaye of þes fyve hundreth
Falles on *sir* Florent, a fyve score knyghttes,

[1] MS. te. (Brock.) [2] *Apparently for* brethe. (Brock.)

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Betwyx a plasche and a flode, appon a flate lawnde,
Oure folke fongen theire felde, and fawghte them agaynes.
Than was lowde appon lofte "Lorrayne!" askryede,
When ledys with longe speris lasschen togedyrs,
And "Arthure!" on oure syde, when theym oghte aylede.
Than *sir* Florenˉt and Floridas in fewtyre þey caste,
Fruschen on all þe frape, and biernes affrayede;
Fellis fyve at þe frounte thare they fyrste enteride,
And, or they ferke forthire, fele of þese o*þere*.
Brenyes browdden they briste, brittenede scheldes,
Bettes and beres down the best *þat them* byddes;
All þat rewlyd in the rowtte they ryden awaye,
So rewdly they rere theys ryall knyghttes.
When *sir* Priamo*us*, þat p*r*ince, p*er*sayuede theire gamen,
He hade peté in herte þat he ne durste p*ro*fire;
He wente to *sir* Gawayne, and sais hym þese wordes,—
"Thi price men fore thi praye putt are all vndyre,
They are w*ith* Sarazenes ou*er*sette, mo þan seuen hundreth
Of þe Sowdanes knyghtes owt of sere londes;
Walde þow suffire me, *sir*, for sake of thi Criste,
With a soppe of thi men suppowell theym ones."
"I grouche noghte," q*uod* Gawayne, "þe gree es þaire awen,
They mon hafe gwerddou*n*s full grett graunt of my lorde,
Bot the freke men of Fraunce fraiste them selfen,
Frekes faughte noghte þeire fill this fyftene wynt*er*;
I will noghte stire w*ith* my stale halfe a stede lenghe,
Bot they be stedde w*ith* more stuffe than on ȝone stede houys."
Than *sir* Gawayne was warre, withowttyn þe wode hem̄mes,
Wyes of þe Westfale appon wyght horsez,
Walopande wodely, as þe waye forthes,
With all þe wapyns i-wys þat to þe werre longez.
The erle Antele the olde, the avawmwarde he buskes,
Ayerande on ayther hande heghte thosande knyghtez;
His pelours and pauysers passede all nombyre,
That eu*er* any prynce lede puruayede in erthe.
Than þe duke of Lorrayne dresesse thareaftyre,
With dowbill of þe Duchemen þat doughtty ware holden;
Paynymes of Pruyslande, prekkers full noble,

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Come prekkande before with Priamo*us* knyghttez.
Than saide the erle Antele to Algere his bro*þer*,—
"Me angers ernestly at Arthures knyghtez,
Thus enkerly on an oste awnters þem selfen;
They will be owttrayede anon, are vndron rynge,
Thus folily on a felde to fyghte with vs all.
Bot they be fesede in faye, ferly me thynkes;
Walde they pu*r*posse take, and passe on theire wayes,
Prike home to theire prynce, and theire pray leue,
They myghte lenghen theire lyefe, and lossen bott littill,
It wolde lyghte my herte, so helpe me oure Lorde!"
"Sir," sais s*ir* Algere, "thay hafe littill vsede
To be owttrayede withe oste: me angers þe more.
The fayreste schall be full feye, þat in oure floke ryddez,
Alls fewe as they bene, are they the felde leue."
Than gud Gawayne, gracious and noble,
All with glorious gle he gladdis his knyghtes;
"Gloppyns noghte, gud men, for gleter*and* scheldes,
3ofe 3one gadlyngez be gaye on 3one gret horses.
Banerettez of Bretayne, buskes vp 3*our* hertes!
Bees noghte baiste of 3one boyes, ne of þaire bryghte wedis!
We sall blenke theire boste for all theire blode p*ro*fire,
Als bouxom as birde es in bede to hir lorde.
3effe we feghte todaye, þe felde schall be owrs,
The fekill faye sall faile, and falssede be distroyede.
3one folk is one frountere, vnfraistede theym semes;
Thay make faythe and faye to þe fend seluen.
We sall in this viage victoures be holden,
And avauntede with voycez of valyant biernez;
Prayssede with pryncez in p*re*sence of lordes,
And luffede with ladyes in dyu*er*se londes.
Aughte neu*er* siche hono*ur*e none of oure elders,
Vnwyn ne Absolon ne non of thies o*þer*.
When we are moste in destresse, Marie we mene,
That es oure maisters seyne, þat he myche traistez;
Melys of þat mylde qwene, that menskes vs all;
Who so meles of þat mayde, myskaries he neu*er*."
Be þese wordes ware saide, they ware noghte ferre behynde

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Bot the lenghe of a launde, and "Lorayne!" askryes.
Was neu*er* siche a justynge at jo*urn*é in erthe,
In the vale of Iosephate, as gestes vs telles,
When Iulyus & Ioatall ware juggede to dy,
As was when þe ryche men of þe rownde table
Ruschede into þe rowte one ryall stedes.
For so raythely þay rusche with roselde speris,
That the raskaille was rade, and rane to þe grefes,
And karede to þat courte as cowardes for eu*er*.
"Pet*er*!" sais s*ir* Gawayne, "this gladdez myn herte!
That ȝone gedlynges are gon, that made gret nowmbre;
I hope that thees harlottez sall harme vs bot littill,
For they will hyde them in haste within ȝone holte euis.
Thay are fewere one felde þan þay were fyrste nombird*e*,
Be fourtty thousande in faythe, for all theyre faire hostes."
Bot one Iolyan of Iene, a geante full howge,
Has jonede on s*ir* Ierant*e*, a justis of Walis;
Thorowe a jerownde schelde he jogges hym thorowe,
And a fyn gesserawnte of gentill mayles,
Ioynter and gemows, he jogges in sondyre.
One a jambe stede þis jurnee he makes;
Thus es þe geante forjuste, that errawnte Iewe,
And Gerard*e* es jocunde, and joyes hym þe more.
Than the genato*ur*s of Gen*n*e enjoynes att ones,
And frykis on þe frowntere well a fyve hundreth;
A freke highte s*ir* Federike, with full fele o*þer*,
Ferkes on a frusche, and fresclyche askryes
To fyghte with oure forreours, þat on felde houis.
And thane the ryalle renkkes of þe rownde table
Rade furth full ernestly, and rydis them agaynes,
Mellis with the medill-warde, bot they ware ill machede;
Of siche a grett multytude was m*er*uayle to here.
Seyne at þe assemble the Sarazenes discou*er*es
The sou*er*aynge of Sessoyne, that saluede was neu*er*;
Gyawntis forjustede with gentill knyghtes,
Thorowe gesserawntes of Iene jaggede to þe herte.
They hewe thorowe helmes hawtayne biernez,
Þat þe hiltede swerdes to þaire hertes rynnys

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Than þe renkes renownd*e* of þe rownd table
Ryffes and ruyssches down renayede wreches ;
And thus they dreuen to þe dede dukes and erles,
All þe dreghe of þe daye, with dredfull werkes.
Than *sir* Priamo*us* þe prynce, in p*re*sens of lordes,
Presez to his penown, and pertly it hentes,
Reuertede it redily, and awaye rydys
To þe ryall rowte of þe rownde table ;
And heyly his retenuz raykes hym aftyre,
For they his reson had rede on his schelde ryche.
Owte of þe scheltrone þey schede, as schepe of a folde,
And steris furth to þe stowre, and stode be þeire lorde.
Seyne they sent to þe duke, and saide hym þise wordes,—
" We hafe bene thy sowdeours this sex ȝere and more ;
We forsake þe todaye be serte of owre lorde ;
We sewe to oure sou*er*aynge in sere kynges londes.
Vs defawtes oure feez of þis foure wynt*ter*es ;
Thow arte feble and false, and noghte bot faire wordes ;
Oure wages are werede owte, and þi werre endide,
We maye w*ith* oure wirchipe weend whethire vs lykes.
I red þowe trette of a trewe, and trofle no lengere,
Or þow sall tyne of thi tale ten thosande or euen."
" Fy a debles ! " saide þe duke, " the deuell haue ȝo*ur* bones !
The dawngere of ȝon doggez drede schall I neu*er*.
We sall dele this daye, be dedes of armes,
My dede, and my ducherye, and my dere knyghtes ;
Siche sowdeo*ur*s as ȝe I sett bot att lyttill,
That sodanly in defawte forsakes theire lorde."
The duke[1] in his schelde and dreches no lengere,
Drawes hym a dromedarie, with dredfull knyghtez,
Graythes to *sir* Gawayne, with full gret nowmbyre
Of gomes of Gernaide, that greuous are holden.
Thas fresche horsesede men to þe frownt rydes,
Felles of oure forreo*ur*s be fourtty at ones.
They hade foughtten before with a fyve hundrethe ;
It was no ferly, in faythe, þofe they faynt waxen.
Thane *sir* Gawayne was grefede, and grypys his spere,

[1] A word is wanting here.

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And gyrdez in agayne with galyarde knyghttez ;
Metes þe maches of Mees, and melles hym thorowe,
As man of þis medill-erthe, þat moste hade greuede.
Bot on Chastelayne, a childe of þe kynges chambyre,
Was warde to *sir* Wawayn of þe weste marches,
Cheses to *sir* Cheldrike, a cheftayne noble,
With a chasyng spere he chokkes hym thurghe.
This chekke hym eschewede be chauncez of armes ;
So þay chase þat childe, eschape may he neuer !
Bot on Swyan of Swecy, with a swerde egge,
The swyers swyre-bane he swappes in sondyre.
He swounande diede, & on þe swarthe lengede,
Sweltes ewynne swiftly, and swanke he no more.
Þan *sir* Gawayn gretes with his gray eghne ;
The guyte was a gude man, begynnande of armes.
Fore the charry childe so his chere chawngide,
That the chillande watire on his chekes rynnyde.
" Woo es me," quod Gawayne, " that I ne weten hade ;
I sall wage for that wye all þat I welde,
Bot I be wroken on that wye, that thus has hym wondyde !"
He dresses hym drerily, and to þe duke rydes,
Bot one *sir* Dolphyn the derfe dyghte hym agaynes,
And *sir* Gawayne hym gyrd with a grym launce,
That the grounden spere glade to his herte.
And egerly he hente owte, and hurte anoþer,
An haythen knyghte, Hardolfe, happye in armes ;
Sleyghly in at the slotte slyttes hym thorowe,
That the slydande spere of his hande sleppes.
Thare es slayne in þat slope, be elagere of his hondes,
Sexty slongen in a slade of sleghe men of armes.
Þofe *sir* Gawaynne ware wo, he wayttes hym by,
And was warre of þat wye that the childe wondyde,
And with a swerde swiftly he swappes hym thorowe,
That he swyftly swelte, and on þe erthe swounes.
And thane he raykes to þe rowte, and ruysches one helmys ;
Riche hawberkes he rente, and rasede schyldes,
Rydes on a rawndoune, and his rayke holdes ;
Thorowowte þe rerewarde he holdes wayes,

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And thare raughte in the reyne this ryall þe ryche,
And rydez into þe rowte of þe rownde table.
Þane oure cheualrous[1] men changen theire horsez,
Chases and choppes down cheftaynes noble,
Hittes full hertely on helmes and scheldes,
Hurtes and hewes down haythen knyghtez.
Ketell-hattes they cleue euen to þe scholdirs;
Was neu*er* siche a clam*our* of capitaynes in erthe.
Thare was kynges son*nes* kaughte, curtays and noble,
And knyghtes of þe contré, that knawen was ryche;
Lordes of Lorayne and Lu*m*bardye bothen
Laugh[t]e was, and lede in with oure lele knyghttez;
Thas þat chasede that daye, theire chaunce was bettire,
Swiche a cheke at a chace escheuede theym neu*er*.
When *sir* Florent, be fyghte, had þe felde wonen,
He ferkes ine before with fyve score knyghttez;
Theire prayes and þeire pr*es*oneres passes one aftyre,
W*ith* pylours, and pauysers, and pryse men of armes.
Thane gudly *sir* Gawayne gydes his knyghttez,
Gas in at þe gayneste, as gydes hym telles,
Fore greffe of a garysone of full gret lordes
Sulde noghte gripe vpe his gere, ne swyche grame wirche.
Forethy they stode at the straytez, and with his stale houede,
Till his prayes ware paste the pathe that he dredis;
When they the ceté myghte see that the kyng seggede,
Sothely the same daye was wit[h] asawte wonnen.
An hawrawde hyes before, the beste of the lordes,
Hom at þe herbergage, owt of tha hyghe londes;
Tornys tytte to þe tente, and to the kyng*e* telles
All the tale sothely, and how they hade spede;—
"All thy forreo*urs* are fere, that forrayede withowttyn,
Sir Florent, and *sir* Floridas, and all thy ferse knyghtez;
Thay hafe forrayede and foghten with full gret nowmbyre,
And fele of thy foo-men has broghte owt of lyffe.
Oure wirchipfull wardayne es wele escheuyde,
For he has wonn todaye wirchip*e* for eu*ere*,
He has Dolfyn slayne, and þe duke takyn;

[1] MS. cheualrours. (Brock.)

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Many dowghty es dede be dynt of his hondes.
He has p*re*soners p*ri*ce, pryncez and erles,
Of þe richeste blode þat regnys in erthe ;
All thy cheuallrous men faire are eschewede,
Bot a childe Chasteleyn*n*e myschance es befallen."
"Hawtayne," sais þe kyng, "harawde, be Criste !
Thow has helyd myn herte, I hete the forsothe ! 3030
I ȝife the in Hamptone a hundreth pownde large."
The kynge þan to assawte he sembles his knyghtez,
With somercastell and sowe appon sere halfes ;
Skyftis his skotiferis, and skayles the wallis,
And iche wache[1] has his warde with wiese men of armes.
Thane boldly þay buske, and bendes engynes,
Payses in pylot*es* and proues theire castes ;
Mynsteris and masondewes they malle to þe erthe,
Chirches and chapells chalke-whitte blawnchede.
Stone [s]tepells full styffe in þe strete ligges, 3040
Chawmbyrs with chymnés, and many cheefe inns,
Paysede and pelid down playsterede walles ;
The pyne of þe pople was peté for to here.
Thane þe duchez hire dyghte with damesels ryche,
The cowntas of Crasyn with hir clere maydyns,
Knelis down in þe kyrnelles thare the kyng houede,
On a cou*e*rede horse comlyli arayede ;
They knewe hym by conten*au*nce, and criede full lowde,—
"Kyng crownede of kynde, take kepe to þese wordes !
We beseke ȝow, s*ir*, as sou*e*raynge and lorde, 3050
That ȝe safe vs todaye, for sake of ȝoure Criste !
Send vs some socoure, and saughte with the pople,
Or þe ceté be sodaynly with assawte wonnen !"
He weres his vesere with a vowt noble ;
With vesage v*er*teuous, this valyante bierne
Meles to hir myldly with full meke wordes,—
"Sall no mysse do ȝow, ma dame, þat to me lenges ;
I gyf ȝow chartire of pes, & ȝoure cheefe maydens,
The childire and þe chaste men, the cheualr*ous* knyghtez ;

[1] *Or* wathe. (Brock.)

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The duke es in dawngere, dredis it bott litty ll,
He sall idene þe full wele, dout ȝow noghte elles."
Thane sent he on iche a syde to certayne lordez,
For to leue þe assawte, the ceté was ȝolden ;
With þe erle eldeste son he sent hym þe kayes,
And seside þe same nyghte, be sent of þe lordes.
The duke to Dou*ere* es dyghte, and all his dere knyghtez,
To duelle in dawngere and dole þe dayes of hys lyue.
Thare fleede, at the ferrere ȝate, folke withowttyn nom̄byre,
For ferde of *sir* Florent and his fers knyghtez ;
Voydes the ceté and to the wode rynnys,
With vetaile, and vessell, and vesto*ure* so ryche.
Thay buske vpe a banere abown þe brode ȝates ;
Of *sir* Florent, in fay, so fayne was he neu*er*.
The knyghte houys on a hyll, behelde to þe wallys,
And saide, "I see be ȝone syngne the ceté es oures."
Sir Arthure enters anon with hostes arayede,
Euen at þe vndron etles to lenge.
In iche leu*ere* on lowde the kynge did crye,
Of payne of lyf and lym and lesyng*e* of londes,
That no lele lige-mane, that to hym lon*n*gede,
Sulde lye be no ladysse, ne be no lele maydyns,
Ne be no burgesse wyffe, better ne werse,
Ne no biernez mysebide, that to þe burghe longede.
When þe kyng Arthure hade lely conquerid,
And the castell cou*ere*de of þe kythe riche,
All þe crowell and kene, be craftes of armes,
Captayns and constables, knewe hym for lorde.
He deuysede and delte to dyu*ers*e lordez,
A dowere for þe duchez and hir dere childire ;
Wroghte wardaynes by wytte to welde all þe londez,
That he had wonnen of werre, thorowe his weise knyghtez.
Thus in Lorayne he lenges as lorde in his awen,
Settez lawes in the lande, as hym leefe t[h]oghte ;
And one þe Lammese day to Lucerne he wendez,
Lengez thare at laysere with lykyng*e* inowe.
Thare his galays ware graythede, a full gret nombyre,
All glet*er*and as glase, vndire grene hyllys,

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With cabanes couerede for kynges anoyntede,
With clothes of clere golde for knyghtez and oþer;
Sone stowede theire stuffe, and stablis þeire horses,
Strekes streke ouer þe strem into þe strayte londez.
Now he moues his myghte with myrthes of herte,
Ouere mowntes so hye, þase merualous wayes;
Gosse in by Goddarde, the garett he wynnys,
Graythes the garnison grisely wondes.
When he was passede the heghte, than the kyng houys
With his hole bataylle, behaldande abowte,
Lukande one Lumbarddye, and one lowde melys,—
"In 3one lykande londe, lorde be I thynke."
Thane they cayre to Combe, with kyngez anoyntede,
That was kyde of þe coste, kay of all oþer.
Sir Florent and sir Floridas þan fowndes before,
With freke men of Fraunce well a fyve hundreth;
To þe ceté vnsene thay soghte at þe gayneste,
And sett an enbuschement, als þem selfe lykys.
Thane ischewis owt of þat ceté, full sone be þe morne,
Slale discouerours, skyftes theire horses;
Than skyftes þes skouerours, and skippes on hyllis,
Diskoueres for skulkers that they no skathe lymppen;
Pouerall and pastorelles passede on aftyre,
With porkes to pasture at the price 3ates;
Boyes in þe subarbis bourden full heghe,
At a bare synglere that to þe bente rynnys.
Thane brekes oure buschemeñt, and the brigge wynnes,
Brayedez into þe burghe with baners displayede,
Stekes and stabbis thorowe that them a3ayne-stondes;
Fowre stretis, or þay stynte, they stroyen fore euere.
Now es the conquerour in Combe, and his courte holdes
Within þe kyde castell, with kynges enoynttede;
Reconsaillez the comouns þat to þe kyth lengez,
Comfourthes þe carefull with knyghtly wordez;
Made a captayne kene a knyghte of hys awen;
Bot all þe contré and he full sone ware accordide.
The syre of Melane herde saye þe ceté was wonnen,
And send to Arthure sertayne lordes,

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Grete *so*mmes of golde, sexti horse chargegid,
Besoghte hym as sou*er*ayne to socou*r*e þe pople,
And saide he wolde sothely be sugette for eu*er*,
And make hym s*er*uece and suytte for his sere londes;
For plesaunce of Pawnce, and of Pownte Tremble,
For Pyse, and for Pavy, he p*ro*fers full large,
Bothe purp*ur*, and palle, and precio*us* stonys,
Palfrayes for any prynce, and prouede stedes;
And ilke a ȝere for Melan a melion of golde,
Mekely at Martynmesse to menske w*ith* his hordes;
And eu*er* withowttyn askynge he and his ayers
Be homagers to Arthure, whills his lyffe lastis.
The kynge be his concell a condethe hym sendis,
And he es comen to Combe, and knewe hym as lorde.
Into Tuskane he tournez, when þus wele tymede,
Takes townnes full tyte with towrres full heghe;
Walles he welte down, wondyd knyghtez,
Towrres he turnes, and turmentez þe pople,
Wroghte wedewes full wlonke, wrotherayle synges,
Ofte wery and wepe, and wryngen theire handis;
And all he wastys with werre, thare he awaye rydez,
Thaire welthes and theire wonny[n]ges, wandrethe he wroghte.
Thus they spryngen and sprede, and sparis bot lyttill,
Spoylles dispetouslye, and spillis theire vynes;
Spendis vnsparely, þat sparede was lange,
Spedis them to Spolett with speris inewe.
Fro Spayne into Spruyslande the worde of hym sprynges,
And spekynngs of his spencis, disspite es full hugge.
Towarde Viterbe this valyant avires the reynes;
Avissely in þat vale he vetailles his biernez,
With vernage, and oþ*er* wyne, and venyson baken;
And one the vicounte londes he visez to lenge.
Vertely the avawmwarde voydez theire horsez,
In the Vertenn*on* vale, the vines imangez;
Thare suggeo*ur*nes this sou*er*ayne, with solace in herte,
To see when the senato*ur*s sent any wordes;
Reuell w*ith* riche wyne, riotes hym selfen,
This roy with his ryall men of þe rownde table,

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With myrthis, and melodye, and mankyn gamñes;
Was neu*er* meriere men made on this erthe.
Bot one a Seterdaye at none, a seuenyghte thareaftyre,
The konyngeste cardynall that to the courte lengede
Knelis to þe conquero*ur*, and karpes thire wordes,
Prayes hym for þe pes, and p*ro*fyrs full large,
To hafe peté of þe pope, þat put was atvndere; 3180
Besoghte hym of surrawns, for sake of oure Lorde,
Bot a seuenyghte daye to þay ware all semblede,
And they schulde sekerlye hym see the Sonondaye *þer*aftyre,
In the ceté of Rome as sou*er*aynge and lorde,
And crown hym kyndly *with* krysomede hondes,
With his ceptre, as sou*er*aynge and lorde.
Of this vndyrtakynge ostage are comyn,
Of ayers full auen*aun*t awughte score children*ne*,
In toges of tarsse full richelye attyryde,
And betuke them the kynge, and his clere knyghttes. 3190
When they had tretide thiere trewe, *with* trowmpynge *þer*after
They tryne vnto a tente, whare tables whare raysede;
The kynge hym selfen es sette, and certayne lordes,
Vndyre a sylure of sylke, sawghte at the burdez,
All the senato*urs* are sette sere be þam one,
Serfed solemply with selcouthe metes.
The kynge myghtty of myrthe, with his mylde wordes,
Rehetez the Romaynes at his riche table,
Comforthes the cardynall so knyghtly[1] hym seluen;
And this roye ryall, as romawns vs tellis, 3200
Reuerence the Romayns in his riche table.
The tawghte men and þe conynge, when them tym thoghte,
Tas theire lefe at þe kynge, and tornede agayne;
To þe ceté þat nyghte thaye soughte at þe gayneste,
And thus the ostage of Rome *with* Arthure es leuede.
Than this roy royall rehersys theis wordes,—
"Now may we reuell and riste, fore Rome es oure awen,
Make oure ostage at ese, þise auen*aun*t[2] childyren,[3]
And luk ȝe honden them all that in myn oste lengez;

[1] MS. kynghtly. (Brock.) [2] MS. auen*au*mt. (Brock.)
[3] Unusual sign for *r* here and in l. 3683 *rde.*

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The emperour of Almayne, and all theis este marches,
We sall be ouerlynge of all þat on the erthe lengez.
We will by þe Crosse dayes encroche[1] þeis londez,
And at þe Crystynmesse daye be crownend[2] theraftyre ;
Ryngne in my ryalltés, and holde my rownde table,
Withe the rentes of Rome, as me beste lykes ;
Syne graythe ouer þe grette see with gud men of armes,
To reuenge the renke that on the Rode dyede."
Thane this comlyche kynge, as cronycles tellys,
Bownnys brathely to bede with a blythe herte ;
Of he slynges with sleghte, and slakes gyrdill,
And fore slewthe of slomowre on a slepe fallis.
Bot be ane aftyre mydnyghte all his mode changede ;
He mett in the morne-while full meruaylous dremes.
And when his dredefull drem whas drefen to þe ende,
The kynge dares for dowte, dye as he scholde,
Sendes aftyre phylosophers, and his affraye telles ;—
" Sen I was formede in fayth, so ferde whas I neuer!
Forthy rawnsakes redyly, and rede me my swefennys,
And I sall redily and ryghte rehersen the sothe.
Me thoughte I was in a wode willed myn one,
That I ne wiste no waye whedire þat I scholde,
Fore woluez, and whilde swynne, and wykkyde bestez ;
Walkede in that wasternne, wathes to seche.
Thare lyouns full lothely lykkyde þeire tuskes,
All fore lapynge of blude of my lele knyghtez.
Thurghe þat foreste I flede, thare floures whare heghe,
For to fele me for ferde of tha foule thyngez ;
Merkede to a medowe with montayngnes enclosyde,
The meryeste of medill-erthe that men myghte beholde.
The close was in compas castyn all abowte,
With clauer and clereworte clede euen ouer ;
The vale was enuerownde[3] with vynes of siluer,
All with grapis of golde, gretter ware neuer,
Enhorilde with arborye and alkyns trees,
Erberis full honeste, and hyrdez þerevndyre.

[1] MS. Encroche, encroche. (Brock.)
[2] *Read* crowned.
[3] MS. euen rownde. (Brock.)

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All froytez foddenid was þat floreschede in erthe,
Faire frithed in frawnke appon tha free bowes;
Whas thare no downkyngo of dewe that oghte dere scholde,
With þe drowghte of þe daye all drye ware þe flores.
Than discendis in the dale, down fra þe clowddez,
A duches dereworthily dyghte in dyaperde wedis,
In a surcott of sylke full selkouthely hewede,
All with loyot*our* ou*er*laide lowe to þe he*m*mes,
And with ladily lappes the lenghe of a ȝerde,
And all redily reuersside w*ith* rebanes of golde,
Bruchez and besauntez, and oþer bryghte stonys,
W*ith*[1] hir bake and hir breste was brochede all ou*er*,
W*ith* kelle and with corenall clenliche arrayede,
And þat so comely of colo*ur* on knowen was neu*er*.
Abowte cho whirllide a whele with hir whitte hondez,
Ou*er*whelme all qwayntely þe whele as cho scholde;
The rowell whas rede golde w*ith* ryall stonys,
Raylide with reched and rubyes inewe;
The spekes was splentide all with speltis of silu*er*,
The space of a spere lenghe springande full faire;
Thereone was a chayere of chalke-whytte silu*er*,
And chekyrde with charebocle chawngynge of hewes;
Appon þe compas ther clewide kyngis one rawe,
With corowns of clere golde þat krakede in sondire:
Sex was of þat setill full sodaynliche fallen,
Ilke a segge by hym selfe, and saide theis wordez,—
'That eu*er* I re*n*gnede on þir rog, me rewes it eu*er*!
Was neu*er* roye so riche that regnede in erthe!
Whene I rode in my rowte, roughte I noghte ells,
Bot reuaye, and reuell, and rawnson the pople.
And thus I drife forthe my dayes, whills I dreghe myghte,
And therefore derflyche I am dampnede for eu*er*.'
The laste was a lityll man that laide was benethe,
His leskes laye all lene and latheliche to schewe,
The lokkes lyarde and longe the lenghe of a ȝerde,
His lire and his lygham lamede full sore;

[1] 'W*ith*' probably belongs to the preceding line. (Brock.)

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Þe[1] two eyne of þe byeryn was brighttere þan siluer,
The toþer was ȝalowere then the ȝolke of a naye.
'I was lorde,' quod the lede, 'of londes inewe,
And all ledis me lowttede that lengede in erthe;
And nowe es lefte me no lappe my lygham to hele,
Bot lightly now am I loste, leue iche mane the sothe.'
The secunde sir forsothe þat sewede them aftyre,
Was sekerare to my sighte, and saddare in armes;
Ofte he syghede vnsownde, and said theis wordes,—
'On ȝone see hafe I sitten, als souerayne and lorde,
And ladys me louede to lappe in theyre armes;
And nowe my lordchippes are loste, and laide for euer!'
The thirde thorowely was throo, and thikke in the schuldyrs,
A thra man to thrette of, there thretty ware gaderide;
His dyadem was droppede down, dubbyde with stonys,
Endente all with diamawndis, and dighte fro þe nonis;
'I was dredde in my dayes,' he said, 'in dyuerse rewmes,
And now dampnede to þe dede, and dole es the more.'
The fourte was a faire mane, and forsesy in armes,
Þe fayreste of fegure that fourmede was euer.
'I was frekke in my faithe,' he said, 'whills I one fowlde regnede,
Famows in ferre londis, and floure of all kynges;
Now es my face defadide, and foule es me hapnede,
For I am fallen fro ferre, and frendles byleuyde.'
The fifte was a faire man þan fele of þies oþer,
A forsesy man and a ferse, with fomand lippis;
He fongede faste on þe feleyghes, and fayled his armes,
Bot ȝit he failede and fell a fyfty fote large;
Bot ȝit he sprange and sprente, and spradden his armes,
And one þe spere-lenghe spekes, he spekes þire wordes—
'I was in Surrye a syr, and sett be myn one,
As souerayne and seyngnour of sere kynges londis;
Now of my solace I am full sodanly fallen,
And for sake of my syn, ȝone sete es me rewede.'
The sexte hade a sawtere semliche bownden,
With a surepel of silke sewede full faire,
A harpe and a hande-slynge with harde flynte stones;

[1] *For* þe tone eye? (Brock.)

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What harmes he has hente he halowes full sone,—
'I was demede in my dayes,' he said, 'of dedis of armes
One of the doughtyeste that duellede in erthe;
Bot I was merride one molde in my moste strenghethis,
With this mayden so mylde, þat mofes vs all.'
Two kynges ware clymbande, and clauerande one heghe,
The creste of þe compas they couette full ȝerne;
'This chaire of charbokle,' they said, 'we chalange hereaftyre,
As two of þe cheffeste chosen in erthe.'
The childire ware chalke-whitte, chekys and o*þer*,
Bot the chayere abown*ne* cheuede they neu*er*:
The forthirmaste was freely, w*ith* a frount large,
The faireste of fyssnamy þat fo*ur*mede was eu*er*;
And he was buskede in a blee of a blewe noble,
With flo*ur*delice of golde floreschede al ou*er*;
The to*þer* was cledde in a cote all of clene silu*er*,
With a comliche crosse coruen of golde,
Fowre crosselettes krafty by þe crosse ristes,
And therby knewe I the kyng*e*, þat crystnede hym semyde.
Than I went to þat wlonke, and wynly hire gretis,
And cho said, 'welcom i-wis! wele arte thow fownden;
The aughte to wirchipe my will, and thow wele cowthe,
Of all the valyant men that eu*er* was in erthe;
Fore all thy wirchipe in werre by me has thow wonnen,
I hafe bene frendely, freke, and fre*m*mede till o*þer*;
That has þow fownden in faithe, and fele of þi biernez,
Fore I fellid down s*ir* Frolle w*ith* frowarde knyghtes;
Forethi the fruytes of Fraunce are freely thyn*ne* awen.
Thow sall þe chayere escheue, I chese þe my selfen,
Before all þe cheftaynes chosen in this erthe.'
Scho lifte me vp lightly with hir lene hondes,
And sette me softely in the see, þe septre me rechede;
Craftely with a kambe cho kembede myn heuede,
That the krispane kroke to my crown*ne* raughte;
Dressid oñe me a diademe, that dighte was full faire,
And syne profres me a pome pighte full of faire stonys,
Enamelde w*ith* azoure, the erth thereon depayntide,
Selkylde[1] with the salte see appone sere halfes,

[1] *Read* Serkylde.

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In sygne þat I sothely was souerayne in erthe.
Than broght cho me a brande *with* full bryghte hiltes,
And bade me brawndysche þe blade, 'þe brande as myn awen:
Many swayn *with* þe swynge has the sw[e]tte leuede;
For whills thow swanke with the swerde, it swykkede þe neu*er*.'
Than raykes cho *with* roo, and riste when hir likede,
To þe ryndes of þe wode, richere was neu*er*;
Was no pomarie so pighte of pryncez in erthe,
Ne non*ne* apparayll so prowde, bot p*ar*adys one.
Scho bad þe bewes scholde bewe down, and bryng to my hondes
Of þe beste that they bare one brawnches so heghe;
Than they heldede to hir heste all holly at ones,
The hegheste of iche a hirste, I hette ȝow forsothe.
Scho bade me fyrthe noghte þe fruyte, bot fonde whills me likede,
'Fonde of þe fyneste, thow frelich byerne,
And reche to þe ripeste, and ryotte thy seluen;
Riste, thow ryalle roye, for Rome es thyn awen,
And I sall redily roll þe roo at þe gayneste,
And reche the þe riche wyne in rynsede coupes.'
Thane cho wente to þe welle by þe wode euis,
That all wellyde of wyne, and wondirliche rynnes;
Kaughte vp a coppe-full, and cou*er*de it faire;
Scho bad me dereliche drawe, and drynke to hir selfen.
And thus cho lede me abowte the lenghe of an owre,
With all likynge and luffe, þat any lede scholde;
Bot at þe myddaye full ewyn all hir mode chaungede,
And mad myche manace with meruaylle*ous* wordez.
When I cryede appon hire, cho kest down hir browes:
'Kyng, thow karpes for noghte, be Criste þat me made!
For thow sall lose this layke, and thi lyfe aftyre,
Thow has lyffede in delytte and lordchippes inewe.'
Abowte scho whirles the whele, and whirles me vndire,
Till all my qwarters þat whille whare qwaste al to peces.
And with that chayere my chyne was chopped in sondire,
And I hafe cheueride for chele, sen me this chance happenede.
Than wakkenyde I i-wys, all wery fordremyde,
And now wate thow my woo, worde as þe lykes."
"Freke," sais the philosophre, "thy fortune es passede,

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For thow sall fynd hir thi foo, frayste when the lykes!
Thow arte at þe hegheste, I hette the for-sothe,
Chalange nowe when thow will, thow cheuys no more!
Thow has schedde myche blode, and schalkes distroyede,
Sakeles, in cirquytrie, in sere kynges landis;
Schryfe the of thy schame, and schape for thyn ende.
Thow has a schewynge, *sir* kynge, take kepe ȝif the lyke,
For thow sall fersely fall within fyve wynters.
Fownde abbayes in Fraunce, þe froytez are theyn awen,
Fore Froill, and for Ferawnt, and for thir ferse knyghttis,
That thowe fremydly in Fraunce has faye beleuede;
Take kepe ȝitte of o*þer* kynges, and kaste in thyne herte,
That were conquerours kydde, and crown*n*ede in erthe.
The eldeste was Alexandere, þat all þe erthe lowttede;
The to*þer* Ector of Troye, the cheualrous gume;
The thirde Iulyus Cesare, þat geant was holden,
In iche jorné jentill, ajuggede with lordes.
The ferthe was *sir* Iudas, a justere full nobill,
The maysterfull Makabee, thie myghttyeste of strenghes;
The fyfte was Iosue, þat joly mane of armes,
þat in Ier*usalem* oste full myche joye lymppede;
The sexte was Dauid þe dere, demyd w*ith* kynges
One of þe doughtyeste þat dubbede was eu*er*,
For he slewe with a slynge, be sleyghte of his handis,
Golyas the grette gome, gry*mm*este in erthe;
Syne endittede in his dayes all the dere psalmes,
þat in þe sawtire ere sette with selcouthe wordes.
The two clymbande kynges, I knawe it forsothe,
Sall Karolus be callide, the kyng son of Fraunce;
He sall be crowell and kene, and conqueror*our* holden,
Couere be conqueste contres ynewe;
He sall encroche the crowne that Crist bare hym selfen,
And þat lifeliche launce, that lepe to his herte,
When he was crucyfiede one crose, and all þe kene naylis,
Knyghtly he sall conquere to Cristyn men hondes.
The to*þer* sall be Godfraye, that Gode schall reuenge
One þe Gud Frydaye with galyarde knyghtes;
He sall of Lorrayne be lorde, be leefe of his fadire,

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And syne in Ier*usalem* myche joye happyn,
For he sall cou*er* the crosse be craftes of armes,
And syn*ne* be corownde kynge, with krysome enoynttede;
Sall no duke in his dayes siche destanye happyn,
Ne siche myschefe dreghe, when trewthe sall be tryede.
Fore thy fortune þe fetches to fulfill the nowmbyre,
Alls ny*nne* of þe nobileste namede in erthe;
This sall in romance be redde w*ith* ryall knyghttes,
Rekkenede and renownde with ryoto*us* kynges,
And demyd one domesdaye, for dedis of armes,
For þe doughtyeste þat eu*er* was duelland in erthe:
So many clerkis and kynges sall karpe of ȝoure dedis,
And kepe ȝoure conquestez in cronycle for eu*er*.
Bot the wolfes in the wode, and the whilde bestes,
Are some wikkyd men that werrayes thy rewmes,
Es entirde in thyn absence to werraye thy pople,
And alyenys and ostes of vncouthe landis.
Thow getis tydandis I trowe, within ten dayes,
That some torfere es tydde, sen thow fro home turnede;
I rede thow rekkyn and reherse vnresonable dedis,
Ore the repenttes full rathe all thi rewthe werkes.
Mane, amende thy mode, or thow myshappen,
And mekely aske mercy for mede of thy saule."
Thane rysez the riche kynge, and rawghte on his wedys,
A reedde acton of rosse, the richeste of floures,
A pesane, and a paunson, and a pris girdill;
And one he henttis a hode of scharlette full riche,
A pauys pillion hatt, þat pighte was full faire
W*ith* perry of þe Oryent, and pr*e*cyous stones;
His gloues gayliche gilte, and grauen by þe he*m*mys,
W*ith* graynes of rubyes full gracious to schewe;
His bede grehownde, and his bronde, ande no byerne ells,
And bownnes ou*er* a brode mede, with breth at his herte;
Furth he stalkis a stye by þa still euys,
Stotays at a hey strette, studyande hym one.
Att the surs of þe son*ne*, he sees there co*m*mande,
Raykande to Romewarde the redyeste wayes,
A renke in a rownde cloke, with righte rowm*m*e clothes,

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With hatte, and *with* heyghe schone homely and rownde ;
With flatte ferthynges the freke was floreschede all ou*er*,
Manye schredys and schragges at his skyrttes hy*nn*ges,
With scrippe, ande with slawyn, and skalopis inewe,
Both pyke and palme, alls pilgram hym scholde.
The gome graythely hym grette, and bade gode morwen ;
The kyng lordelye hym selfe, of langage of Rome,
Of Latyn corrou*m*ppede all, full louely hym menys,—
" Whedire wilnez thowe, wye, walkande thyn one ?
Qwhylls þis werlde es o werre, a wawhte I it holde ; 3480
Here es ane enmye *with* oste, vndire ȝone vynes,
And they see the, forsothe, sorowe the betyddes ;
Bot ȝif thow hafe condethe of þe kynge selfen,
Knaues will kill the, and keppe at thow haues ;
And if þou halde þe hey waye, they hente the also,
Bot if thow hastyly hafe helpe of his hende knyghttes."
Than karpes *sir* Cradoke to the kynge selfen,
" I sall forgyffe hym my dede, so me Gode helpe.
Onye grome vndire Gode, that one this grownde walkes,
Latte the keneste come, that to þe kyng langes, 3490
I sall encou*n*tire hym as knyghte, so Criste hafe my sawle !
For thow may noghte reche me, ne areste thy selfen,
Þoffe þou be richely arayede in full riche wedys ;
I will noghte wonde for no werre, to wende whare me likes,
Ne for no wy of this werlde, þat wroghte es on erthe.
Bot I will passe in pilgremage þis pas vnto Rome,
To purchese me p*ar*don*n*e of the pape selfen ;
And of paynes of purgatorie be plen*er*ly assoyllede.
Thane sall I seke sekirly my sou*er*ayne lorde,
Sir Arthure of Inglande, that auen*au*nt byerne, 3500
For he es in this empire, as hathell men me telles,
Ostayande in this Oryente with awfull knyghtes."
"Fro qwyn come þou, kene man," q*uod* þe kynge than,
"That knawes kynge Arthure, and his knyghttes also ?
Was þou eu*er* in his courte, qwylls he in kyth lengede ?
Thow karpes so kyndly, it comforthes myn herte ;
Well wele has þou wente, and wysely þou sechis,
For þou arte Bretowne bierne, as by thy brode speche."

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"Me awghte to knowe þe kynge, he es my kydde lorde,
And I calde in his courte a knyghte of his chambire ;
Sir Craddoke was I callide, in his courte riche,
Kepare of Karlyon vndir the kynge selfen.
Nowe am I cachede owtt of kyth, *with* kare at my herte,
And that castell es cawghte *with* vncowthe ledys."
Than the comliche kynge kaughte hym in armes,
Keste of his ketill-hatte, and kyssede hym full sone,
Saide, "welcom, *sir* Craddoke, so Criste mott me helpe !
Dere cosyn of kynde, thowe coldis myn herte,
How faris it in Bretayn*ne*, *with* all my bolde bery*nns* ?
Are they brettende, or brynte, or broughte owte of lyue ?
Ken þou me kyndely whatte caase es befallen ;
I kepe no credens to crafe, I knawe the for trewe."
"Sir, thi wardane es wikkede, and wilde of his dedys,
For he wandreth has wroghte, sen þou awaye passede.
He has castells encrochede, and corownde hym seluen,
Kaughte in all þe rentis of þe rownde tabill ;
He devisede þe rewme, and delte as hym likes,
Dubbede of þe Danmarkes dukes and erlles,
Disseueride þem sondirwise, and cites dystroyede ;
To Sarazenes and Sessoynes, appon sere halues,
He has semblede a sorte of selcouthe berynes,
Soueraynes of Surgenale, and sowdeours many,
Of Peyghtes, and payny*mms*, and prouede knyghttes
Of Irelande and Orgaile, owtlawede berynes ;
All thaa laddes are knyghttes þat lange to þe mowntes,
And ledynge and lordechip*pe* has all, alls them selfe likes.
And there es *sir* Childrike a cheftayne holdyn,
That ilke cheualrous man, he chargges thy pople ;
They robbe thy religeous, and ravische[1] thi no*nnes*,
And redy ryddis *with* his rowtte to rawnsone þe pou*ere*.
Fro Humbyre to Hawyke he haldys his awen,
And all þe cowntré of Kentt be couenawnte entayllide ;
The comliche castells that to the corown langede,
The holttes, and the hare-wode, and the harde bankkes,
All þat Henguste and Hors hent in þeire tym.

[1] MS. ravichse. (Brock.)

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Att Southampton on the see es seuen skore chippes,
Frawghte full of ferse folke, owt of ferre landes,
For to fyghte *with* thy frappe, when þow them assailles.
Bott ȝitt a worde witterly, thowe watte noghte þe werste;
He has weddede Waynore, and hir his wieffe holdis,
And woñys in the wilde bowndis of þe weste marches,
And has wroghte hire with childe, as wittnesse tellis.
Off all þe wyes of þis worlde, woo motte hym worthe,
Alls wardayne vnworthye women to ȝeme!
Thus has *sir* Modrede merrede vs all!
Forthy I merkede ou*er* thees mowntes, to mene þe the sothe."
Than the burliche kynge, for brethe at his herte,
And for this botelesse bale, all his ble chaungede.
"By þe rode," sais þe roye, "I sall it revenge;
Hym sall repente full rathe all his rewthe werkes."
All wepande for woo he went to his tentis:
Vnwynly this wyesse kynge, he wakkenysse his beryns,
Clepid in a clariou*ne* kynges and othire,
Callys them to concell, and of þis cas tellys,—
"I am *with* treson betrayede, for all my trewe dedis,
And all my trauayle es tynt, me tydis no bettire;
Hym sall torfere betyde þis tresone has wroghte,
And I may traistely hym take, and I am trew lorde;
This es Modrede, þe mane that I moste traystede,
Has my castells encrochede, and corownde hym seluen,
With renttes and reches of the rownde table;
Has made all hys retenewys of renayede wrechis,
And devysed my rewme to dyverse lordes,
To sowdeours and to Sarazenes owtte of sere londes.
He has weddyde Waynore, and hyr to wyefe holdes,
And a childe es eschapede, the chaunce es no bettire.
They hafe semblede on the see seuen schore chippis,
Full of ferrom folke, to feghte with myn one.
Forthy to Bretayne the brode buske vs byhouys,
For to brettyn þe beryn*ne* that has this bale raysede.
Thare sall no freke men fare, bott all one fresche horses,
That are fraistede in fyghte, and floure of my knyghttez:
Sir Howell and *sir* Hardolfe here sall beleue,

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To be lordes of the ledis that here to me lenges ;
Lokes into Lu*m*bardye, þat thare no lede chaunge,—
And tendirly to Tuskayne take tente alls I byde ;
Resaywe the rentis of Rome qwen þay are rekkenede ;
Take sesyn the same daye that laste was assygnede,
Or ells all þe ostage, withowttyn þe wallys,
Be hynggyde hye appon hyghte all holly at ones."
Nowe bownes the bolde kynge with beste knyghtes,
Gers trome and trusse, and trynes forth aftyre ;
Turnys thorowe Tuskayne, taries bot littill,
Lyghte noghte in Lu*m*barddye bot when þe lyghte failede ;
Merkes ou*er* the mowntaynes full mervaylo*us* wayes,
Ayres thurghe Almaygne evyne at the gayneste ;
Ferkes evyn*n*e into Flawndresche w*ith* hys ferse knyghttes.
Within fyftene dayes his flete es assemblede,
And thane he schoupe hym to chippe, and schown*n*es no lengere,
Scherys with a charpe wynde ou*er* þe schyre waters ;
By þe roche with ropes he rydes on ankkere.
Thare the false men fletyde, and one flode lengede,
With chefe chaynes of chare chokkode togedyrs,
Charggede evyn chekefull of cheualrous knyghtes ;
And in þe hynt*er* one heghte, helmes and crestes,
Hatches w*ith* haythen men hillyd ware thare vndyre,
Prowdliche purtrayede[1] with payntede clothys,
Iche a pece by pece prykkyde tyll o*þer*,
Dubbyde with dagswaynnes dowblede they seme ;
And thus þe derfe Danamarkes had dyghte all theyre chippys,
That no dynte of no darte dere them ne schoulde.
Than the roye and þe renkes of the rownde table
All ryally in rede arrayes his chippis ;
That daye ducheryes he delte, and doubbyde knyghttes,
Dresses dromowndes and dragges, and drawen vpe stonys ;
The toppe-castells he stuffede w*ith* toyelys, as hym lykyde,
Bendys bowes of vys brothly þareaftyre ;
Tolowris tentyly takell they ryghtten,
Brasen hedys full brode buskede one flones,
Graythes for garnysons, gomes arrayes,

[1] MS. prutrayede. (Brock.)

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Gryme gaddes of stele, ghywes of iryn,
Stirttelys[1] steryn one steryne with styffe men of armes.
Mony lufliche launce appon lofte stonndys,
Ledys one leburde, lordys and oþer,
Pyghte payvese one porte, payntede scheldes,
One hyndire hurdace one highte helmede knyghtez.
Thus they scheften fore schotys one thas schire strandys,
Ilke schalke in his schrowde, full scheen ware þeire wedys.
The bolde kynge es in a barge and abowtte rowes,
All bare-heuvede for besye with beueryn lokkes,
And a beryn with his bronde, and ane helme betyn,
Mengede with a mawntelet of maylis of siluer,
Compaste with a coronall, and couerde[2] full riche,
Kayris to yche a cogge, to comfurthe his knyghttes:
To Clegys and Cleremownde he cryes one lowde,—
"O Gawayne! O Galyran! thies gud mens bodyes."
To Loth and to Lyonell full louefly he melys,
And to sir Lawncelot de Lake lordliche wordys,—
"Lat vs couere þe kythe, the coste es owre ownn,
And gere them brotheliche blenke, all ȝone blod-hondes,
Bryttyn them within bourde, and brynne them þare aftyre,
Hewe down hertly ȝone heythen tykes!
Thay are harlotes halfe, I hette ȝow myn hounde!"
Than he coueres his cogge, and caches one ankere,
Kaughte his comliche helme with þe clere maylis;
Buskes baners one brode, betyn of gowles,
With corowns of clere golde clenliche arraiede;
Bot þare was chosen in þe chefe a chalke-whitte mayden,
And a childe in hir arme, þat chefe es of hevyne:
Withowtten changynge in chace, thies ware þe cheefe armes
Of Arthure þe auenaunt, qwhylls he in erthe lengede.
Thane the marynerse mellys, and maysters of chippis,
Merily iche a mate menys till oþer;
Of theire termys they talke, how þay ware tydd,
Towyn trvssell one trete, trvssen vpe sailes,
Bet bonettez one brede, bettrede hatches;
Brawndeste brown stele, braggede in trompes;

[1] *Probably* stiȝttelys. [2] MS. couererde. (Brock.)

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Standis styffe one the stamyn, steris one aftyre ;
Strekyn ou*er* þe streme, thare stryvynge begynnes
Fro þe wagande wynde owte of þe weste rysses,
Brethly bessomes *with* byrre in beryns sailles.
With hir bryngges one burde burliche cogges,
Qwhylls þe bilynge and þe beme brestys in sondyre ;
So stowttly þe forsterne one þe stam hyttis,
þat stokkes of þe stere-burde strykkys in peces.
Be than cogge appon cogge, krayers and o*þer*,
Castys crepers one crosse als to þe crafte langes.
Thane was hede-rapys hewen þat helde vpe þe mastes ;
Thare was conteke full kene, and crachynge of chippys,
Grett cogges of kampe crasseches in sondyre,
Mony kaban clevede, cabills destroyede,
Knyghtes and kene men killide the braynes,
Kidd castells were corven *with* all theire kene wapen,
Castells full comliche, þat coloured ware faire.
Vpcynes eghelynge þay ochen þareaftyre,
With þe swynge of þe swerde sweys þe mastys ;
Ovyrefallys in þe firste frekis and othire,
Frekke in þe forchipe fey es byleuefede.
Than brothely they bekyre with boustouse tacle,
Bruschese boldlye on burde brynyede knyghtes,
Owt of botes one burde was buskede with stonys,
Bett down of þe beste, brystis the hetches ;
Som gomys thourghegyrde[1] with gaddys of yryn,
Gomys gayliche clade englaymous wapen,
Archers of Inglande full egerly schottes,
Hittis thourghe þe harde stele full hertly dyn*n*ttis.
Son*n*e hotchen in holle the he*þenn*e knyghtes,
Hurte thourghe þe harde stele, hele they neu*er*.
Than they fall to þe fyghte, foynes with sperys,
All the frekkeste one frownte þat to þe fyghte langes ;
And ilkon frechely fraystez theire strenghes,
Were to fyghte in þe flete *with* theire fell wapyn.
Thus they dalte þat daye, thire dubbide knyghtes,
Till all þe Danes ware dede, and in þe depe throwen.

[1] See l. 3208 note.

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Than Bretons brothely with brondis they hewen,
Lepys in vpone lofte lordeliche berynes ;
When ledys of owt-loñdys leppyn in waters,
All oure lordes one lowde laughen at ones.
Be thane speris whare spro*nn*gen, spalddyd chippys,
Spanyolis spedily sprentyde ou*er* burdez ;
All þe kene men of kampe, knyghtes and o*þer*,
Killyd are colde dede, and castyn ou*er* burdez.
Theire swyers sweyftly has þe swete leuyde,
Heþen heuande on hatche in þer hawe ryses,
Synkande in þe salte see seuen hundrethe at ones.
Thane s*ir* Gawayne the gude, he has þe gree wonnen,
And all þe cogges grete he gafe to his knyghtes ;
Sir Geryn, and s*ir* Grisswolde, and othir gret lordes,
Garte Galuth, a gud gome, girde of þaire hedys.
Thus of þe false flete appon þe flode happenede,
And thus þeis feryne folke fey are beleuede.
ȝitt es þe tray*tour*e one londe with tryede knyghttes,
And all trompede they trippe one trappede stedys,
Schewes them vndir schilde one þe schire bankkes ;
He ne schownttes for no schame, bot schewes full heghe.
Sir Arthure and Gawayne avyede them bothen
To sexty thosandez of men, þat in theire syghte houede.
Be this the folke was fellyde, thane was þe flode passede ;
Thane was it slyke a slowde in slakkes full hugge,
That let þe kyng for to lande, and the lawe watyre ;
Forthy he lengede one laye for lesyn*n*g of horsesys,
To loke of his legemen, and of his lele knyghtes,
ȝif any ware lamede or loste, life ȝife they scholde.
Than s*ir* Gawayn þe gude, a galaye he takys,
And glides vp at a gole with gud men of armes ;
When he growndide, for grefe he gyrdis in þe watere,
That to þe girdyll he gos in all his gylte wedys ;
Schottis vpe appon þe sonde in syghte of þe lordes,
Sengly w*ith* hys soppe, my sorowe es the more.
With baners of his bagys beste of his armes,
He braydes vpon the banke in his bryghte wedys ;
He byddys his baneoure, "buske þow belyfe

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To ȝone brode batayle that one ȝone banke houes ;
And I ensure ȝow sothe I sall ȝowe sewe aftyre ;
Loke ȝe blenke for no bronde, ne for no bryghte wapyn,
Bot beris down of þe beste and bryng them o dawe ;
Bees noghte abayste of theire boste, abyde on þe erthe ;
ȝe haue my baneres borne in batailles full hugge ;
We sall fell ȝone false, þe fende hafe theire saules !
Fightes faste *with* þe frape, þe felde sall be owres ;
May I þat trayto*ure* ou*er*take, torfere hym tyddes,
That this treson has tymbyrde to my trewe lorde ;
Of siche a engendure full littyll joye happyns,
And þat sall in this jo*ur*nee be juggede full euen."
Now they seke ou*er* þe sonde þis soppe at þe gayneste,
Sembles one þe sowdeours, and settys theire dyntys ;
Thourghe þe scheldys so schene schalkes þey towche,
With schaftes scheueride schorte of þas schene launces ;
Derfe dynttys they dalte *with* daggande sperys ;
One þe danke of þe dewe many dede lyggys,
Dukes, and duszeperis, and dubbide knyghttys ;
The doughttyeste of Danemarke vndone are for eu*er*.
Thus thas renkes in rewthe rittis their brenyes,
And rechis of þe richeste vnreken dynttis ;
Thare they thronge in the thikke, and thristis to þe erthe
Of the thraeste men thre hundrethe at ones.
Bot *sir* Gawayne for grefe myghte noghte agaynestande,
Vmbegrippys a spere, and to a gome rynnys,
þat bare of gowles full gaye, *with* gowces[1] of syluere ;
He gyrdes hym in at þe gorge *with* his grym launce
þat þe grownden glayfe graythes in sondyre ;
With þat boystous brayde he bownes hym to dye.
þe kynge of Gutlande it was, a gude man of armes.
Thayre avawwarde than all voydes þareaftyre,
Alls venqueste verrayely *with* valyant beryns ;
Metis *with* medilwarde, that Modrede ledys.
Oure men merkes them to, as them myshappenede—
For hade *sir* Gawayne hade grace to halde þe grene hill,
He had wirchipe i-wys wo*n*nnen for eu*er*.

[1] *Or* gowtes. (Brock.)

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Bot þan *sir* Gawayne i-wysse, he waytes hym wele
To wreke hym on this werlaughe, þat þis werre mouede;
And merkes to *sir* Modrede amonge all his beryns,
With the Mownttagus, and o*þer* gret lordys.
Þan *sir* Gawayne was greuede, and w*ith* a gret wyll
Fewters a faire spere, and freschely askryes,—
"Fals fosterde foode, the fende haue thy bonys!
Fy one the, felone, and thy false werkys!
Thow sall be dede and vndon for thy derfe dedys,
Or I sall dy this daye, ȝif destanye worthe!"
Thane his enmye, with oste of owtlawede beryns,
All enangylls abowte oure excellente knyghttez,
That the trayt*our*e be tresone had tryede hym seluen;
Dukes of Danemarke he dyghttes full sone,
And leders of Lettowe, with legyons inewe,
Vmbylappyde oure men with launcez full kene,
Sowdeours and Sarazenes owte of sere landys,
Sexty thosande men semlyly arrayede,
Sekerly assembles thare one seuenschore knyghtes,
Sodaynly in dischayte by tha salte strandes.
Thane *sir* Gawayne grette with his gray eghen,
For grefe of his gud men that he gyde schulde;
He wyste that þay wondyde ware, and wery forfoughtten;
And what for wondire and woo, all his witte faylede.
And thane syghande he saide, w*ith* sylande terys,—
"We are with Sarazenes besett appon sere halfes!
I syghe noghte for my selfe, sa helpe oure Lorde;
Bot for to [see] vs supprysede, my sorowe es the more.
Bes dowghtty todaye, ȝone dukes schall be ȝoures!
For dere Dryghttyn this daye, dredys no wapyn.
We sall ende this daye alls excellent knyghttes,
Ayere to endelesse joye with angells vnwe*mm*yde.
Þofe we hafe vnwittyly wastede oure selfen,
We sall wirke all wele in þe wirchipe of Cryste.
We sall for ȝone Sarazenes, I sekire ȝow my trowhe,
Souppe w*ith* oure Saueoure solemply in heuen,
In p*re*sence of þat precious, prynce of all o*þer*
With prophetes, and patriarkes, and apostlys full nobill,

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Before his freliche face that fourmede vs all.
3ondire to 3one 3aldsons, he þat 3eldes hym euer,
Qwhylls he es qwykke and in qwerte vnquellyde with handis,
Be he neuer mo sauede, ne socourede with Cryste,
Bot Satanase his sawle mowe synke into helle!"
Than grymly sir Gawayne gryppis hys wapyn,
Agayne þat gret bataille he graythes hym son;
Radly of his riche swerde he reghttes þe cheynys,
In he schokkes his schelde, schountes he no lengare;
Bot alls vnwyse, wodewyse, he wente at þe gayneste,
Wondis of thas wedirwyns with wrakfull dynttys,
All wellys full of blode, thare he awaye passes;
And þofe hym ware full woo, he wondys bot lyttill,
Bot wrekys at his wirchipe þe wrethe of hys lorde.
He stekys stedis in stoure, and sterenefull knyghttes,
That steryn men in theire sterapes stone-dede þay lygge;
He ryvys þe ranke stele, he rittes þe mayles;
Thare myghte no renke hym areste, his reson was passede.
He fell in a fransye for fersenesse of herte,
He feghttis and fellis down þat hym before standis.
Fell neuer fay man siche fortune in erthe.
Into þe hale bataile hedlyngs he rynnys,
And hurtes of þe hardieste þat one the erthe lenges;
Letande alls a lyon, he lawnches them thorowe,
Lordes and ledars, that one the launde houes.
3it sir Gawayne for wo wondis bot lyttill,
Bot woundis of thas wedirwyns with wondirfull dyntes,
Alls he þat wold wilfully wasten hym selfen;
And for wondsom and will all his wit failede,
That wode alls a wylde beste he wente at þe gayneste;
All walewede one blode, thare he awaye passede;
Iche a wy may be warre, be wreke of anoþer.
Þan he moues to sir Modrede amange all his knyghttes,
And mett hym in þe myde schelde, and mallis hym thorowe;
Bot the schalke for the scharpe he schownttes a littill,
He schare hym one þe schorte rybbys a schaftmonde large.
The schafte schoderede and schotte in the schire beryn,
þat þe schadande blode ouer his schanke rynnys,

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And schewede on his schynbawde, þat was schire burneste.
And so they schyfte and schove, he schotte to þe erthe;
With þe lussche of þe launce he lyghte one hys schuldyrs,
Ane akere lenghe one a launde, full lothely wondide.
Than Gawayne gyrde to þe gome, and one þe groffe fallis;
Alls his grefe was graythede, his grace was no bettyre.
He schokkes owtte a schorte knyfe schethede with siluere,
And scholde haue slottede hym in, bot no slytte happenede;
His hand sleppid and slode o slante one þe mayles,
And þe to*þer* slely slynges hym vndire:
With a trenchande knyfe the trayto*ure* hym hyttes,
Thorowe þe helme and þe hede, one heyghe one þe brayne:
And thus *sir* Gawayne es gon, the gude man of armes,
Withowttyn reschewe of renke, and rewghe es þe more!
Thus *sir* Gawayn*ne* es gon, that gyede many othire;
Fro Gowere to Gernesay, all þe gret lordys
Of Glamo*ur*, of Galys londe, þis galyarde knyghtes,
For glent of gloppyny*ng*[1] glade be they neu*er*!
Kyng Froderike of Fres faythely þareaftyre,
Fraynes at the false mane of owre ferse knyghte;
"Knew thow eu*er* this knyghte in thi kithe ryche?
Of whate kynde he was comen, beknowe now þe sothe;
Qwat gome was he this w*ith* the gaye armes,
With þis gryffou*ne* of golde, þat es one growffe fallyn?
He has grettly greffede vs, sa me Gode helpe!
Gyrde down oure gude men, and greuede vs sore.
He was þe sterynneste in stoure that eu*er* stele werryde,
For he has stonayede oure stale, and stroyede for eu*er*."
Than *sir* Mordrede w*ith* mouthe melis full faire;
"He was makles one molde, mane, be my trowhe;
This was *sir* Gawayne the gude, þe gladdeste of othire,
And the graciouseste gome that vndire God lyffede,
Mane hardyeste of hande, happyeste in armes,
And þe hendeste in hawle vndire heuen riche;
þe lordelieste of ledyng*e* qwhylls he lyffe myghte,
Fore he was lyone allossede in londes inewe;
Had thow knawen hym, *sir* kyng*e*, in kythe thare he lengede,

[1] MS. gloppyngny*ng*. (Brock.)

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His konynge, his knyghthode, his kyndly werkes,
His doyng, his doughtynesse, his dedis of armes,
Thow wolde hafe dole for his dede þe dayes of thy lyfe."
ȝit þat traytour alls tite teris lete he fall,
Turnes hym furthe tite, and talkes no more,
Went wepand awaye, and weries the stowndys,
þat euer his werdes ware wroghte siche wandrethe to wyrke:
Whene he thoghte on þis thynge, it thirllede his herte.
For sake of his sybb blode sygheande he rydys;
When þat renayede renke remembirde hym seluen,
Of reuerence and ryotes of þe rownde table,
He remyd and repent hym of all his rewthe werkes,
Rode awaye with his rowte, ristys he no lengere,
For rade of oure riche kynge, ryve þat he scholde.
Thane kayres he to Cornewaile, carefull in herte,
Because of his kynsemane that one the coste ligges:
He taries tremlande ay, tydandis to herken.
Than the traytoure treuntede þe Tyseday þaraftyre,
Trynnys in with a trayne treson to wirke,
And by þe Tambire þat tide his tentis he reris,
And thane in a mette-while a messangere he sendes,
And wraite vnto Waynor how the werlde chaungede,
And what comliche coste the kyng was aryuede,
One floode foughten with his fleete, and fellyd them o lyfe;
Bade hir ferken oo ferre, and flee with hir childire,
Whills he myghte wile hym awaye, and wyn to hir speche,
Ayere into Irelande, into þas owte-mowntes,
And wonn thare in wildernesse within þa wast landys.
Than cho ȝermys and ȝee at ȝorke in hir chambire,
Gronys full grysely with gretand teres,
Passes owte of þe palesse with all hir pryce maydenys;
Towarde Chestyre in a charre thay chese hir þe wayes,
Dighte hir ewyn for to dye with dule at hir herte.
Scho kayres to Karelyone, and kawghte hir a vaile,
Askes thare þe habite in þe honoure of Criste,
And all for falsede, and frawde, and fere of hir louerde.
Bot whene oure wiese kynge wiste þat Gawayne was landede,
He al towrythes for woo, and wryngande his handes,

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Gers lawnche his botes appon a lawe watire,
Londis als a lyon *with* lordliche knyghtes,
Slippes in in the sloppes o slante to þe girdyll,
Swalters vpe swyftly *with* his swerde drawen,
Bownnys his bataile and baners displayes,
Buskes ou*er* þe brode sandes *with* breth at his herte,
Ferkes frekkly one felde þare þe feye lygges.
Of the trayto*urs* men one trappede stedis,
Ten thosandez ware tynte, þe trewghe to acownt,
And certane on owre syde seuen score knyghtes 3930
In soyte *with* theire souerayne vnsownde are beleuede.
Þe kynge comly ou*er*keste knyghtes and othire,
Erlles of Awfrike, and Estriche berynes
Of Orgaile and Orekenay, þe Iresche kynges,
The nobileste of Norwaye, nowmbirs full hugge,
Dukes of Danamarke, and dubbid knyghtes;
And the guchede kynge in the gay armes
Lys gronande on þe grown*n*de, and girde thorowe even.
The riche kynge ransakes with rewthe of his herte,
And vp rypes the renkes of all þe rownde tabyll; 3940
Ses them all in a soppe in sowte by them one,
With þe Sarazenes vnsownde enserchede abowte;
And s*ir* Gawayne the gude in his gaye armes,
Vmbegrippede the girse, and one grouffe fallen,
His baners brayden down, betyn of gowlles,
His brand and his brade schelde al blody beronen;
Was neu*er* oure semliche kynge so sorowfull in herte,
Ne þat sanke hym so sade, bot þat sighte one.
Þhan gliftis þe gud kynge, and glopyns in herte,
Gronys full grisely *with* gretande teris; 3950
Knelis down to þe cors, and kaught it in armes,
Kastys vpe his vmbrere, and kyssis hym sone,
Lokes one his eye-liddis, þat lowkkide ware faire,
His lippis like to þe lede, and his lire falowede.
Þan the corownde kyng cryes full lowde,—
"Dere kosyn o kynde, in kare am I leuede,
For nowe my wirchipe es wente, and my were endide.
Here es þe hope of my hele, my happynge of armes,

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My herte and my hardynes hale one hym lengede,
My concell, my comforthe, þat kepide myn herte!
Of all knyghtes þe kynge þat vndir Criste lifede,
Þou was worthy to be kynge, þofe I þe corown bare,
My wele and my wirchipe of all þis werlde riche
Was wonnen thourghe sir Gawayne, & thourghe his witt one!
Allas!" saide sir Arthure, "nowe ekys my sorowe!
I am vttirly vndon in myn awen landes;
A! dowttouse derfe dede, þou duellis to longe!
Why drawes þou so one dreghe? thow drownnes myn herte!"
Than swe[l]tes the swete kyng and in swoun fallis,
Swafres vp swiftely, and swetly hym kysses,
Till his burliche berde was blody berown,
Alls he had bestes birtenede, and broghte owt of life;
Ne had sir Ewayne comen, and othire grete lordys,
His bolde herte had brousten for bale at þat stownde.
"Blyne," sais thies bolde men, "thow blondirs þi selfen,
Þis es botles bale, for bettir bees it neuer.
It es no wirchipe i-wysse to wryng thyn hondes;
To wepe als a woman it es no witt holden.
Be knyghtly of contenaunce, als a kyng scholde,
And leue siche clamoure for Cristes lufe of heuen!"
"For blode," said the bolde kynge, "blyn sall I neuer,
Or my brayne tobriste, or my breste oþer,
Was neuer sorowe so softe that sanke to my herte.
Itt es full sibb to my selfe, my sorowe es the more;
Was neuer so sorowfull a syghte seyn with myn eyghen,
He es sakles supprysede for syn of myn one!"
Down knelis þe kynge, and kryes full lowde;
With carefull contenaunce he karpes thes wordes,—
"O rightwis riche Gode, this rewthe thow beholde!
Þis ryall rede blode ryn appon erthe,
It ware worthy to be schrede and schrynede in golde,
For it es sakles of syn, sa helpe me oure Lordo!"
Down knelis þe kyng with kare at his herte,
Kaughte it vpe kyndly with his clene handis,
Keste it in a ketill-hatte, and couerde it faire,
And kayres furthe with þe cors in kyhte þare he lenges.

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"Here I make myn avowe," *quod* the kynge than,
"To Messie, and to Marie, the mylde qwen*ne* of heuen,
I sall neu*er* ryvaye, ne racches vncowpyll
At roo ne rayne-dere, þat rynnes appon*ne* erthe;
Neu*er* grewhownde late glyde, ne gossehawke latt flye,
Ne neu*er* fowle see fellide, þat flieghes *with* wenge;
Fawkon ne formaylle appon fiste handill,
Ne ȝitt *with* gerefawcon rejoyse me in erthe;
Ne reg*n*ne in my royaltez, ne halde my rownde table,
Till thi dede, my dere, be dewly reuengede;
Bot eu*er* droupe and dare, qwylls my lyfe lastez,
Till Drighten and derfe dede hafe don qwate them likes."
Than kaughte they vpe þe cors *with* kare at theire hertes,
Karyed[1] one a coursere with þe kynge selfen;
The waye vnto Wynchestre þay wente at the gayneste,
Wery and wandsomdly, *with* wondide knyghtes.
Thare come þe p*r*ior of þe plas, and professide mo*n*nkes,
Apas in p*r*ocessione, and *with* the prynce metys,
And he betuke þam the cors of þe knyghte noble.
"Lokis it be clenly kepyd," he said, "and in þe kirke holden,
Done for derygese, as to þe ded fallys,
Menskede *with* messes, for mede of þe saule:
Loke it wante no waxe, ne no wirchipe ells,
And at þe body be bawmede, and one erthe holden,
ȝiff þou kepe thi couent encroche any wirchipe
At my comyng agayne, ȝif Crist will it thole;
Abyde of þe beryeng*e* till they be broughte vndire,
þat has wroghte vs this woo, and þis werre mouede."
Þan sais s*ir* Wychere þe wy, a wyese mane of armes;
"I rede ȝe warely wende, and wirkes the beste;
Soiorne in this ceté, and semble thi berynes,
And bidde *with* thi bolde men in thi burghe riche;
Get owt knyghttez of contres, that castells holdes,
And owt of garysons grete gude men of armes,
For we are faithely to fewe to feghte *with* them all,
þat we see in his sorte appon þe see bankes."
With krewell contenance thane the kyng karpis theis wordes,—

[1] The MS. has a hole here.

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"I praye the kare noghte, *sir* knyghte, ne caste þou no dredis
Hadde I no segge bot my selfe one vndir sone,
And I may hym see *with* sighte, or one hym sette hondis
I sall even amange his mene malle hym to dede,
Are I of þe stede styre halfe a stede lenghe.
I sall [stryke] hym in his stowre, and stroye hym for eu*er*,
And thareto make I myn avowe devottly to Cryste,
And to hys modyre Marie, þe mylde qwene of heuen.
I sall neu*er* soio*ur*ne sounde, ne sawghte at myne herte,
In ceté ne in subarbe sette appon erthe,
Ne ȝitt slomyre ne slepe *with* my slawe eyghne,
Till he be slayne þat hym slowghe, ȝif any sleyghte happen:
Bot eu*er* p*ur*sue the payganys þat my pople distroyede,
Qwylls I may pare them and pynne, in place þare me likes."
Thare durste no renke hym areste of all þe rownde table,
Ne none paye þat prynce *with* plesande wordes,
Ne none of his ligemene luke hym in the eyghne,
So lordely he lukes for losse of his knyghttes.
Thane drawes he to Dorsett, and dreches no langere,
Derefull dredlesse with drowppande teris;
Kayeris into Kornewayle with kare at his herte,
The trays of þe trayto*ur*e he trynys full euen*n*e;
And turnys in be þe T*r*eynt*is* þe trayto*ur*e to seche,
Fyndis hym in a foreste þe Frydaye thereaftire;
The kyng lyghttes one fott, and freschely askryes,
And *with* his freliche folke he has þe felde no*m*men.
Now isschewis his enmye vndire þe wode eyuys,
With ostes of alynes full horrebill to schewe.
Sir Mordrede the Malebranche, *with* his myche pople,
Foundes owt of the foreste appon fele halfes,
In seuen grett batailles semliche arrayede,
Sexty thowsande men; the syghte was full hugge,
All fyghtande folke of þe ferre laundes,
Faire fettede one frownte be tha fresche strondes.
And all Arthurs oste was amede *with* knyghtes
Bot awghtene hundrethe of all, entrede in rolles;
This was a mache vnmete, bot myghttis of Criste,
To melle *with* þat multitude in þase man londis.

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Than the royall roy of þe rownde table
Rydes one a riche stede, arrayes his beryns,
Buskes his avawmwarde, als hym beste likes ;
Sir Ewayne, and *sir* Errake, and othire gret lordes,
Demenys the medilwarde menskefully thareaftyre,
With Merrake and Menyduke, myghtty of strenghes ;
Idirous and Alymere, þire auen*aun*t children,
Ayers w*ith* Arthure, w*ith* seuen score of knyghtes ;
He rewlis þe rerewarde redyly thareaftyre,
The rekeneste redy men of þe rownde table,
And thus he fittis his folke, and freschely askryes,
And syen comforthes his men w*ith* knyghtlyche wordes—
"I beseke 3ow, sirs, for sake of oure Lorde,
That 3e doo wele todaye, and dredis no wapen.
Fighttes fersely nowe, and fendis 3oure seluen,
Fellis down 3one feye folke, the felde sall be owrs ;
They are Sarazenes 3one sorte, vnsownde motte they worthe !
Sett one them sadlye, for sake of oure Lorde ;
3if vs be destaynede to dy todaye one this erthe,
We sall be hewede vnto heuen, or we be halfe colde.
Loke 3e lett for no lede lordly to wirche ;
Layes 3one laddes lowe be the layke ende.
Take no tente vnto me, ne tale of me rekke,
Bes besy one my baners w*ith* 3oure brighte wapyns,
That they be strenghely stuffede w*ith* steryn knyghtes,
And holden lordly one lofte ledys to schewe ;
3ife any renke them arase, reschowe them sone.
Wirkes now my wirchipe, todaye my werre endys,
3e wotte my wele and my woo, wirkkys as 3ow likys.
Crist comly w*ith* crown comforthe 3ow all,
For þe kyndeste creato*urs* that eu*er* kynge ledde !
I gyffe 3ow all my blyssyng w*ith* a blithe will,
And all Bretowns bolde, blythe mote 3e worthe ! "
They pype vpe at pryme tyme, approches them nere,
Pris men and priste proues theire strenghes ;
Bremly the brethemen bragges in troumppes,
In cornettes comlyly, when knyghttes assembles,
And thane jolyly enjoynys þeis jentyll knyghttes ;

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A jolyere journé ajuggede was neu*er*,
Whene Bretons boldly enbraces theire scheldes,
And Cristyn encroyssede them, and castis in fewtire.
Þan *sir* Arthure oste his enmye askryes,
And in they schokke theire scheldes, schontes no lengare;
Schotte to þe schiltrons, and schowttes full heghe,
Thorowe scheldis full schene schalkes they touche.
Redily thas rydde men of the rownde table
With ryall raunke stele rittys theire mayles;
Bryneys browdden they briste, and burneste helmys,
Hewes haythen men down, halses in sondre.
Fyghtande *with* fyne stele, þe feye blod rynnys,
Of þe frekkeste of frounte vnfers ere belevede.
Ethyns of Argayle and Irische kynges
Enverounes oure avawmwarde *with* veny*mm*os berynns:
Peghttes and paynymes *with* perilous wapyns,
With speres disspetously disspoylles oure knyghttes,
And hewede down the hendeste *with* hertly dynttys;
Thorow the holle batayle they holden theire wayes.
Þus fersly they fyghte appon sere halfes,
That of þe bolde Bretons myche blode spillis,
Thare durste non rescowe them, for reches in erthe,
Þe steryn ware þare so stedde, and stuffede wit[h] othire:
He durste noghte stire a steppe, bot stodde for hym seluen,
Till thre stalis ware stroyede be strenghe of hym one.
"Idrous," q*uod* Arthure, "ayre the byhoues!
I see *sir* Ewayne ou*er*sette with Sarazenes kene;
Redy the for rescows, arraye thee sone!
Hye þe with hardy men in helpe of thy fadire!
Sett in one the syde, and socoure ȝone lordes;
Bot they be socourrede and sownde, vnsawghte be I neu*er*!"
Idrous hym ansuers ernestly þareaftyre,—
"He es my fadire in faithe, forsake sall I neu*er*,
He has me fosterde and fedde, and my faire bretheren,
Bot I forsake this gate, so me Gode helpe,
And sothely all sybredyn bot thy selfe one.
I breke neu*er* his biddyng*e* for beryn one lyfe,
Bot eu*er* bouxvm as beste blethely to wyrke.

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He commande me kyndly, with knyghtly wordes,
That I schulde lelely one þe lenge, and one noo lede ells;
I sall hys commandement holde, ȝif Criste wil me thole.
He es eldare than I, and ende sall we bothen,
He sall ferkke before, and I sall come aftyre:
ȝiffe him be destaynede to dy todaye one þis erthe,
Criste comly with crown take kepe to hys saule!"
Þan remys the riche kynge with rewthe at his herte,
Hewys hys handys one heghte, and to þe heuen lokes,—
"Qwythen hade Dryghttyn destaynede at his dere will,
Þat he hade demyd me todaye to dy for ȝow all!
That had I leuer than be lorde all my lyfe tyme,
Off all þat Alexandere aughte qwhills he in erthe lengede."
Sir Ewayne and sir Errake, þes excellente beryns,
Enters in one þe oste, and egerly strykes;
The ethenys of Orkkenaye and Irische kynges,
Þay gobone of þe gretteste with growndene swerdes,
Hewes one þas hulkes with þeire harde wapyns,
Layed down þas ledes with lothely dynttys;
Schuldirs and scheldys þay schrede to þe hawnches,
And medills thourghe mayles þay merken in sondire.
Siche honoure neuer aughte none erthely kyng
At theire endyng daye, bot Arthure hym seluen.
So þe droughte of þe daye dryede theire hertes
That bothe drynkles they dye, dole was þe more:
Now mellys oure medill-warde, and mengen togedire.
Sir Mordrede þe Malebranche with his myche pople,
He had hide hym behynde within thas holte eyuys,
With halle bataile on hethe, harme es þe more.
He hade sene þe conteke al clene to þe ende,
How oure cheualrye cheuyde be chaunces of armes,
He wiste oure folke was forfoughtten, þat þare was feye leuede,
To encowntere þe kynge he castes hym sone.
Bot the churles chekyn hade chaungyde his armes;
He had sothely forsaken þe sawturoure engrelede,
And laughte vpe thre lyons all of whitte siluyre,
Passande in purpre of perrie full riche,
For þe kynge sulde noghte knawe þe cawtelous wriche.

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Because of his cowardys he keste of his atyre ;
Bot the comliche kyng knewe hym full swythe,
Karpis to *sir* Cadors þes kyndly wordez,—
" I see þe traytou*re* come ȝondyr trynande full ȝerne ;
ȝone ladde w*ith* þe lyones es like to hym selfen.
Hym sall torfere betyde, may I touche ones,
For all his treson and trayne, alls I am trew lorde !
Today Clarente and Caliburne sall kythe them togedirs,
Whilke es kenere of kerfe, or hardare of eghge ;
Fraiste sall we fyne stele appone fyne wedis.
Itt was my derlynge daynteuous, and full dere holden,
Kepede fore encorownmentes of kynges enoynttede ;
One dayes when I dubbyde dukkes and erlles,
It was burliche borne be þe bryghte hiltes ;
I durste neu*er* dere it in dedis of armes,
Bot eu*er* kepide clene, because of my seluen.
For I see Clarent vnclede, þat crowne es of swerdes,
My wardrop of Walyngfordhe I wate es distroyede ;
Wist no wy of wone bot Waynor hir seluen,
Scho hede þe kepynge hir selfe of þat kydde wapyn,
Off cofres enclosede þat to þe crown lengede,
W*ith* rynges and relikkes, and þe regale of Fraunce,
That was fownden on *sir* Froll, when he was feye leuyde."
Than *sir* Marrike in malyncoly metys hym sone,
W*ith* a mellyd mace myghtyly hym strykes ;
The bordoure of his bacenett he bristes in sondire,
þat þe schire rede blode ou*er* his brene rynnys.
The beryn blenkes for bale, and all his ble chaunges,
Bot ȝitt he byddys as a bore, and brymly he strykes.
He braydes owte a brande bryghte als eu*er* ony sylu*er*,
þat was *sir* Arthure awen, and Vtere his fadirs,
In the wardrop of Walyngfordhe was wonte to be kepede ;
þarew*ith* þe derfe dogge syche dynttes he rechede,
þe to*þer* w*ith*drewe one dreghe and durste do non o*þer* ;
For *sir* Marrake was man merrede in elde,
And *sir* Mordrede was myghty, and [in] his moste strenghis ;
Come non w*ith*in þe compas, knyghte ne non o*þer*,
W*ith*in þe swyng of swerde, þat ne he þe swete leuyd.

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þat persayfes oure prynce, and presses to faste,
Strykes into þe stowre by strenghe of hys handis,
Metis *with sir* Mordrede, he melis vnfaire,—
"Turne, traytoure vntrewe, þe tydys no bettyre;
Be gret Gode, thow sall dy *with* dynt of my handys!
The schall rescowe no renke ne reches in erthe!"
The kyng *with* Calaburn knyghtly hym strykes,
þe cantell of þe clere schelde he kerfes in sondyre,
Into þe schuldyre of þe schalke a schaftmonde large,
þat þe schire rede blode schwede one þe maylys.
He schodirde and schrenkys, and schontes bott lyttill,
Bott schokkes in scharpely in his schene wedys;
The felone *with* þe fyn swerde freschely he strykes,
The felettes of þe ferrere syde he flasscheș in sondyre,
Thorowe jopown and jesserawnte of gentill mailes.
The freke fichede in þe flesche an halfe fotte large;
That derfe dynt was his dede, and dole was þe more
That e*uer* þat doughtty sulde dy, bot at Dryghttyns wyll.
ȝitt *with* Calyburn his swerde, full knyghttly he strykes,
Kastes in his clere schelde, and cou*er*es hym full faire;
Swappes of þe swerde hande, als he by glentes,
Ane inche fro þe elbowe, he ochede it in sondyre,
þat he swoun*n*es one þe swarthe,[1] and one swym fallis,
Thorowe brac*er*[2] of brown stele, and þe bryghte mayles,
That the hilte and þe hande appon þe hethe ligges.
Thane frescheliche þe freke the fente vpe rerery*s*,
Brochis hym in with the bronde to þe bryghte hiltys,
And he brawles one the bronde, and bownes to dye.
"In faye," says þe feye kynge, "sore me forthynkkes
That e*uer* siche a false theefe so faire an ende haues."
Qwen they had fenyste þis feghte, thane was þe felde wo*n*nen,
And the false folke in þe felde feye are byleuede.
Till a foreste they fledde, and fell in the greuys,
And fers feghtande folke folowes them aftyre;
Howntes and hewes down the heythen tykes,
Mourtherys in the mowntaygnes s*ir* Mordrede knyghtes;
Thare chapyde ne*uer* no childe, cheftayne ne o*þer*,

[1] MS. swrathe. (Brock.) [2] MS. brat*er*. (Brock.)

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Bot choppes them down in the chace, it chargys bot littyll.
Bot when *sir* Arthure anon *sir* Ewayne he fyndys,
And Errake þe auen*aun*t, and o*þer* grett lordes,
He kawghte vp *sir* Cador with care at his herte,
Sir Clegis, *sir* Cleremonde, þes clere men of armes,
Sir Lothe, and *sir* Lyonell, *sir* Lawncelott, and Lowes,
Marrake and Meneduke, þat myghty ware eu*er*;
With langoure in the launde thare he layes them togedire,
Lokede on theyre lighames, and *with* a lowde steuen,
Alls lede þat liste noghte lyfe and loste had his myrthis.
Then he stotays for made, and all his strenghe faylez,
Lokes vpe to þe lyfte, and all his lyre chaunges,
Downne he sweys full swythe, and in a swoun fallys,
Vpe he coueris one kneys, and kryes full often,—
"Kyng comly *with* crowne, in care am I leuyde;
All my lordchipe lawe in lande es layde vndyre!
That me has gyfen gwerdons, be *grace* of hym seluen,
Mayntenyde my manhede be myghte of theire handes,
Made me manly one molde, and mayst*er* in erthe;
In a tenefull tym this torfere was rereryde,
That for a traytoure has tynte all my trewe lordys.
Here rystys the riche blude of the rownde table,
Rebukkede *with* a rebawde, and rewthe es the more!
I may helples one hethe house be myn one,
Alls a wafull wedowe þat wanttes hir beryn.
I may werye and wepe, and wrynge myn handys,
For my wytt and my wyrchipe awaye es for eu*er*.
Off all lordchips I take leue to myn ende;
Here es þe Bretons blode broughte owt of lyfe,
And nowe in þis jo*ur*nee all my joy endys."
Thane relyes þe renkes of all þe rownde table,
To þe ryall roy thay ride þam all;
Than assembles full sone seuen score knyghtes,
In sighte to þaire souerayne, þat was vnsownde leuede.
Than knelis the crownede kynge, and kryes one lowde,—
"I thanke þe, Gode, of thy grace, *with* a gud wyll,
That gafe vs vertue and witt to vencows þis beryns;
And vs has grauntede þe gree of theis gret lordes!

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He sent vs neu*er* no schame, ne schenchipe in erthe,
Bot euer ȝit þe ou*er*hande of all o*þer* kynges:
We hafe no laysere now þese lordys to seke,
For ȝone laythely ladde me lamede so sore.
Graythe vs to Glaschenbery, vs gaynes non o*þer*;
Thare we may ryste vs *with* roo, and raunsake oure wondys.
Of þis dere day werke, þe Dryghtten be louede,
That vs has destaynede and demyd to dye in oure awen."
Thane they holde at his heste hally at ones,
And graythes to Glasschenberye þe gate at þe gayneste;
Entres þe Ile of Aueloyne, and Arthure he lyghttes,
Merkes to a manere there, for myghte he no forthire.
A surgyn[1] of Salerne enserches his wondes,
The kyng sees be asaye þat sownde bese he neu*er*,
And sone to his sekire men he said theis wordes,—
"Doo calle me a confesso*ur*, with Criste in his armes;
I will be howselde in haste, whate happe so betyddys;
Co*n*stantyn my cosyn he sall the corown bere,
Alls becom*m*ys hym of kynde, ȝife Criste will hym thole.
Beryn, fore my benyson, thowe berye ȝone lordys,
That in baytaille with brondez are broghte owte of lyfe;
And sythen merke manly to Mordrede children,
That they bee sleyghely slayne, and slongen in watyrs;
Latt no wykkyde wede waxe, ne wrythe one this erthe;
I warne fore thy wirchipe, wirke alls I bydde!
I foregyffe all greffe, for Cristez lufe of heuen,
ȝife Waynor hafe wele wroghte, wele hir betydde!"
He saide *In manus* with mayne one molde whare he ligges,
And thus passes his speryt, and spekes he no more.
The baronage of Bretayne thane, bechopes and othire,
Graythes them to Glaschenbery *with* gloppynnande hertes,
To bery thare the bolde kynge, and brynge to þe erthe,
With all wirchipe and welthe þat any wy scholde.
Throly belles thay rynge, and *Requiem* syngys,
Dosse messes and matyns *with* mournande notes:
Relygeous reueste in theire riche copes,
Pontyficalles and p*re*lates in precyouse wedys,

[1] MS. susgyn. (Brock.)

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Dukes and dusszeperis in theire dule-cotes,
Cowntasses knelande and claspande theire handes,
Ladys languessande and lowrande to schewe;
All was buskede in blake, birdes and othire,
That schewede at the sepulture, *with* sylande teris; 4340
Whas neu*er* so sorowfull a syghte seen in theire tym!
Thus endis kyng Arthure, as auctors alegges,
That was of Ectores blude, the kynge son of Troye,
And of *sir* Pryamo*us*, the prynce, praysede in erthe;
Fro thethyn broghte the Bretons all his bolde eldyrs
Into Bretayne the brode, as þe Bruytte tellys.

et c. explicit.

Hic jacet Arthurus, rex q[u]*ondam rex que futurus.*

Here endes Morte Arthure, writen by Robert of Thornton.

R. Thornton dictus *qui* scripsit sit benedictus. Amen!

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PART II

INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

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PREFACE

A FEW words of acknowledgment must accompany this edition of the alliterative *Morte Arthure*. It could never have been undertaken without the help of other editions of early English texts and the various dictionaries now within reach of students. Thanks are specially due to the Early English Text Society's series, to the articles on early English literature in *Anglia* and *Englische Studien*, to the *New English Dictionary*, the *Dialect Dictionary*, Mätzner's *Middle-English Dictionary*, and Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*. Grateful acknowledgment is also due to the stimulus of lectures on Mediæval literature at University College, London, and of Professor Napier's courses on English language at Oxford. Much is owing in the Notes to the kind suggestions of Professor Ker, and hints from Professor Napier on the subjects of English MSS., and glossaries have gone far to clear away some of the difficulties of this text.

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INTRODUCTION

i.—THE POEM.

THE *Morte Arthure* is an outcome of the alliterative revival of the fourteenth century, and has many features in common with other poems of its time. It bears certain very definite resemblances to products of the courtly school, such as its machinery of dreams and allegory, its glory of jewels, glowing colour and princely splendour, its long lists of things delightful to mediæval ears, of courtiers, kings and banquetings, and its conventions, tributes to smiling meadows, streams, and birds of song. But its resemblances to the poems of the revival are closer, more firmly wrought into the texture of the work; they embrace many of its special excellences.

Like the other alliterative poems it is written in the metre of Old English poetry, and contributes to one of the artistic phenomena of history. Like them, too, it marks a movement which has a value beyond that of its artistic form. For the revival of the old heroic line was a thing which stirred the hearts of poets at an hour of national quickening, and beat true to a pulse strengthened by consciousness of power in the people at large. It is as significant of the time as Wicliffe's sermons or any of the social and political changes reflected in legislation of those years. It was not a mere literary affectation. What remains of it is written chiefly in dialects of the North and West, where tradition might well be vigorous, but where scholarly trifling would be least in vogue. It was rejected by the courtly poets, and by the master Chaucer, whose artistic making bears the stamp of foreign ideals, and it was cherished by Langland, who wrote for the people, studying their methods, and by the authors of the popular drama, where literary eccentricities would have been out of place if not impossible.

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Recognition for the verse-forms of our forefathers may spring to-day from the wider humanism which is our dower, but we may doubt whether the Humanism of Europe in the time of the second and third Edwards would have listened to alliterative poetry, even if the influence of that urbane spirit could have penetrated to the borders of Logres. The thunder-tones of the old gods had been too lately silenced, the philosophic debate of the schools was not disposed to pause for a retrospect across the years of strife. Not to schools or courts need we look for the explanation of the revival of native art, but rather to an impulse engendered of the national mood, which led poets to the adoption of a form of verse known to the people and alive in familiar versions of the songs of more adventurous days.

The metre[1] of these poems is modelled, not on the original type, but on the alliterative line as it revealed itself to ears fast losing the sense of inflectional syllables, and transformed by the shortening, lengthening and slurring of sounds which altered their values for stress; it has every sign of study of contemporary forms, and the many variations from the earlier pattern which four hundred intervening years of linguistic change had brought. Here and there we are surprised and startled by alliterative phrases which are like echoes from the older poets of a kind not found in the rhyming romances, but there is little evidence that the style of Old English poetry had been studied in connection with them. We find few traces of the spirit of the older epic in the style of these later poems, and the binding together by alliteration of English words with those from Romance sources would strengthen the belief that the measure was preserved where the language in which it was first known had become unintelligible, and where the masterpieces of pre-conquest poetry were unknown.

In the *Morte Arthure* the measure is in many respects more artistically successful than in some other poems of the same class; it finds a kindred theme in war and the achievements of a national hero, and regains something of its old swing and resonance; it moves more freely here than when weighted with moral illustration as in *Piers Plowman*, or tipped with the fairy quills of romance as

[1] For an analysis of the later alliterative verse-systems see the articles by Luick in *Anglia*, vols. xi. and xii.

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in *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight;* it vibrates with the tramp of fighting legions.

The poets of the revival were not content with the well-worn vocabulary of their rhyming contemporaries, they have an unmistakable freshness of style and a boldness in culling words from the many sources at their command which conscientious compilers of glossaries often wish had been a little less enterprising. The *Morte Arthure* has these merits of freshness and variety; its vocabulary is one of the most interesting, one of the fullest of all. It is often uncompromisingly technical, for the poet delights in realities and solid facts, and it abounds in idiom and forcible, homely phrase. Its author takes pleasure in the wilder aspects of life; he has none of those descriptions of tempest, raging seas, and winter snow which have made *Sir Gawayne, Cleanness and Patience,* and the *Destruction of Troy* famous, but he too relishes the keen air of the crags, and knows the power of the "wagande wynde owte of the weste." He puts all his strength into his pictures of stirring multitudes, of revellings and monsters, of the strife on the stream and the crashing of battle-coggs.

He is minute in matters of detail, only Langland or Deguileville could have rivalled him in his sketch of the giant of Mont St. Michael, or of Cradok's pilgrim-dress, contrasted as it is with the brilliant state of the man whose undoing he is about to proclaim. The cheap simile and metaphor of the rhyming romances is cast aside, the poet enumerates his points of interest swiftly and vividly, using his "lists" with rare success.

For artistic use of alliteration we may note specially lines 1464–7, 1763–4, 490, 2097–8, 2030, 2031.

There is an observance of common things, sympathy with men in their daily occupation, and a grasp of fact, for which we should look in vain to any other poet of the time but Chaucer himself; this is amply illustrated by the lines describing the bustle of the start out to sea from Sandwich, 729–55, or the boys chasing the boar at the gates of Como, 3120–3, or the king in his barge, 3630–34, or the mariners chatting of their "termys" before the battle at sea.

The story is almost untouched by romance; it is that of the chroniclers with a few additions from other sources. Well in keep-

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ing with the subject is the lordly opening where Arthur appears flushed with the pride of conquest like Veronese's Alexander amidst the profusion of his banquets. The "gabs" of the lords in the Giant's Tower have an actuality which is of the style of the chronicles, not of romance; they might have been recorded by Froissart.

The *Morte Arthure* has little of the spirit of romance, we find that only in an allusion here and there, and in the Gawayne episode. The men known to modern readers from Malory and Tennyson, there moving under a mystic heaven or caught in the toils of impossible undertakings, are here burly warriors who love conquest, banquets, and the service of their lord. The ideals of *Amadis of Gaul* would have been incomprehensible to them. They know nothing of Broceliande or the Grail, and are not troubled by the prophecies of Merlin and the knightly quest. Here is war without the wantonness, the dragon's wing without the faery charm. There are added touches of horror, like those of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, but there is none of the mystery and the elfin gleam which have fallen upon later travellers in Arthur's realms. It is a far cry from Malory to Spenser, but the gap between the *Morte Arthure* and Malory's book, which embodies most of its story, would be more difficult to bridge over. Arthur in Avalon has a surgeon from Salerno to search his wounds, and is buried to the mourning of pontifical dirges amidst "blacks" and conventional trappings of woe. We hear no hint of his coming again, or of that barge which seems to float for ever along the horizon of romance. Launcelot is one of the "lesse men," and, like his fellow-lords, has thoughts only of war with Lucius. The form of narrative is positive, it leaves little to suggestion. The characters are highly individualised and carefully drawn, the poet finds his chief interest in them; but when was the typical romancer ever led away from the one essential, incident, to a consideration of his characters? The manner is nowhere that of romance, the development is on entirely different lines; one might liken the originality of treatment to that of Chrestien de Troyes, but Chrestien's again is a different spirit, more courtly and chivalrous in tone.

Gawayne's position is, according to the English tradition, second in importance to Arthur alone, only Cador comes near him in

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weight, and Cador has been carefully studied, his character is clearly worked out. It is well to have a *Morte Arthure* where Gawayne has his due, he soon became a shadow, and as "Gawayne the Hende" was looked upon as a convenient figure for pageants. The northern poets bring him into special prominence; he is one of the few heroes of romance who receive sympathetic notice in the *Canterbury Tales*.

There are various points of interest in the poem; an attempt has been made to mark some of them in the notes. The author is worthy of his place as a contemporary of Chaucer, and is none the less deserving of praise because he elected to clothe his creation in a garb less courtly than that which was to pass on to future poets as the royal robe of English song. And his measure was not without subtle influence on later styles, we hear its beat in the lines of Coleridge and Scott, and note its free movement in Elizabethan verse as in the lyrics of Burns; many wood-notes in English poetry bear witness to the native power of the old metre of the *Morte Arthure*.

ii.—THE AUTHOR.

The authorship of the *Morte Arthure* has been much discussed; it is commonly assigned to Huchown. There are difficulties in the way of that assignation, and we await further proof. If Huchown was a Scotchman, then the *Morte Arthure*, as we have it, was not composed by him; the linguistic proofs to the contrary are not easily set aside, but it may have been adapted from his original, or it may have been the original, unknown to Wyntown, from which he worked. Book V. of the *Morte Darthure* is based on a version which apparently differed slightly from this, and other versions may have been written in other dialects. The discussion cannot be re-opened here. Perhaps the unexplored treasures of the Hunter MSS. will give the missing clue. A full statement of the arguments for and against the Huchown authorship is given in the article on Huchown by Trautmann, *Anglia*, I., pp. 109–149; it enters also upon a metrical and linguistic analysis of alliterative poems allied to the *Morte Arthure*, and establishes an interesting connection between it and the *Pystyl of Swete Susanne*. References quoted are to—

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G. Chalmers, *Poetical Works of David Lindsay*, London, 1806, vol. i. preface, p. 132.

D. Laing, *Select Remains of Scottish Poetry*, Edinburgh, 1832, Preface to Susanne.

F. Madden, *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knizt*, 1839, pp. 301–304.

R. Morris, *Alliterative Poems*, 1864, 1869, preface.

G. Panton and D. Donaldson, *Destruction of Troy*, 1869, 1874, preface.

Further metrical analysis will be found in the articles by Luick, in *Anglia*, XI., XII. Allusions to the Huchown authorship will be found in most of the later editions of alliterative poems. The *Athenæum* for May 1900 has a letter by Mr. G. Neilson on the Huchown Codex.

iii.—THE SOURCES.

The poet has drawn from several sources. In the main he follows the version of Arthur's history as told in Books IX. and X. of the *Historia Regum Britanniæ* of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and appears to have corrected later renderings by this older account. The Latin form of some of the names seems to prove that, but he may have had access to another Latin version now lost. Other well-known versions of the history, some of which may have served as further sources for the alliterative ve rsion, are—

Li Roman de Brut, by Wace.

Lazamon's *Brut*.

Robert of Gloucester's *Chronicle*.

Pierre de Langtoft's *Chronicle*.

Robert of Brunne's *Chronicle*.

Other versions are quoted in the edition of the English prose *Merlin* by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, with an introduction by Mr. W. E. Mead, 1899. The part of Merlin corresponding to the continuation of Robert de Borron's poem tells the story with certain variations, but departs from our version after the conquest of Rome. Malory's version in Book V. of the *Morte Darthure* corresponds to the end of the Gawayne episode. A comparison of the poem with its sources has been made by P. Branscheid in his article, 'Quellen des Morte Arthure,' in *Anglia*, VIII., *Anzeiger*, pp. 179–336, an article to

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which the notes of this edition are indebted for many fruitful suggestions. Dr. O. Sommer's edition of Malory discusses his Book V. with our poem.

Originals of the Gawayne episode and the excursion into Lorraine have not been found. The speeches in the Tower and their fulfilment may have been taken from some source now lost. Features from many giant-stories can be traced in the giant of Mont St. Michael; there the skilful art of the poet and his imagination may be safely quoted as sources; the second dream is woven from the looms of myth and legend, it is not told by the chroniclers, but dreams were part of the common stock, and Fortune's Wheel and the Nine Worthies were freely used by writers in both prose and verse to illustrate the changes of fate.

iv.—THE TEXT.

The text is re-edited from the Thornton MS. of Lincoln Cathedral Library, which has been carefully collated with the three earlier editions, viz. that of J. O. Halliwell, 1847, of G. G. Perry, 1861, and of E. Brock, 1865, 1871. There are few variations from the latest edition, the parenthetical readings of which have been in most cases retained.

The text differs from the MS. in so far as contractions and abbreviations have been expanded, and punctuation has been added. Capital letters also have been given to names of countries, persons, etc., and taken away from common nouns; their use in the MS. is quite arbitrary. It is to be hoped that these deviations will be tolerated by scholars on account of the very substantial help they afford to the general reader.

m̄ and n̄ have in most cases been expanded to mm, nn; but in some others have been inadvertently sent to press with the stroke, as they are in the MS.

The contracted *and* of the MS. is represented by &, the thorn and ȝ have been retained.

The curl after final m, n, and the stroke through ll have been read as meaningless. In Mr. Brock's edition they are represented by a final *e* in italic, and both metrical and linguistic considerations would often demand this representation were it not the case that

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the scribe is obviously regardless of both those considerations himself, and that in most fifteenth-century MSS. the signs in question are without any signification whatever. The turn after final r and d and the stroke by the g might have gone the same way, but they do not occur so often; they are represented by the italic *e*.

Final e is a difficulty in this period; it would be hard to prove by Thornton's MS. whether it was sounded or not, there are as many proofs one way as the other. The student may add the e at will after almost every finall ll, m, n in the poem, and very often between ll and final s as well.

The spelling -um, -un, after a, o, has been adopted in place of -mm, -nn, of other editions, and so treated as a mere scribal sign without phonetic value; hence "laund" may mean either land or "lawn"; this spelling has been carried out in words both of Germanic and Romance origin. The initial letter and the scroll with Robert Thornton's name are from the MS. The design on the cover is put together from various contemporary MSS.

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NOTES

Line 17 Geoffrey of Monmouth has no reference to the Round Table. Wace adds his account to it, and the later chroniclers follow him.

Lines 16–51 give a short summary of Arthur's conquests, told in full by the chroniclers. It is noteworthy that the victory over the Saxons is left out, a point brought out very clearly by writers of the Norman School.

35 *Henawde*, Hainault.

36 *Bretayn the lesse*, Brittany.

37 *Grece*, see l. 602, where the "Grekes" are allies of Rome; Greece belongs, however, to other lists of conquered countries, and may be copied here from some Alexander list.

37 *Gyan*, Guienne.

39 *Turoyn*, Touraine; *Tholus*, Toulouse.

40 *Peyters*, Poictiers; *Prouynce*, Provence.

41 *Vyenne*, Vienne in France.

42 *Eruge?* Auvergne, read *Of* [*Ou*]*ergne*. *Anyon*, Anjou; Laȝamon has Aluerne, Angou.

44 *Nauerne*, Navarre.

45 *Almayne*, Germany; *Estriche*, Austria.

47 *Fra Swynn vnto Swetherwyke*, from Cadsand in Zeeland to Sweden: *Swynn* was the old roadstead, now choked up by sand, where Edward III. won a victory over Philip's fleet. Just about that time the name was changed from Swynn (Het Zwijn=the Southern) to Sluse and Sluys. It lay just between Zeeland and Flanders; in his 'Lives of the British Admirals,' Southey tells of its sounding waters and its rivalry with Bruges, also of the change of name. Minot uses both names in his song commemorating Edward's victory. *Swetherwyke* is mentioned three times by Wyntoun as Swetheryke and Swethryk.

55 *Bretayn þe braddere*, Britain.

61 *Caerlyon*. Geoffrey of Monmouth gives a long account of the

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glories of the ancient Caerleon on the Usk, about 3½ miles north of Newport. It was an important town in the time of the Romans, and its ruins were noted in the twelfth century. Trevisa and Higden tell of two cities of legions, one Caerlegion (Caerleon), the other Caerusk, built by Belinus, King of Britain, where the Usk falls into the Severn. The great Giant's Tower was there. The third place sometimes referred to as Caerleon was Chester, as everybody knows.

64 *Carlelele.* Some ballads and romances mention Carlisle as a chief seat of Arthur; in the 'Awntyrs of Arthure at the Tarne Wathelyn' Arthur summons his dukes and dusperes to Carelele, and in the 'Parlement of the Three Ages' it is said, "His courte was at Carlele commonly holden." Carlisle appears to have been confused with Caerleon by poets of the north, and French poets write of Carduel an Gales. Carlisle or Cardoile and even Cumberland itself are often spoken of as in Wales. The chroniclers mention Caerlyon only. There was probably confusion between Caerleon on the Usk, Caerleon = Chester, and Carlisle.

86 *Lucius Iberius.* In 'Geoffrey of Monmouth' he is Lucius Tiberius, Republicæ procurator, also imperator. His right to the title of emperor is not quite clear, as the Emperor Leo seems to stand behind him as over-lord. Wyntoun, the Scottish chronicler, was quite certain that Lucius was not the Emperor of Rome. Laȝamon calls him Kaisere, and many narrators of Arthur's Roman campaign give Lucius the imperial chair.

116 Cf. l. 4050, where Arthur's eyes intimidate his own knights. Malory allows the ambassadors to tell Lucius of Arthur's wrathful countenance when they return to Rome, but leaves out this description of it here. Some of the chroniclers say that Arthur's barons were angry and Arthur calmed them.

156 *Cayous,* Kay, Arthur's famous seneschal, noted elsewhere for his clumsiness and his surliness. In 'Golagros and Gawane' Gawayn says: "Schir, ye knaw that Schir Kay is crabbit of kynde." In Chrestien de Troyes's 'Yvain' there is a lively scene during which the queen tells Kay that he is "pleins del venin," and the poet adds—

"Keus qui mont fu ranponeus,
Fel et poignanz et afiteus."

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Our poet is, however, quite unconcerned with this aspect of Kay; in l. 209 he is "Cayous þe curtaise," and all through he is made butler, not seneschal. In Cymric tradition Kay is the boldest and most successful of all knights; he could remain under water without breathing for nine days and nights.

212–215 The properties of stones are learnedly explained in various mediæval lapidaries.

233 *Gaywayne.* Here and in many following lines Gawayn's initial letter should be W, cf. ll. 1480, 2223, etc. Gawayn and Guinevere are associated together in many romances, as in 'Sir Gawayn and the Grene Kny3t,' and the 'Awntyrs of Arthure,' and this, partly in keeping with Gawayn's high station at Court, partly to meet the needs of alliterative poetry.

234 *Owghtreth*, an unusual form of Ughtred; possibly here a doublet of Wychere, Whycher, Wecharde, the reading of Guitard in this poem. *Turry.* Branscheid thinks this may be one of the ladies at Arthur's Court. There was a douzepere called Terry.

245 *The geauntes toure*, "in giganteam turrim," which, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, was at the entrance to the palace at Caerleon. (See note to l. 61.) Malory leaves it out. Brutus found Albion full of giants whom he conquered, but some lived on to later times in Wales and Cornwall.

247 The poet has brought Cador's character into special prominence. He had distinguished himself in the great final battle with the Saxons. La3amon calls him "Cador þe kene," and says he bestowed his kinswoman Guinevere on Arthur; he is also Cador, "Arthures deorling," who takes the first place at Arthur's crowning. Though keen, La3amon makes him "swiþe wis and swiþe war," and Wace says he was "de grant voisdie" (ruse, finesse). Geoffrey of Monmouth describes him as a man of a merry disposition, and in all the chronicles he speaks first for war. In the 'Morte Arthure' his rash courage is found to be a costly quality; Arthur rebukes him in the Giant's Tower, and again after he had fought on the way to Paris, l. 1922. When he gives him the praise due to his courage later on, it is only to say that he has done doughtily with his hands. Cador's fear of the scorn of Launcelot, l. 1720, is not found in any other version. In the great battle with Lucius Arthur finds a safe place for him, and sets him to guard the reserve

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forces, only calling him into action when the battle is won and he may pursue with all his zest.

277 *Belyn and Bremyn*, Belinus and Brennius; apparently, as Branscheid points out, Bremyn is mis-written for Breme, the -yn occurring in two other names in this line was added here also. *M* for *n* is common enough in this text, cf. l. 1265, where Gryme is for Gerin. These British princes are mentioned in all the chronicles. They may be found even in Milton's 'History of England.' Book III. of Geoffrey's 'Historia' recounts their conquest of Rome. Belin appears in Welsh genealogical tables as a suitable ancestor for heroes, and may have been a sun-god. He was worshipped on mountains, some of which are named in his honour. Brennius was probably one of his cognomens, and only later came to be a separate individuality. *Bawdewyne* is not spoken of as an ancestor elsewhere. Roman ancestry was the boast of all the great European heroes of this time.

288 *Aungers*, King of Scotland; Laȝamon calls him Scotland's "deorling." He plays a leading part in great battles.

301 *Wythin two eldes*, within the right limits of old age and youth.

304 *The burelyche beryn* is Howel of Brittany, uncle of Helen of St. Michael's Mount, one of the three knights of princely birth at Arthur's Court, "So mild, polite and friendly that it was difficult to refuse him a request." Dr. H. Zimmer points out that there was a Hoel, Count of Brittany, in the time of William the Conqueror. He was William's cousin, and sent troops for the conquest of England.

320 This interesting person has been rescued from obliteration by Branscheid. He is Valyant, King of West Wales, see ll. 1982, 2064, a nephew of Arthur. Other forms of his name are Walyant, Galegantin, Galygantynis. In the English prose translation of the Book of Merlin he appears as Tradilyvanus. He has a particular grudge against Rome, and repeats his vow before the great battle, so Arthur gives him the chance he wanted. He slays the "Vicounte" with his own hand, cf. ll. 2064–5. The speeches in the Giant's Tower should be compared with the various parts taken by the lords in the final struggle with Lucius. The vows will be found fulfilled to the letter. This scene and its corresponding fulfilment

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are not in any other account of Arthur's conquest of Rome, and Malory has not seen fit to keep it.

327 *Pounte Tremble*, Pontremoli in the Apennines.

334 *Wyghte*, Isle of Wight; *Walschelande*, Wales.

352 *Petyrsande*, Pietra Santa.

357 *Syre Ewan fytz Urience* is another addition to the chronicler's account. He is conspicuous in the romances; he is a nephew of Arthur, cousin to Gawayn, and the hero of the 'Chevalier au Lyon' by Chrestien de Troyes, cf. ll. 360, 2067. In Welsh tradition he was not a contemporary of Arthur.

368 This is the first appearance of Launcelot in the story.

375 *Genyuers*, probably Malory's Ianeweyes.

382 *Sir Lottez.* Loth is Gawayn's father, lord of Orkney and King of Norway; he kills a giant in the final battle, cf. ll. 391, 2089.

385 *Weredes*, Wyrd, one of the three fatal sisters of Teutonic mythology, was early generalized as Fate; the word occurs only in plural form in this poem, cf. l. 3889. The figure with the turning-wheel in Arthur's dream has eclipsed the unrelenting Wyrd of Old English poetry.

419 Arthur's answer is in the best style of "gab"; its savagery is well in keeping with his bearing when he first receives the message, and in fine contrast to the splendour of the banquet-scene.

424 *Reone*, or Roone (?); *e* and *o* are not always easy to distinguish in the MS.; Rhone.

428 *Meloyne*, Milan.

450 *Watlyng-strette*, the Northern portion evidently, running through North Yorkshire, and by Catterick, see l. 482.

471 *Sex sum*, see l. 81, where the number is *sexten*, for which *sex sum* is possibly mis-written.

482 *Catrike*, Catterick, the old Cataractonium, a station on the Roman road, in N.W. Yorkshire. As this station lies considerably north of Chester and quite out of the way of Caerleon on the Usk, it is evident that the poet meant Carlisle by *Carlelele.*

496 *Akyn*, Aix-la-Chapelle.

501 *Suters*, Sutri.

521 Ten in all, see l. 545.

538–541 Largesse was a virtue highly extolled in the Middle

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Ages, and corresponds to the Greek "magnificence." In 'Piers Plowman' Largenesse serves Truth, and is one of the seven virtuous sisters.

559 *Geen*, Genoa. Geen or Iene is connected by alliteration with giants, gesserants and genatours.

570–589 The poet here allows himself an expansion into one of those long lists of names so delightful to mediæval ears, pleasing even to Chaucer.

573 *Ermonye*, Armenia.

578 *Damyat*, Damietta.

580 *Capados*, Cappadocia ; *Baldake*, Bagdad.

587 *Bayous*, probably mis-written for barons.

588 *Preter Iohne landes:* this realm of Prester John was believed to lie in Central Asia. From the time of the twelfth century rumour gave many accounts of Prester John—it said he had conquered the Mussulmans and was prepared to meet the Crusaders and finally to help in the overthrow of Anti-Christ. Pope Alexander III. sent to look for him, but his messenger never returned. A letter believed to have been written by Prester John circulated in Europe towards the close of the twelfth century ; it told of the horned men, the phœnix and other famous wonders to be found in his kingdom. All serious travellers looked for him, but he was never found, though people still clung to the hope that he would be discovered some day.

594 *Grekkes See*, the eastern part of the Mediterranean.

600 *Cornett*, Corneto.

604 *Pull and Pruyslande*, Apulia and Prussia.

605 *Lettow*, Lithuania.

608 *Surry*, Syria.

613 A "paynim" foe could not fail to have an accompaniment of sorcerers in league with evil powers. Picts, paynims and ethyns fight also for Modred, ll. 4123–5. Legend said that giants were to be hired for fighting in plenty ; they fought against all great heroes and restorers of order.

621 *Westwale*, Westphalia.

623 *Coloine*. The MS. has no dot over the *i*, so the right reading may be Colome. Malory has Coleyne, Cologne.

628 *Constantyne*, the peninsula of Cotentin in Normandy.

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629 *Bareflete*, Barfleur.

635 *Sandwyche*, so also Malory, but the chroniclers say Southampton or Hamo. Sandwich suits the metre and pleased the poet's ear; he had just scored a success with the name in l. 490.

645 *Mordrede and Modred.* Geoffrey of Monmouth, Modredus; Laȝamon, Modred.

667 For this use of *mysese*, cf. 'Piers Plowman,' vii. 26, "Amende mesondieux þere-myde and myseyse folke helpe."

681 Modred is a sentimental person, and has a rhetorical manner giving no index to his character. Just before perpetrating treacherous deeds, l. 4181, he sheds penitential tears, l. 3886. It is his "weredes" which caused all the mischief, and he writes feelingly to Waynor "how the werlde chaungede." The tragedy of Arthur's end hangs on Cradok's words, l. 3555, "Thus has sir Modrede merrede us all."

699–704 Guinevere's character as here drawn may be studied with that of Chaucer's Cresseid; l. 720 gives the only hint of coming trouble.

730 The activity of the mariners is sketched in Wace's manner, but is more highly specialized.

760 We hear of many Arthur-visions; an interesting discussion on the merit of dreams will be found in Chaucer's story of Chauntecleer and Pertelote in the 'Canterbury Tales.'

This vivid description of the two monsters is rendered again by Malory with evident delight, but he substitutes a boar for the bear. Geoffrey, Wace and Laȝamon say that Arthur was not content with the explanation of the dream, and Robert of Gloucester adds a second dragon representing Lucius to complete the meaning. This passage, unusually heightened with glowing detail, is a fine sample of the poet's art. Laȝamon describes the creatures in the general terms characteristic of Old English poetry, and like it dwells rather on the feelings of horror in the mind of the spectator than on any special features in the beings themselves; in his 'Brut' the dragon has the flaming eyes of Grendel.

769 For the suggestion that a line may be missing here, see Branscheid's notes on the poem.

772 *flayre*, Malory has "flame."

821 *tachesesede*, Malory, "his tail full of tatters."

841 Geoffrey says nothing about a Templar. Laȝamon lets a

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"hende cniht" bring the message; Malory has a husbandman, for in his time the Templars were almost forgotten.

843 Everywhere else the giant is from Spain; that giants were begotten by fiends and the descendants of Cain was the common tradition of Old English poets.

845 The giant's liking for children's flesh is a peculiarity of the alliterative 'Morte Arthure,' cf. l. 1051. It would seem to have arisen from a confusion of barn, child, and bar, boar. Robert of Brunne says the giant sat "rostyng a swyn gret and fat" when Arthur discovered him. Robert of Gloucester paints him with a "vatte barn (beren, beere)" on his spit. In the 'Book of Merlin' he simply roasts flesh.

892–3 Kay and Bedvere are associated together in many romances.

899 Mont St. Michael in Normandy is well known, and near it is the rocky island Tombelène; both are believed to have been sacred, first to Druidical, then to Roman deities. They were garrisoned by English troops in 1273, and again during the French wars of the fifteenth century. The story of Helen and the giant is one of the local legends, and is told in a French poem of the twelfth century on the Abbey of St. Michael. It is probable that the name Tombelène existed long before the tale of Helen, and had an earlier form, Tumbellena. Lovers of sun-god theories find in it a reminiscence of Beli,—see note on Belinus above, l. 277,—a reminiscence which early Christian teachers tried to destroy by inventing a story to explain the name. There is a legend of another Helen who stood on the sea-shore by Mont St. Michael to watch her lover Montgomery sail for England with William the Conqueror. She died of grief, and her tomb is Tombelène. Mont St. Michael was a favourite resort of pilgrims, so the local legends were doubtless carried away and retold in many lands. Le Roux de Lincy, the editor of Wace's 'Brut,' holds the appearance of the legend in Arthur's history as a proof of the French origin of Geoffrey's sources. Wace calls the giant Dinabuc.

909 Helmets were often decked with precious stones by the romancers.

919 In all the chronicle accounts it is Bedvere who goes first to reconnoitre; he crosses an arm of the sea in a boat, learns all about the giant and the two fires from the "wafull wyfe," and returns with a full report to Arthur. Though the three adventurers ride

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by a river when they set out, they do not cross over any water to reach the giant in this version.

945 The fires and smoke are features of the story told of Kay and Bedvere in the Welsh 'Twrch Trwyth,' see San Marte, 'Beiträge zur bretonischen und celtisch-germanischen Heldensage,' pp. 33, 65. The two knights go in search of a giant, whom they kill after tearing out his beard. From Plinlimmon they see in the south a great column of smoke rising from the giant's fire, cf. l. 1039.

952 *New*, the MS. reading, may be either new or now.

964 This conjunction of Wade and Wawayn may lead to some sober reflection on the influence of alliteration on legend. Wittich, a kinsman of Wade, is associated with Samson and Goliath as a type of strength in the old German poems edited by C. Bartsch ('Meister Lieder der Kolmarer Handschrift'). Chaucer twice mentions Wade, and Lydgate refers to romances of Havelok, Horn and Wade. The romance was apparently a late development of Wade as an adventurer in a boat, Guingelot, "wherein," says Kinaston's note, "he did many strange things and had many wonderfull adventures." Malory, in 'Morte Darthure,' Book VII., chap. ix., says "as wyȝte as euer was Wade," and a metrical romance, 'Sir Bevis,' from the Auchinleck MS., classes Bevis, Guy of Warwick, Launcelot and Wade together as dragon-slayers. Camden mentions Wade's Gap in the Roman Wall, and a castle not far from Whitby belonging to Wada, a Saxon general who fought in a battle at Whalley in Lancashire, and died in 798. The date and the localities in Northern England are interesting to students of 'Bêowulf.' Roger of Hoveden, Leland and others tell of places named after Wade. In Konrad's 'Rolandslied' (ed. C. Bartsch, l. 7801) the Emperor Charles tells King Oigir of Denmark that he is of Wade's kin and has a lion-heart, "thu bist thes Waten kunnes, . . . thu hâst rehte eines lewen muot."

Little is known of the oldest form of the Wade myth. The earliest of the Old English poems preserved to us, 'Wîdsîð,' mentions Wada as ruler of the Hælsingas, and this is the first reference to him we have in any literature. He was probably a sea-god or a sea-hero of the North Sea, but W. Mannhardt thinks he was a god of the Danube. He had flaming eyes and a wide beard, was easily roused to wrath, and as strong as twenty-six men; when he blew his horn the earth shook, the sea raged and walls fell. North

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Germanic saga gives the boat to Wieland. In the 'Thidrekssaga' Wade is Wieland's father, and sends the boy to learn his craft in Mimir's smithy, where he had Seigfrid for a companion; afterwards Wieland is carried over the Groenasund on Wade's back to two mountain dwarfs to continue his studies. Wade is also woven into the Gudrun saga. Sir Walter Scott lamented the loss of his story a hundred years ago, and we know little more about it to-day. The reference of this poem is to Wade as slayer of monsters. Wawayn is a champion of distressed damsels in French romance, always ready to protect against oppressors.

1002 The mantle with a fringe of kings' beards belonged to the giant Ritho, to whom Arthur refers in l. 1175, the same as Malory's King Ryon of North Wales and Ireland. In the prose continuation of Robert de Borron's 'Merlin,' by Mons. Paulin Paris called the 'Book of Arthur,' Arthur slays the giant of Mont St. Michael with the sword Marmyadoise, which he had taken from King Rion of the bearded mantle, so that a slight connection between the two giants already existed before the alliterative poem was written. In Drayton's 'Polyolbion' the connection is closer still, and it is Ritho himself who slays Helen and wears a coat made of the beards of kings. The 'Parlement of the Three Ages' has an entirely different version, there Arthur slays a dragon on "Sayn Michaell's Mounte," and it is Rusten who wants the king's beard to trim his bride's mantle. The 'Buik of Alexander' distinguishes the "Mount Michaell" giant from "Rostrik" of the "Kingis beirdis." Mons. Paulin Paris suspects the influence of Vergil on the giant story, and quotes Hercules and Cacus.

1018 *Bretayne þe more*, Britain.

1051 Malory heightens the horror; "three spits whereon were broached twelve young children late born, like young birds."

1175 *Araby*, a mountain in Wales. Geoffrey, in 'Aravis Monte'; it is not the same as Arraby in l. 576, but the Aran Mountains, Spenser's "Rauran" (= yr Aran). See Faery Queene, I. ix. 4, where Arthur was consigned to the care of Timon, whose dwelling was

> ". . . low in a valley greene,
> Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
> From whence the river Dee as silver cleene
> His tombling billowes roll with gentle rore."

Here, in Merionethshire, he was visited by Merlin.

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1225 *Castell Blanke.* Geoffrey, ad Albam fluvium venit. Alba = Blanke.

1251 *Duchemen*, Germans.

1263–5 The list of messengers varies greatly. In the 'Book of Arthur,' Gawayn, Iwayn and Saigremor go. Nothing is said here of the special reason for choosing Gawayn. He had been educated at Rome in the service of Pope Supplicius, and received knighthood from Arthur after the conquest of Norway. Laȝamon says—

> "Walwain cuðe Romanisc,
> Walwain cuðe Bruttisc.
> He was iued inne Rome
> Wel feole wintre."

Piene de Langtoft also says Gawayn "fu latymer."

1265 *Gryme*, Gerin of Chartres, cf. l. 277, and note.

1279 Geoffrey of Monmouth tells the story differently, for on the way the knights urge Gawain to pick a quarrel with the Romans and so bring on fighting. In Laȝamon's 'Brut' the knights declare shafts must be broken and byrnies torn before any reconcilement could be effected. In this poem the quarrel is owing entirely to the quick impulse of Gawain, the knights do not prompt him.

1311 *Cayme*, Cain.

1336 *Sayne*, the river Seine.

1340 *Paresche*, Paris.

1346 Gayous becomes *eme* here to suit the alliteration, as Branscheid has pointed out. In the 'Historia' of Geoffrey he is the emperor's nephew.

1364 A foot-note should explain that the reading of the MS. is *salle.*

1368 Only Laȝamon agrees with this poem in making Gawayn strike the first stroke, elsewhere it is Gerin or Bors.

1382 *Sir Feltemour.* Geoffrey's Marcellus Mutius; Wace and Laȝamon have Marcel; Malory has Feldenak.

1387 Gawayn's sword is called Galentin in the 'Book of Arthur.' In the 'Roman de Launcelot' and the 'Roman de Merlin' Gawayn bears Arthur's famous sword Excalibor, the Calaborne of this text. Gawayn had been girded with the king's weapon when he was

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dubbed knight, and kept possession of it for a time. In the English prose rendering of the 'Book of Arthur' Gawayn slays Lucius with Caliburne, but throughout this poem Arthur remains in possession of his own sword. See Sir Frederic Madden's note on Gawayn's sword in his notes to 'Golagros and Gawane,' where he quotes the actual measurement by inches from a Latin MS. of the time of Edward I.

1408 *Bedwyne.* No other accounts mention any reinforcement but that under Idrus, Ider, in l. 1439. Branscheid thinks Bedwyne may be Bawdwyne of ll. 1606 and 2384, but it is more probably a name mis-written for some epithet unknown to the scribe, who made bayous out of barons in l. 587. There is a "Bedwyn the bald" in the alliterative 'Alexander.'

1419 *Petyr*, Petrieus of the 'Historia' of Geoffrey; in one of the Wace MSS. his name is written Peredur.

1439 *Idrus*, Geoffrey's Hiderus. Wace, "Yder le fil Nut." His name occurs in a list of Welsh saints and in many romances. In this text he is fytz Ewayn, l. 1498, and appears with his father in the battle with Modred. In the 'Book of Arthur' "Ydier the sone of Vunde," or Vut, and Sir Ewein, fight side by side, and from this grouping of the knights' names together in the fight the mistake of making them father and son would appear to have arisen. In most other versions he is slain in a later battle by Evander. Geoffrey of Monmouth calls him, when slain by Evander, the son of Aliduc of Tintagol. He was universally famous for a fight with some formidable giants near Malvern, and for another with a bear. Before Launcelot became a prominent figure it was Ider who loved Guinevere; Tristan tells Iseult about him in an old poem.

1520 *Perce*, Persia; *Iaffe*, Joppa.

1532 The knight and his reward are evidently invented by the poet.

1558 Malory says, "no man of worship was loste of them sauf that syr Gawayn was sore hurte." *Fytz Henry* must be a mistake for fytz Urien, for he is an important person and dear to Arthur, see l. 1572.

1602 This "dance of Earls" replaces Geoffrey's modest list of four, Cador, Bedver and the two consuls, Borellus and Richerius.

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In Malory Launcelot is in charge. The part of Cador is brought into peculiar prominence by this poet. In l. 1640 he scouts carefully; he knows of the danger, ll. 1708–17, but fear of Launcelot's scorn urges him on. Branscheid notes the number of French names here.

1604 Clegis was very celebrated, and the hero of a romance by Christien de Troyes. In l. 1694 he claims noble ancestry; according to Chrestien he was the son of Alexander of Constantinople and of Soredamors, Gawayn's sister.

1606 *Bawdwyne.* In the 'Book of Arthur' he is the son of Grascien and god-son of King Ban. Mons. Paulin Paris believes him to be Baudemagus, nephew of Urien. The best-known Baudouin was Roland's brother. In Malory's 'Morte Darthur' Baudewyn of Bretayn was Arthur's constable, also a "noble surgeon and a good leche," who became a hermit; a bishop Bawdewyn figures in some Gawayn romances.

1622 The poet does not treat Ewandyre as king of Syria, see ll. 1622, 1626, 1868, 1870, 1904, 1911. Laȝamon says Evander had come from Babylon, and he slew Borel; in this text Berell is slain by the "King of Lebe." Wace mentions one Ewander of Frise and another, or perhaps the same, "rois de Sire."

Utolfe is Geoffrey's Vulteius Catellus.

1625 *Sextynour*, Sertorius of Libya. He is confused with the King of Syria here.

1629 *Troys*, Troyes.

1637 Laȝamon draws a delightful picture of the unsuspecting convoy which rides singing through the fair wooded valley. Wace and the 'Book of Arthur' describe the prisoners with their feet bound under their horses' bellies and their hands fastened behind them.

1672 *A countere*, because of his distress at Arthur's revel of rents in l. 1667. It is the precision of these allusions to general affairs and business which specially characterizes this poet.

1681 *Three* is apparently mis-written by the scribe for some other word.

1691 Cf. l. 1694. A similar confusion between lond and lord possibly explains an error in l. 2286. Cf. l. 878.

1695 *Brut*, Brutus, the supposed ancestor of the Britons; Milton

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tells the legend of his slaughter of the giants of Albion in his 'History,' and refers to him in 'Comus.'

1698 *Borghte*, mis-written for Brute, the spelling influenced by the following word. *Fro* = from the time that, a common construction.

1720 This allusion to Launcelot is not found elsewhere.

1744 *Wawayne* is probably mis-written for Bawdwyne, *Vryell*, for Beryll, see ll. 1605, 1606. It is unlikely that a knight so important as Gawayn would suddenly appear in Cador's *cortège* without previous mention. Branscheid pointed out the identity of Beryll, who is one of those slain in the fight. B is the letter required for rhyming with Bedwere.

1786 Cador's language is always vigorous and racy, with local allusions and terse idioms. He quotes the only proverb in the poem, at l. 1844. Cf. ll. 1788, 1837–1843. *Corne bote* was evidently an unsatisfactory kind of bote, and this is intelligible if "bote" was paid in kind when corn values were constantly shifting.

1797. Works his course through.

1824 *Achinour*, Askanere, cf. l. 1739.

1825 *Origge and Ermyngall;* these two names take the place of two others probably beginning with H, perhaps Heryll and Herygall of l. 1742. Malory has Heringdale for Herygall.

1828 In other versions the convoy is saved only by the timely help of Guitard of Poitou; here all turns on the valour of Cador and his knights. In the 'Book of Arthur' Cleodalis brings support.

1843 "Hethynge es hameholde," there should be no hyphen; scorn is home-bred, a man has himself to thank for his shame.

1864 *Cayous;* Kay has not been mentioned before in this episode, and it is just possible that his name has been mis-written for Cador here, as Cador is a mistake for his name in l. 2385. He is called "the keen" elsewhere.

1866 *Cordewa.* Branscheid explains this as a mistake for Cornette, cf. l. 1909.

1871 This is the only mention of *Segramore.*

1904 *Utere* for Utolf, see l. 1868.

1908 *Barouns.* The line wants a name beginning with C, and

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Branscheid thinks Geoffrey's Quintus Carucius, mentioned amongst the slain, would give Carous.

1909 Corneto, near Cività Vecchia.

1912 *a* = are.

1928 In Malory Launcelot's reply is, "Nay! for once shamed may never be recovered."

1964 *Sexon.* The geography differs from that of Wace and those who follow him. Our poet seems to have read Geoffrey's version with some chart or other MS. accounts. He rejects Lengrias, and writes Awguste, l. 1967, where Wace has Autun, Ostom. There might even in the fourteenth century have been MSS. from Caen or the Abbé St. Michael to which the poet had access, and by these he may have found place-names to suit near the river Orne in Northern France. Here it seems the poet thought the battle took place; his *Sexon*, *Sessoyne*, might thus be Séez, Séois. He has read Suesia of the 'Historia' his own way. Geoffrey's Augustodonum is his *Awguste;* Augustodurum was an old classical name for Bayeux. After the battle, l. 2373, we are back at Cotentin again, and near Caen too. He is usually precise in matters of detail, but geography was a thorny subject in his day, and it is quite possible he had not formed any very clear idea as to the situation of Saxony or Germany, and wrote *Sessoyne* vaguely.

1967 *Awguste.* See note to l. 1964.

1971 *Leo;* Geoffrey's Leo imperator, Frollo's over-lord in Book IX. chap. ii. of the 'Historia.'

1972 Laȝamon here dwells on Merlin's prophecy of the fall of Rome.

1977 *Sessoyne* is the common Romance name for Saxony, written also *Sexon*, cf. l. 1964.

1982 *Valyant* is the Welsh king of ll. 320 and 3044. His name should be Walyant (Galegantin), see note to l. 320; and *Vyleris* should be Walis. Arthur trusts his purpose of revenge and gives him a leading part.

1991 The prominence of the archers in this poem is characteristic of the time.

1996 *Rown*, Rouen.

2025 *Viterbe*, Viterbo.

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2039 The earthly Paradise was believed to lie in the far East, "beyond the stream of ocean," raised high above Noah's flood on terraced hills. Enoch and Eli were still there awaiting the coming of Anti-Christ, and they testified to the temperate climate. Higden and Trevisa describe it as compassed about with walls of fire and guarded by angels. Cf. 'Parlement of the Three Ages,' ll. 332–6, and Mr. Gollancz's note to 'Ercules boundes.'

2074 The lords fulfil their vows to the letter, and in the order in which they were spoken in the Giant's Tower. Launcelot there vows to joust with Lucius before the journee begins, and he slays Lucius here. Branscheid refers to this as a proof that the poet was drawing from various sources, for Lucius is killed by Arthur himself, l. 2255. All through the battle, however, Lucius the emperor bears his highest title, and is either *emperor* or *conqueror;* he is distinguished from lords in ll. 2220–1, and this Lucius is more probably Lucius Catellus, a great general mentioned by Geoffrey. The poet follows Geoffrey closely at times, and might easily refer to his pages for a name to help him out of a difficulty, and when he weaves two stories, or two versions, into one, he sets to work like a good craftsman and leaves no broken threads in view.

2095–2110 The description of this fight with arrows is one of the bright parts of Laȝamon's 'Brut,' it excels this of the 'Morte Arthure' in stir and brilliancy. The 'Brut' says the heavens dinned, the earth shook, the arrows flew as thick as falling snow.

2123 *Collbrande* is probably the same as Caliburne.

2126 Giants are the occasion of many of Arthur's grim jokes, cf. l. 898.

2157 In other versions Kay rushes into the fray to avenge Bedvere's fall. His speech to the king, l. 2186, is an addition of the poet, who is not concerned with his connection with Bedvere.

2189 *Werlde* is apparently an error, Brock suggests *welthe* instead.

2197 Cf. l. 4155.

2225 Branscheid notes here an allusion to Gawayn's taunts to the emperor when he bore Arthur's message.

2232 *Florent* is Lucius's sword.

2255 In the 'Historia' Lucius dies by an unknown hand. Wace

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says, "Ne sai dire qui l'abati," so Lazamon also. Other chroniclers allude to a legend that Gawayn slew him, but add that all is uncertain. In the 'Book of Arthur' Gawayn kills Lucius with Caliburne.

2286 Branscheid suggests, *they drewe owt dromondaries of dyuerse londes*, cf. l. 878, and note to l. 1691.

2373 *Costantyne.* See l. 1964, note.

2380 *Kayon*, Kayous; *Came*, Caen.

2384 *Berade.* Branscheid suggests Berill, who had been killed in the earlier fray, in which also Bawdwyne was engaged, but this line and the next appear to have been wrongly copied by the scribe, they are in part an echo of ll. 2379–80. In l. 2385 *Cador* must be a mistake for Cayous, for Cador is still alive at l. 4188. "He beryes at Bayone," may have been re-written as "Sir Berade and Bawdwyne." *Bedwar* has been already buried. Cf. note to l. 1864.

2388 *Lusscheburghe*, Luxemburg.

2396 From here to the landing in Britain the poet departs entirely from the chronicles. In the 'Book of Arthur' the king consults Merlin at this point, and then fights the great cat of Lausanne.

2417 *Meyes*, Metz.

2421 *Ferawnte*, see l. 2490. In ll. 2760, 2765, 3404, Ferawnt is an enemy.

2482 *Soone.* Branscheid suggests that *soone* is sun, and for *flethe* would read seethe, interpreting, "On Sunday the sun gave great heat," hence the enfeebling of the Frenchmen, l. 2484. But the word in the MS. is quite clearly "flethe," though S is the initial letter wanted to suit the alliteration. Parley is apparently the meaning wanted.

2577 Barbers practised blood-letting.

2586 *Salarne*, Salerno, where was a famous school of medicine; cf. l. 4311, and Professor Skeat's notes to William of Palerne, l. 964.

2605 *Priamus* is descended from all the heroes of the East. *Judas* is Judas Maccabeus, one of the Nine Worthies.

2624 Malory, "to poynt his paltocks."

2653 *Dolfinede*, Dauphiné.

2657 *Sessoyn*, Saxony.

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2680 *Walchere*, Walthere, see l. 2495.

2694 *Flores*, cf. "the watery floor" of 'Lycidas.'

2705 *Fouur well.* The four great rivers of the East are quoted by Higden and Trevisa as tangible proofs of the existence of the earthly Paradise, for if the rivers did not flow from it, whence could they come?

2761 *Famacoste*, Famagosta in Cyprus.

2788 *Prewsslande*, cf. Chaucer's Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales,' where the knight had taken his place "aboven alle nacions in Pruce," above the companies of Teutonic knights, the same allusion as here.

2870 Arthur bore the image of Mary on his shield Pridwen, described by Geoffrey and other chroniclers on the occasion of the king's arming at Bath before his last battle against the Saxons. There he dons his golden helmet bearing the dragon, and his steel birnie which Laȝamon says was made by Wygar, and takes Caliburne, made in the isle of Avallon, and his lance Ron, with Pridwen.

> "Þer wes innen igrauen,
> Mid rede golde stauen,
> An on-licnes deore
> Of drihtenes moder."—Laȝamon's 'Brut,' l. 21152.

In 'Sir Gawayn and the Grene Knyȝt' Gawayne's shield bears this image.

2896 *Gerard*, the same as Ierante, cf. l. 2890. Malory has "Gherard, a Knyght of Walys," slain in this battle.

2940 A verb appears to be wanting after duke, but Branscheid suggests *schelde and* = scheltrone.

2943 *Gernaide*, Granada.

2950 *Mees*, Metz.

2954 *Cheldrike*, commonly known as a leader of the hostile Saxons.

2970 *Sir Dolphyn*, probably the lord of Dauphiné.

3030 Malory here tells of Priamus's introduction by Gawayn to Arthur, who "lete hym anon be crystned and dyd doo calle hym his fyrste name Pryamus, and made hym a duke and knyghte of the table round."

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3054 Malory, "the king availed his visor with a meek and noble countenance;" his copy was evidently slightly different from this. Cf. l. 2624, note.

3061 This line is corrupt. Branscheid reads, *He sall be demyd full wele*, corresponding to Malory's "but the duke shall abide my judgment." We have had already several instances in this poem of confusion between *m* and *n*, and as the MS. signs for *y* and *th* are alike the mistake could very easily occur.

3068 Malory puts this episode to l. 3083, a little later, after the taking of Como.

3110 *Combe*, Como.

3140 *Pownte Tremble;* Malory calls it the "Port of Tremble." *Pawnce*, Ponte near Turin, or for Pallaunce = Pallanza; *Pleasaunce* a Romance name of Piacenza. The line should probably have been *For Pleasaunce, for Pawnce* [Pallawnce], *and for Pownte Tremble.*

3141 *Pyse*, Pisa; *Pavy*, Pavia.

3144 *Melan*, Milan.

3150 *Tuskane*, Tuscany.

3161 *Spolett*, Spoleto.

3167 *Vicounte londes;* Malory, "Vale of Vicecount"; this i Valyant's foe, l. 325. See Arthur's forecast, ll. 350–356.

3220–3223 The ominous dream follows immediately on the speech, and foreshadows an anti-climax to l. 3211. In the 'Historia' of Geoffrey there is no dream, nor does Wace tell of one. Laȝamon's dream is very remarkable, and is in the character of the dreams of the Icelandic saga. Arthur there dreams that he sits astride a great hall whence he overlooks his vast possessions. Gawayn is by him, sword in hand. Modred advances with a great company, bearing a battle-axe, and begins to hew down the posts of the hall, and with him comes Guinevere, who stretches out her arm and draws down the roof on which Arthur and Gawayn are sitting. Arthur falls and breaks his arm, but the hall falls on Gawayn and breaks both his arms. Then the king smites off Modred's head with his left hand and it rolls across the field; he also hews Guinevere in pieces and puts her body in a black pit. The people flee; Arthur stands alone on a weald and wanders over the moors amongst birds of prey. He is carried to the sea by a golden lion and brought on shore, wet and weary, by a friendly fish.

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'Le Morte Arthur' of the Harleian MS. has reminiscences of both dreams. Before fighting with Modred the king dreams that he sat, clad in gold and crowned, on a wheel under which he sees a black water full of dragons; the wheel turned round and he is torn by the dragons. He wakes and sleeps again, and Gawayn comes to him in spirit with a company of angels and warns him to give up the battle.

3251 The figure of Fortune bears every symbol of wealth and treasure, and corresponds in so far with the classical sculptures of the goddess with her horn of plenty and crowned with ears of corn. She is not here the "good housewife" of 'As You Like It.' Her dress may be compared to that of Meed in Langland's 'Piers Plowman.'

3260 The Greek Tyche had a wheel, also Fors, Nemesis and Fortuna. Sometimes the goddess sat on the wheel and turned with it, sometimes she bore it in her hand, as here, or it lay at her feet; there are many allusions to the wheel in the Alexander Poems and others telling sad stories of the death of kings. She differs from the Germanic Wyrd and the sleepless Frou Sælde. The globe of l. 3354 is the symbol of universal rule; in Roman descriptions Fortuna bears the globe or the rudder. In the French play, 'Adam,' she is blind and has her wheel. In one of the Renard versions she lifts the fox on to her wheel, and promises him that it will not turn. The turning wheel of fate was known in England from the time of Alfred's translation of 'Boëthius.' Chaucer's translation would be known to courtly readers about this time. Fortune says, "The covetise of men, that mai nat be stawnched,—schal it bynde me to ben stidfaste, syn that stidfastnesse is uncouth to my maneris? Swiche is my strengthe, and this pley I pleye continuely. I torne the whirlynge wheel with the turnynge sercle; I am glad to chaungen the loweste to the heyeste, and the heyeste to the loweste. . . . What other thynge bywaylen the cryinges of tragedyes but oonly the dedes of fortune, that with unwar strook overturneth the realmes of greet nobleye?" In the 'King's Quair' there is a real king's vision of Fortune and "hir tolter quhele"; it stands over an "ugly pit, depe as ony helle." The king wonders that men should seek to climb it, but finds when his turn comes that he may not refuse; he wakes before the wheel

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turns. In Rossetti's ballad, 'The King's Tragedy,' James's fate is sealed; we are told how

> ". . . the white face lay
> In the Pit of Fortune's Wheel."

3266 Compare the description of Alexander's chair in the great alliterative 'Alexander.'

3268 The philosopher gives the names of the Nine Worthies at ll. 3408–3439. See Mr. Gollancz's preface and Appendix II. to the 'Parlement of the Three Ages' for a full discussion of them, and cf. Anglia, xxi., 'The Ballet of the Nine Nobles,' W. A. Craigie.

3345 *Frolle.* Arthur's fight with him near Paris is recorded in all the chronicle accounts.

3419 *Golyas*, Goliath.

3422 *The two . . . kynges.* Branscheid reads, *the tone . . . kynge.*

3426 Legend assigned a number of Eastern relics to Charlemagne. The mention of Longinus's spear is noteworthy here.

3470 Cradok's mantle was to be seen in the castle of Dover with Gawayne's skull, says Caxton in his preface to the 'Morte Darthure.' Cradok appears in many romances.

3545 *Hors*, Horsa.

3610 *Danamarkes*, Danes.

3672 *Braynes* should be beryns, as Branscheid points out.

3678 A word appears to be missing before *frekke*, possibly *fele.*

3700 *Spanyolis*, Spaniards.

3773 *Mownttagus.* The Montagus or Montacutes were well known in the North as leaders of expeditions against the Scots under the Edwards. They are ranged here on Gawayn's side, and are, so far as one may judge from an indication of this kind, not regarded as hostile.

3869 Sir Frederic Madden notes this passage as illustrating stanza xl. of the 'Awntyrs of Arthure'—

> "Gawayne was graythely graythede one grene,
> With griffons of golde engrelede full gaye."

In 'Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knyght' he bears the pentangle, elsewhere a double-headed eagle, or a lion.

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3902 *Tambire*, Tamar.

3937 Branscheid reads Gutlande for guchede or guthede, cf. l. 3763.

3942 *enserchede* is probably a mistake for enserclede, but cf. 'Destruction of Troy,' ll. 1537–8—

> "The cité was sothely, to serche it about,
> Pre iorneys full iointly to ioyne hom by dayes."

4023 William of Malmesbury says Gawayn's grave was found in King William's time by the Welsh coast, and was fourteen feet long.

4056 *Treyntis*, perhaps for Tambire, cf. l. 3902, or it may be the name of a town. Geoffrey writes of the last battle at Cambula, Wace at Camblan; Laȝamon has Camelford.

4075 *Errake*, the same as Geraint, Geraint ab Erbin of the 'Mabinogion.' The French name, Erec, was well known from Chrestien's romance, 'Erec et Enide,' where the story is told of the famous ride when Enide rides first. As Errik he comes in 'Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knigt,' and as Arrake fitz Lake in the 'Awntyrs of Arthure.'

4123 *Argayle*, Argyle; *ethyns* belong to Orkney also, see l. 4163.

4203 *Walyngfordhe*, where was a "bel otel," and a store of arms for tournaments.

4266 *Lowes* is probably the same as Lowell, cf. l. 1516.

4308 *Glaschenbery*, Glastonbury.

4309 *Avalon*, the enchanted isle, the home of Morgan le Fay. Laȝamon says here there came a little boat floating on the waves, and in it two wonderful women, who bore Arthur to the boat and departed. Geoffrey mentions Avalon, where Arthur was borne to be healed of his wounds, but does not say the king died there, and Wace writes—

> "Encor i est, Breton l'atandent,
> Si com il dient et entandent."

So the poet has rejected earlier tradition in recording his death. In the metrical 'Vita Merlini,' Arthur is received by Morgan and her eight sisters, and borne far away to distant Avalon. Higden says Arthur was buried in the Vale of Avalon by Glastonbury

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The accounts vary, and all is mystery save in this poem. "Som mad men ȝwil mene þat Arthur schal come aȝen, but þat is a ful magel tale," says Trevisa. Bishop Stillingfleet records that Arthur's coffin was found by Henry II. between two pyramids at Glassenbury in Somersetshire. Avalon and Glastonbury are confused together by writers in England. William of Malmesbury says Avallonia was another name for Glastonbury, and tells the story of Glasteing's sow and the apple-tree. The story here is according to Welsh tradition. French writers distinguished between Avalon and Glastonbury. See 'Zeitschrift für französische Sprache und Literatur,' and Dr. H. Zimmer's article in vol. xii.

4322 *Waxe ne wrythe*, a reminiscence of an old alliterative phrase of Old English Poetry, weaxan ond wrîþian.

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GLOSSARY

A, *int.* ah ! 320, 1791, 3967
A, and, 2522, 2797 ; are, 1912
ABAISCHITE, *p.p.* abashed, 255
ABAISTE, ABAYSTE, *p.p.* cast down, 1423, 3737
ABOUEN, ABOUENN, ABOUN, ABOWNNE, ABWEN, *prep.* and *adv.* above, 903, 564, 511, 3329, 775
ACCOUNTES, *v.* 3 *s.* reckons, 1102 ; ACOUNT, *inf.* tell, 3929 ; ACOUNTE, 1 *s.* care for, 405
ACTON, *s.* a stuffed and quilted jacket or jerkin worn under the mail, 902 ; *pl.* AKETOUNS, 2626
AFFRAYE, *s.* fright, 3226.
AFFRAYEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* frightened, 2804 ; *p.p.* afraid, 2256
AGASTE, *p.p.* frightened, terrified, 2442, 2728
AGAYNE-STANDE, *v.* resist, 3757 ; AJAYNE-STONDES, 3 *pl.*
AJUGGEDE, *p.p.* deemed, esteemed, 862, 3411
AKE, *s.* oak, 1096
AKETOUNS. *See* ACTON
ALDE, AWLDE, *adj.* old, 13, 979
ALET, *s.* AILETTE, a steel shoulder-plate, 2565
ALFYN, *s.* a term of contempt, from the name given to the bishop in chess, formerly elephant = Alfyn, 1343
ALGARDE, *s.* a Spanish wine highly prized in the Middle Ages, 202
ALKYN, ALKYNS, *adj.* all kinds of, 928, 3244
ALLBLAUSTERS, *s. pl.* arbalesters, soldiers armed with an arbalest or crossbow, 2426
ALLOSSEDE, ALOSEDE, *p.p.* esteemed, renowned, 3881, 2418
ALLS, ALS, *conj.* as, 1590, 2152, 845, 1617 ; also, 1194
ALLWELDANDE, ALWELDANDE, *adj.* all-ruling, all-powerful, 1059, 397
ALOUER, *adv.* all over, 2027
ALOWE, *v.* praise, commend, 1036 ; 3 *s.* ALOWES, 396
ALYNES, *s. pl.* aliens, 4061
AMANGE, *adv.* from time to time, 1238
AMEDE, *p.p.* estimated, 4068
ANENTIS, *prep.* against, 2568
ANGERS, *v. impers.* 3 *s.* ME ANGERS, I am angry, 1662, 2848
ANLACE, *s.* a short two-edged dagger, broad at the hilt and tapering to the point, 1148
ANTER. *See* AWNTER
APAS, *adv.* pacing, 4014
APPERTE, *adj.* fitting, 688
APPERTLY, *adv.* openly, 1478 ; APPERTLYCHE, skilfully, 589

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AR, ARE, *adv.* and *conj.* before, 1722, 331, 518, 2234
ARASE, *v.* snatch away, 4098
ARAYSEDE, *p.p.* made up, 1677
ARBORYE, *s.* shrubs, 3244
ARDANT, ARDAUNT, *adj.* gleaming, flaming, 193, 1087
ARE, *conj.* or, 1944
ARESTE, *s.* check, 1456, 1473; AT ARESTE, at attention, ready, 311, 548
ARESTE, *v.* stop, 3492, 3825; detain, 633
ARRABYES, ARRABYS, *s. pl.* Arabs (horses), 2288, 2337
ARRAYE, ARAYE, *s.* line, 1417, 2136; order, 311, 1207; state, 74, 1665
ARRAYE, ARAYE, *v.* make ready, 4137; 3 *s.* sets in order, 509, 2022, 3 *pl.* 3620; *p.p.* ready for battle, 378, 1898, 2655; *p.p.* equipped, 722; in order, 654, 2387; drawn up, 4064
ARRYFEDE, *p.p.* come to shore, 835; ARYEFEDE, 600; ARYUEDE, 3905
AS ARMES, to arms! 2717
ASAWTE, ASAWTTE, ASSAWTE, *s.* assault, 1697, 3012, 3053
ASAYE, *s.* examination, 4312
ASAYE, ASSAYE, *v.* try, attempt, 2615, 2347
ASCRYEZ, ASKRYES, *v.* 3 *s.* 1367, 2717; shouts, cries out, *pl.* 1768, 1451; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2772; *p.p.* 2800
ASKYS, *v.* 3 *s.* requires, calls for, 157
ASSINGNEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* assigns, 727; *pret.* ASSINGNYDE, 240
ASSOYLLEDE, *p.p.* absolved, 3498
ASTATE, *s.* estate, 684
AT, *prep.* to (with the infinitive), 1165
AT, *pron.* that, 1842, 3484
ATHELISTE, *adj.* noblest, 1593
ATONDERE, *adv.* down, 3180
ATTAMEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* pierced, 2175
AUGHTE, *v.* *See* AWE
AUGHTENDE, *num.* eighth, 462
AUNTIRE. *See* ANTER
AUSTEREN, AUSTERYN, *adj.* stern, grim, 306, 670, 1906
AUANTID, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* praised, 1594; *p.p.* AVAUNTEDE, 2864
AVANTTWARDE, AVAWEWARDE, AVAWMEWARDE, AVAWMWARDE, AVAWEWARDE, AVAWWARDE, *s.* vanguard, 324, 2219, 2024, 4124, 2051, 3764
AVAWMBRACE, *s.* vantbrace, armour for the fore-arm, 2568
AUENAUNT, *adj.* convenient, graceful, handsome, 2626, 3208, 3651
AVENTAILE, *s.* the moveable front or mouthpiece of a helmet, 910, 2572
AVENTURE, *s.* chance, fortune, 642
AVIRES, *v.* 3 *s.* turns, 3164
AVISEMENT, *s.* advice, counsel, 148
AVISSELY, AUYSSELY, *adv.* warily, prudently, 2699, 3165
AVOWE, *s.* vow, 296, 4040; *pl.* 1983, 2064
AVOWE, *v.* vow, 357; *p.p.* 369
AUOYEDDYDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* quitted, 2051
AVYEDE, *v.* reflex, 3 *pl.* took (their) way, 3716
AWE, *v.* owe, own, 99; AWES, 3 *pl.* 455; OUGHTE, AUGHTE, *pret.* 29, 521; *pret. subj.* 2 *s.* OUGHTEST, 298; used impersonally with sense of obligation or duty, 1583, 3509
AWKE, *adj.* strange, 13

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AWKEWARDE, AWKWARDE, *adj.* cross-wise, with a back stroke, 2564, 2247
AWLDE. *See* ALDE
AWNTERE. *See* ANTER
AWNTRENDE, *adj*, daring, bold, 2717
AWNTROUSESTE, *adj.* most daring, 1624
AYELE, *s.* grandfather, 2603
AYERE, AYRE, *s.* heir, 283, 2634; *pl.* 1740
AYERE, AYRE, *v.* go, 455, 1591; 3 *s.* 617; 3 *pl.* 1329; *pple.* AYERANDE, 2830
AYWARE, *adv.* everywhere, 614
AȝAYNES, AȝAYNEZ, *adv.* against, 786, 2791

BACENETT, BACENETTE, *s.* a light headpiece, usually of steel, closed in front with a ventail or visor, and sometimes worn under the helm, 906, 2770, 4211; *pl.* 1754
BACHELERS, BACHELLERS, *s. pl.* the younger knights; knights following another's banner, 68, 857
BADE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* abode, 2383
BAGIS, BAGYS, *s. pl.* badges, 2303, 3730
BAISTE, *p.p.* downcast, 2856
BAITE, *v.* feed, graze, 2694
BAKHALFE, *s.* back, 1482
BALE, *s.* grief, hurt, 981, 1426
BALE, *adj.* dire, 1483
BALE-FYRE, *s.* a great fire blazing in the open air; originally a fire to consume the dead, 1048
BALTYRDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* tumbled about, 782
BANARETTES. *See* BANERETTE
BANDEZ, *s. pl.* custody, 1485; straits, distress, 1180
BANEOURE, *s.* banner-bearer, 3782
BANERETTE, *s.* a knight whose banner is followed by a company of men, so distinguished from a 'bacheler'; a knight who has won honour in the field, 1914; *pl.* 68, 567; BANARETTES, *pl.* 1403
BANKE, *s.* sea-shore, 4032; *pl.* 3714
BARBYCANE, *s.* outer fortification, strong tower at the entrance to a fortified place, 1183, 2470
BARE, *s.* boar, 3123
BARE-HEUYDYS, *s. pl.* boar-heads, 177
BARE-HEUEDE, *adj.* bareheaded, 3630
BARONAGE, *s.* company of barons, 587, 4328
BAROWES, *s. pl.* swine, 191
BARRELL-FERRERS, *s. pl.* vessels for carrying wine or water on horseback, 2714
BARRERS, *s. pl.* defences, 2469
BASSCHEDE, *adj.* cast down, 2121
BATAILE, BATAYLE, BATAYLLE, BATELLE, BAYTAILLE, *s.* battle, battalion, troops in battle array, 783, 3733, 3107, 2476, 4319; *pl.* 1618, 2449
BATERDE, *p.p.* done up with batter or pastry, 189
BAWMEDE, *v. pret. pl.* embalmed, 2298; *pp.* 980, 4020
BAYTAILLE. *See* BATAILE
BAYTES, *v.* 3 *pl.* bait, 2509; *pple.* BAYTAND, 2516, 2671
BE, BEE, *prep.* by, 356, 976, 554
BEBLEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* made bloody, 2250
BECOMMYS, *v. impers. s.* befits, 4317

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BEDE, *adj.* 3464. *See* Jamieson, Beddy, "expressive of a quality in greyhounds, the sense unknown."
BEDES, *v.* 3 *pl.* offer, 505
BEDGATT, *s.* going to bed, 1030
BEERYNES. *See* BERNE
BEKEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* bakes, warms, 1048
BEKENDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* delivered, entrusted, 2340; *pl.* 2355; BEKENNYDE, 3 *s.* committed, 482
BEKNOWE, *v. imperat.* 2 *s.* avow, confess, 3867
BEKYN, *s.* signal-fire, 564
BEKYRE, *v.* 3 *pl.* fight, assail with arrows, 3679; BEKYRS, 2425; BEKERDE, *pret.* 3 *pl.* 2096
BELDE, *v.* inhabit, dwell, settle, 8; BIELDEZ, 3 *pl.* 1242; BELDYTT, *pret.* 3 *s.* 38
BELEFEDE, BELEUEDE, BELEUEFEDE, *p.p.* left, 1250, 2380
BELYFE, BELYUE, *adv.* quickly, at once, 1263, 3732
BENDES, *v.* 3 *pl.* aim, apply, 3036
BENEYDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* (?) "Read bendyde, *v. pret.* bent" (Brock), 2424
BENT, BENTE, *s.* moor, heath, field of battle, 1184, 1380
BERKES, *v.* 3 *s.* breaks out with, 1351
BERNAKES, *s. pl.* barnacle-geese, 189
BERNE, BERYN, BERYNE, BERYNNE, BIERN, BIERNE, BYERN, BYERNE, *s.* man, 962, 116, 3580, 1094, 2169; *pl.* 255, 148, 2502
BERONEN, BEROWNE, *p.p.* run over with, 3946, 3971
BERYELL, *s.* burial, 1776, 2188
BESAUNTEZ, *s. pl.* round pieces of gold resembling bezant-coins, 3256
BESEKE, *v.* 1 *pl.* beseech, 3 *s.* 305; 3 *pl.* 127; *pret.* BESOGHTE, 1234
BESSOMES, *v.* 3 *s.* sweeps violently, 3661
BESTAILE, *s.* cattle, 1050
BESYE, *s.* business, 3630
BET, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* struck out, hauled out, 3656
BETAKYNS, *v.* 3 *s.* betokens, 822
BETECHE, *v. imperat.* 2 *pl.* hand over, commit, 1611; 3 *s.* 714; *pret.* BETOKE, 1889; BETUKE, 3190, 4015
BETT, *v.* 3 *pl.* beat, 2470, 3682; BETTES, 3 *pl.* 2808
BETYN, *adj.* inlaid with gold, adorned with repoussé work, 3631, 3945
BEUERYN, *adj.* beaver-coloured, 3630
BEWE, *v.* 3 *pl.* bow, 3366
BEWES, *s. pl.* boughs, 3366
BEWELLS, *s. pl.* bowels, 2175, 2203
BEWSCHERS, *s. pl.* the lower parts of the body, 1047
BEYLDEDE, *p.p.* built, 566
BIDDIS, *v.* 3 *pl.* offer, 2310; 2 *s.* 1014
BIELDEZ. *See* BELDE
BILYNGE, (?) *s.* possibly the beak or prow of a ship, 3663
BIRDE, *s.* woman, 2858; *pl.* 1029; *pl.* BIERDEZ, 1136, BYRDEZ, 999
BIRTENEDE. *See* BRITTEN
BLANKE, BLONKE, *s.* horse, 1799, 2517; *pl.* 730, 1860; BLONKKES, 1634
BLASONS, *s. pl.* shields, 1860
BLE, BLEE, *s.* colour, 2576, 4213

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BLEMESTE, *p.p.* blemished, maimed, 2578

BLENDEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* is mingled, 1799

BLENKE, *v.* flinch, quail, 3640; 3 *s.* 4213; BALK, 2857

BLERYDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* protruded the tongue, 782

BLETHELY, *adv.* blithely, 4147

BLODE, *adj.* bloody, 1860

BLODE-BANDE, *s.* a bandage to stop bleeding, 2576

BLONDIRS, *v.* 2 *s.* makest distracted, 3975

BLONKE. *See* BLANKE

BLYN, BLYNE, *v.* cease, desist, delay, 1931, 3981, 2578

BLYSCHIT, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* cast a glance, 116

BONETTEZ, *s. pl.* additional pieces of canvas laced to the top, later to the foot of a sail, 3656

BORDE, BOURDE, BURDE, *s.* board, table, 79, 1930; ON BOURDE, 730, WITHIN BOURDE, 3641, on board (ship); *pl.* 3194; OVER BURDEZ, over board, 3700

BOT, BOTT, BOTTE, *conj.* but, 10, 378, 657; except, 521; unless, 1925; BOT IF, BOT ȝIF, unless, 356, 3483; BOT, *prep.* without, 4070

BOTE, BOTTE, *s.* amends, compensation, 1786, 1837, qualified by 'corne,' perhaps as a compound, corne-bote, alluding to some legal and technical definition of 'bote'

BOTELESSE, BOTLES, BUTELESS, *adj.* without remedy, incurable, 981, 3976, 1014

BOTTES, *s. pl.* boats, 748

BOTURES, *s. pl.* bitterns, 189

BOUN, BOWNE, *v.* get ready, set out, go, 936, 1013, 1034; 3 *s.* 3591; 3 *pl.* 1136; *pret.* 915; BOUNNEZ, 3 *s.* 783

BOURDE. *See* BORDE

BOURDEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* jest, make fun, 3122; BOUREDEZ, 3 *s.* 1170

BOURE, *s.* the apartment of the lady of the household as distinguished from the public rooms, 2190

BOUSTOUS, BOUSTOUSE, BOYSTOUS, BUSTOUS, rough, powerful, violent, noisy, 2175, 2425, 3762, 783

BOUXOM, BOUXVM, *adj.* yielding, tractable, amiable, 2858, 4147

BOUXSOMLY, *adv.* obediently, meekly, 107

BOWES, *v.* 3 *s.* turns, 2251; BOWES, 3 *pl.* give allegiance, follow, 69; 3 *pl.* go, 2310

BOWES, 3 *pl.* shoulders, 188; BOUGHS, 1711, 3247

BOWNN, *adj.* ready, 1633, 2331

BOYSTOUS. *See* BOUSTOUS

BRACE, *v. imperat.* 2 *pl.* fix firmly, 1182; 3 *s.* fastens on tightly, 914

BRACER, *s.* piece of armour covering the arm, 4247; BRASERS, *pl.* 1859

BRAGGEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* blow, sound loudly, 1484; 3 *pl.* 4107; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 3657

BRAND, BRANDE, BRANNDE, BRONDE, *s.* sword, 3946, 893, 963, 2566; *pl.* 1487, 2309

BRANKKAND, | *pple.* prancing, 1861

BRASTE, *pret.* of briste

BRATHELY, *adv.* furiously, hastily, 1771, 3219

BRAUNCHERS, *s. pl.* young hawks, 190

BRAWLES, *v.* 3 *s.* boasts loudly, 1349

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BRAWLYNGE, *s.* fray, 2176
BRAWNE, *s*, boar, 1095
BRAYD, *v. imperat.* 2 *s.* draw, 1172 ; 3 *s.* 4215, 2069 ; throw off or on quickly, 3 *s.* 906, 2695 ; 3 *pl.* 1754 ; rush, move quickly, 3 *s.* 3731, 3125 ; *p.p.* BRAYDEN, flung, 3945
BRAYDE, *s.* thrust, 3762
BREDE, *s.* bread, 2715
BREDE, *s.* roast meat, 79, 190 ; *pl.* 1049, 2715
BREDE, *s.* breadth, 1224, 3656
BREGAUNDEZ, *s. pl.* light-armed, irregular foot soldiers, skirmishers, 2096
BREKLESSE, *adj.* naked, without breeches, 1048
BREME, *adj.* fierce, brave, 1380
BREMLY, BRYMLY, *adv.* shrilly, loudly, 4107 ; fiercely, 117, 4214
BRENE, BRENY, *s.* cuirass, coat of mail, 2253, 1482 ; *pl.* 2517, 1858 ; BRYNEYS, 4119
BRENYEDE, BRYNYEDE, *p.p.* mailed, 316, 3680
BRESTE, *s.* front line, 1990
BRESTYS. *See* BRISTE
BRETH, BRETHE, *s.* wrath, rage, anger, 117, 107, 214
BRETHEMEN, *s. pl.* blowers of wind-instruments, trumpeters, 4107
BRETHLY, *adv.* fiercely, 3661
BRETTYN, *v. See* BRITTEN
BRISTE, *v.* burst, break asunder, 214 ; 3 *s.* BRESTEZ, BRISTYS, BRYSTEZ, 3663, 805, 1482 ; 3 *pl.* 1859, 3663 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* BRASTE, 2176 ; 3 *pl.* 2271, BROUSTEN, 2544 ; *p.p.* BRUSTEN, BROUSTEN, 2771, 3974 ; *weak pret.* BRYSTEDDE, 1129
BRITTEN, BRETTYN, BRYTTYN, *v.* 963, 3580, 3641, cut in pieces, slay, destroy ; 3 *s.* 1242, 3 *pl.* 1862 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* 802 ; 3 *pl.* 2807 ; *p.p.* 3520 ; BIBTENEDE, *p.p.* cut up game at a hunt, 3972
BROCHE, *v. imperat.* 2 *s.* stab, thrust, 1172 ; 3 *s.* 2202, 4250 ; spurs, 3 *s.* 918 ; spur, 3 *pl.* 1469 ; *pret.* BROCHEDE, broached, tapped, 2714 ; *p.p.* BROCHEDE, spitted, 1050, 1067
BROCHEZ, *s. pl.* spits, 1029
BROKBRESTEDE, *adj.* having a breast like a badger, or streaked like a badger's face, 1095
BRONDE. *See* BRAND
BROTHELICHE, BROTHELY, BROTHLY, *adv.* violently, impetuously, hastily, 3640, 1408, 2213, 3617
BROTHY, *adj.* rough, 1090
BROWDDEN, BROWDEN, *adj.* intertwined with metal links, plaited, 2807, 1858
BRUCHEZ, *s. pl.* gems, 3256
BRUSTILS, *s. pl.* bristles, 1095
BRYDDES, *s. pl.* birds, 181
BRYMLY. *See* BREMLY
BRYNE, BRYNNE, *v.* burn, 106, 564 ; 3 *s.* 1241 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 117 ; *p.p.* 3520
BRYNEYS. *See* BRENE
BURDE. *See* BORDE
BURGESSE, *s.* citizen, 3082 ; *pl.* BURGEYS, 857
BURLICHE, BURELYCHE, BURLYCHE, *adj.* noble, goodly, dignified, stout (of weapons), 2190, 304, 1002, 2239
BURLICHE, *adv.* in state, 4199
BUS, *v. impers.* behoves, 2576
BUSCAYLE, BUSKAYLE, *s.* thicket, ambush, 895, 1634
BUSCHEDE. *See* BUSKE
BUSCHEMENT, *s.* surprise-party, 3124

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BUSKE, *s.* bush, copse, 453, 918 ; *pl.* 1142

BUSKE, BUSCHE, *v.* prepare, arrange, set out, hasten, go, dress, 69, 3579 ; 2 *s.* 962 ; 3 *s.* 1223, 2073 ; 3 *pl.* 1618, 1754 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 1633 ; *p.p.* 567, 2517 ; BUSKE UPE, 3 *pl.* set up, 3072

BUTELESS. *See* BOTELESSE

BYD, BYDE, BYDDE, *v.* bid, ask, 433, 2188, 4323 ; 1 *s.* 2188 ; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 433 ; 3 *s.* 1776, 2361

BYERNS. *See* BERN

BYGGLY, *adv.* pompously, 1376

BYLEFEDE. *See* BELEFEDE

BYNNE, *prep.* within, 804

BYRRE, *s.* violence, 3661

BYSWENKEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* toils, 1128

CACHEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* catch, seize, make captive, 834 ; CATCHEZ, 480, *pret.* 1105, KAGHTE, 2636 ; *p.p.* 3514, KAUGHTE, 2995 ; *p.p.* CACHEDE, chased, 3513

CAFFE, *s.* chaff, worthless refuse, 1064

CAIRE, CAYRE, KAIRE, KAYERE, KAYRE, *v.* go, 877, 1192, 641, 627 ; 3 *s.* 243 ; 3 *pl.* 480

CANTELL, *s.* corner-piece, 4231

CAPATOYLLE, CAPITOILE, *s.* the Capitol, 2353, 96, 280

CARE, *s.* sorrow, distress, 696, 859 ; KARE, 1838

CAREFULL, *adj.* unhappy, sorrowful, 957, 3131

CAREMAN, *s.* (CARLMAN), man, 957

CARFFES, *s. pl.* cuts, wounds, 2713 ; KERFE, stroke, 4194

CARLE, *s.* fellow, 1063, 1165

CARPE, KARPE, *v.* talk, speak, 2750, 877 ; 3 *s.* 639 ; *pret.* 143, 220

CARPYNGE, *s.* speech, talking, 1672

CARYAGE, KARYAGE, *s.* baggage, 2355, 2282

CASTE, *v.* design, plan, consider ; throw ; 2 *s.* 261 ; 3 *s.* 4180, 1998 ; *pret.* KIST, 3384 ; 3 *pl.* KESTE, 280 ; *p.p.* CASTYN, 819 ; CASTE THEIRE WITTYS, 2392, revolve in their minds ; CASTE IN FEWTERE, cast (a lance or spear) into rest, 3 *s.* 1791, 2165 ; 3 *pl.* 2803

CASTES, *s. pl.* casting-power, 3037

CAWTELOUS, *adj.* crafty, 4185

CERTEZ, CERTYS, *adv.* of a truth, 1162, 1342

CERTYFYE, *a. imperat.* 2 *pl.* inform certainly, 1555

CETÉ, CETEE, *s.* city, 440, 2012 ; *pl.* 1337, 2609

CHALANGE, *v. imperat.* 2 *s.* contest, demand, claim, 3326, 3397

CHAMPAYNE, *s.* open expanse of country, 1226, 1362 ; *pl.* 1822

CHANCE, *s.* 1539 ; CHANCE OF OURE LORDE, fortune given by our Lord

CHAPES, *s. pl.* metal plates, 2522

CHAPYDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* escaped, 4260

CHARBOKLE, CHAREBOCLE, *s.* carbuncle, 2523, 3326

CHARE, *s.* burden (?) ; CHAYNES OF CHARE, loading-chains (?), 3603

CHARE, *v.* put in a wagon or chariot, 1886

CHARGE, *v.* 1 *s.* appoint, 664 ; *p.p.* CHARGEGIDE, 2731 ; IT CHARGYS BOT LITTYL, it gives little trouble ; 3 *s.* CHARGGES, takes tribute, 3538 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* attacked, 1540 ; *p.p.* freighted, 1549, 3604

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CHAROTTEZ, *s. pl.* chariots, wagons, 1552
CHARRE, *s.* chariot, car, 3914
CHARRY, *adj.* dear, 2964
CHASTYE, *v.* restrain, 1019; *p.p.* brought up under discipline, 690
CHASYNGE-SPERE, *s.* hunting-spear, 1823, 2955
CHAUFFEDE, *p.p.* heated, pressed in the fight, 2236
CHAWFFE, *v.* be injured by heat or friction, 2301
CHAWNES, *s.* chance, 2368
CHEEFE, *s.* (Her.), the upper part of the shield, 2523; CHEFE, 3648
CHEEFE, CHEFE, *adj.* excellent, of the best, important, 1363, 3603
CHEEKE. *See* CHEKKE
CHEKEFULL. *See* CHOKKEFULL
CHEKKE, CHEEKKE, CHEKE, *s.* check, reverse inflicted on the foe, 1539, 2956, 3000; attack, 1986
CHEKYRDE, *p.p.* marked in a pattern, 3267
CHELE, *s.* cold, 3391
CHERE, *s.* face, expression, 2069, 2964
CHESE, CHEESE, *v.* choose, choose one's way, proceed, 682; 3 *s.* 1225; 3 *pl.* 1619, 1873; *p.p.* 2731; CHIS, 3 *s.* 2217
CHEUALRYE, *s.* knighthood, chivalry, 18, 169; CHEUALLRYE, 531; knights, 1404, 2732
CHEUEDE, CHEFEDE, *v. pret.* achieved, attained to, 869; cheuys, *pres.* 3 *s.* 3397; *p.p.* fared, thriven, 1117, 1841
CHEWYSE, *v. imperat.* 2 *pl.* find help or safety, 1750
CHILDE, *s.* knight, noble, 2952, 4260; *pl.* 4078, CHILDIRE, 1821
CHIPPE, *s.* ship, 1699, 3599; *pl.* 3546
CHO, SCHO, *pron.* she, 655, 858, 860
CHOKKEFULL, CHEKEFULL, *adj.* chockful, 1552, 3604
CHOKKES, *v.* 3 *s.* thrusts, 2955; *p.p.* CHOKKODE, thrust together firmly, 3603
CHULLEDE, *p.p.* bandied about, 1444
CHURLES, *adj.* churlish, 4181
CHYMPNÉS, CHYMPNÉS, *s. pl.* fireplaces, 168, 3041
CHYNE, *s.* back, 3390
CIRQUYTRIE, CYRQWITRYE, *s.* pride, arrogance, 3399, 2616
CLARETT, *s.* wine of a yellow or light red colour, or wine mixed with honey and spice, 200
CLATHE-SEKKES, *s. pl.* bags for clothes, made to lock and usually of leather, 733
CLAUERANDE, *p.ple.* climbing, 3324
CLEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* clothed, 2713; *p.p.* CLAD, 217, 3241
CLEFE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* clave, 2559
CLEFFE, *v.* cleave, adhere, 1312
CLEKES, CLEKYS, *v.* 3 *s.* seizes, snatches, pulls, 1865, 1164, 2123
CLENE, *adj.* pure, bright, skilful, 201, 217, 1197, 1603
CLENKKEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* clanked, 2113
CLENLICHE, CLENLY, CLENLYCHE, *adv.* entirely, skilfully, artfully, 216, 518, 757, 1134, 2182
CLEPID, *v. prct.* 3 *s.* summoned, 3563
CLERE, *adj.* pure, bright, famous, ringing (of sounds), 675, 909, 1601, 1780, 2718
CLEVEWORTE, *s.* prob. the small clover, 3241

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CLERGIALL, *adj.* skilful, 1758
CLERGYALLY, *adv.* skilfully, 200
CLERGYE, *s.* learning, skill, 809
CLERKIS, CLERKKES, *s. pl.* scholars, men of learning, 3444, 2391
CLEWES, CLOUGHES, KLEUYS, *s. pl.* cliffs, precipitous sides of a ravine, 1639, 2019, 941, 2396
CLEWIDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* clung, 3268
CLOSE, *s.* confinement, 1586; mountain defile, 1639; open space enclosed by hills, 3240
CLOSSE, *adj.* secret, 1196
CLOUGHES. *See* CLEWES
CLOWEZ, *s. pl.* claws, 783
CLYFFE, CLYFFE, *s.* cliff, 883, 2158; *pl.* CLEYFFEZ, 2019
CLYNGES, *v.* 3 *s.* presses, or = CLINKES, moves briskly and suddenly, 1865
COBLEZ, *s. pl.* cables, 742
COGGE, *s.* a ship of war or transport, 476; *pl.* 738
COLDIS, *v.* 2 *s.* makest cold, 3518
COME, *s.* coming, 1203, 1915
COMES, *v. impers.* becomes, befits, 1579
COMON, *v.* confer, discuss, 1580
COMOUNS, *s. pl.* commons, 725, 2353
COMPAS, *s.* circle, 3240; outer circle of a wheel, 3268, 3325; range, reach, 4222
COMPASTE, *p.p.* encircled, 3633
CONAUNDE, *adj.* skilful, 558
CONDETHE, COUNDYTE, CUNDIT, *s.* safe-conduct, convoy, 3148, 3483, 475, 444
CONDETHES, *s. pl.* vessels or spouts whence wine issued, 201
CONNYGEZ, *s. pl.* rabbits, 197
CONTEK, CONTEKE, *s.* strife, 2721, 4177
CONTENANCE, CONTENAUNCE, *s.* demeanour, appearance, face, 123, 542, 4033
CONYNGE, *adj.* skilled, able, having knowledge (of affairs, etc.), 3202; *superl.* 809; KONYNGESTE, 3177
COPE-BORDE, *s.* side-board, 206
COPPE, *s.* cup, 2750
CORAGE, *s.* spirit, valour, 536, 1922
CORENALL. *See* CORONALL
CORKES, *s.* carcase, 1091
CORNE. *See* BOTE
CORNUSE, *s. pl.* horns, 1809
CORONALL, CORENALL, *s.* a circlet of gold or jewels round a helmet or on a lady's head, 908, 3258, 3633
CORROWMPPEDE, *p.p.* corrupt, 3478
CORS, CORSE, *s.* corpse, body, 1779, 1389
CORSAUNT, *s.* body of a saint, 1164
CORVEN, *p.p.* of KERFE
COSERI, *s.* bargaining, 1582
COSYNE, KOSYNE, *s.* cousin, kinsman, kinswoman, 338, 864; *pl.* 50
COTTE, *s.* coat, 1194
COUATYS, *s.* covetousness, 1580
COUCHED, *p.p.* set, 909
COUENT, *s.* convent, 1220
COUER, COUERE, *v.* recover, 859, 3639; reach, get, win, 3425; 3 *s.* 941, 4274, 3643; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 274; 3 *s.* 858, 2195; *p.p.* 28
COUERTE, *s.* secret, 1196
COUERTE, *p.p.* hidden, protected, 1780
COUNDYTE. *See* CONDETHE
COUNGÉ, *s.* leave, 479
COUNTERE, *v.* encounter, 1274 3 *s.* 1848; *p.p.* 1893

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COUPABLE, *adj.* blameworthy, 1317

COURTAYS, CURTAIS, CURTAISE, CURTAYES, CURTAYS, *adj.* courteous, 21, 2394, 417, 481, 1318

COUTERE, *s.* armour for the elbow, 2567

COUTHE, *adj.* acquainted with, 21

COWAYTE, *p.p.* coveted, 2397

COWCHIDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* cowered, 122

COWLE, *s.* a large tub or other vessel, 1051

COWNTERE, accountant, an officer concerned chiefly with the county dues, 1672

COWPE, *s.* cup, 209; *pl.* 210, 237; COUPES, 3375

COWPEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* smites, strikes, 799, 2059; 3 *pl.* COWPEN, 2543

CRAFTE, *s.* science, skill, 752; (sea-faring) profession, 3667; *pl.* power, 24, 284

CRAFTELY, CRAFTYLY, *adv.* skilfully, 3351, 196

CRAFTY, KRAFTY, *adj.* skilfully wrought, 211, 3336

CRASSECHES, *v.* 3 *pl.* break violently in pieces, 3670; *pret.* 3 *pl.* broke down, 2114, 1109

CRAUANDE, *adj.* craven, 133

CRAYERS, KRAYERS, *s. pl.* small sea-faring craft, 738, 3666

CRAYSED, *p.p.* bruised, battered, 2150

CREDENCE, CREDENS, CREDENSE, *s.* credentials, 88, 444, 506

CREETE, *s.* wine from Crete, 200

CREPERS, 3 *pl.* grapnels, 3667

CRESMEDE. *See* CRYSMEDE

CRETOYNE, *s.* sauce or pottage, 197

CREWELL, CREUELL, CROWELL, *adj.* fierce, angry, hard, 346, 536, 118, 3086

CROSSE, ONE CROSSE, *adv.* across, 3667

CROSSE-DAYES, *s. pl.* Rogation days, preceding Ascension day, 3212

CROWELL. *See* CREWELL

CRYSMEDE, CRESMEDE, KRYSOMEDE, *p.p.* anointed with chrism, 1051, 1065, 3185

CRYSUM, KRYSOM, *s.* Chrism, a consecrated unguent, 142, 3435

CUKEWALDE, *s.* cuckold, 1312

CURY, *s.* quarry, cutting up of slain animals at a hunt, 1063

DAGGES, *v.* 3 *pl.* pierce, 2102; *pple.* 3749

DAGSWAYNNES, *s. pl.* coarse, shaggy coverlets, 3609

DALTE. *See* DELE

DAMPNEDE, *p.p.* damned, condemned, 3277, 3299

DARE, *v.* remain motionless as if paralysed, 4007; 3 *s.* trembles, 3225

DARIELLS, *s. pl.* custards, 199

DAUNCESYNGE, *s.* dancing, 2030

DAUNGERE, DAWNGERE, *s.* danger, 1935; power to harm, 579, 2935; bondage, 3067

DAWEYNG, *s.* dawn, 1601

DAWEZ, *s. pl.* days; DON OF DAWEZ, killed, 2056

DAYNTEUOUS, *adj.* dainty, 4196

DEBLES, *s.* in FY A DEBLES! flee to the devil, 2934

DEDE, *s.* death, 1253, 1935

DEDE-THRAWE, *s.* death-struggle, 1150

DEESSE, *s.* dais, 218

DEFADIDE, *p.p.* faded, 3304

DEFAWTES, *v.* 3 *pl.* are in default, 2928

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DEFFURE, *s.* = deff[e]nse (?), prohibition, or miswritten for defaute = default, 256

DELE, *v.* deal, distribute, *pret.* 3 *s.* 49; *pret. pl.* DALTE, DALTEN, 3693, 2101; *p.p.* DELTE, dispensed, 1564

DEMENYS, *v.* 3 *s.* directs, 1988; 3 *pl.* 4076

DEMYD, DEMYDE, *p.p.* estimated, held, 1564, 219; decreed, 4158

DEPEZ, *s. pl.* depths, 750

DERE, *v.* hurt, injure, 1783, 4200; 3 *s.* 2099

DERE, *adj.* dear, precious, 974, 1216, 3420

DERE, *adj.* brave, 1602, 2043, 2937

DEREFULL, *adj.* full of grief, 4053

DERELICHE, DERELY, *adv.* stoutly, 1277; DERELICHE DRAW, take a deep draught, 3379

DEREWORTHILY, adv. in a costly manner, 3251

DERFE, *adj.* stout, dreadful, strong, 312, 2937, 3967

DERTFLYCHE, *adv.* grievously, 3277

DERYGESE, *s. pl.* dirges, 4017

DESPYNE. *See* PORKE DESPYNE

DEVER, *s.* duty, 1940

DEVISEDE, DYUYSEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* divided, parted, 3527, 1389

DEUOTLY, DEUOTTLY, *adv.* devoutly, 296, 347

DEUYSE, *v.* divide, 2400

DICTOUR, *s.* spokesman, dictator, 712

DIGHTE, DYGHTE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* made ready, 2970; 3 *pl.* put, 1253; DYGHTLES, 1 *s.* keep in order, 2625; *p.p.* placed, 3066; adorned, 3251, 3353

DISCHAYTE, *s.* strategy, deceit, 3789

DISCOUEROURS, *s. pl.* scouts, 3117

DISKOUERES, *v.* 3 *pl.* reconnoitre, 3119; DISCOUERES, *imper.* 2 *pl.* 1641

DISSEUERE, *v.* scatter, 1575; 3 *s.* divides, 1975; *pret.* 3 *s.* 3529

DISSPETOUSLYE, DISPETOUSLYE, *adv.* mercilessly, 4126, 3159

DISSPITE, *s.* wrath, 3163

DOLUEN, *p.p.* buried, 975

DOUBBYD, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* dubbed, 48, 3614; *p.p.* DUBBYDE, clothed, 3609

DOUCE, *adj.* sweet, 1251

DOWNKYNGE, *s.* dripping, 3248

DOWTE, DOWTLE, *s.* doubt, fear, 2043, 3225

DOWTTE, *v.* fear, 312; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* DOUT, 3061

DOWTTOUSE, *adj.* terrible, 3967

DRAFE. *See* DRYFFES

DRAGGES, *s. pl.* rafts, 3615

DRECHE, *v.* 2 *s.* give trouble, hold back, 1504; *p.p.* harassed, 811.

DRECHES, *v.* 3 *s.* delays, remains, tarries, 2940, 4052; 3 *pl.* 1254; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 754

DREDLESSE, DREDLEZ, *adv.* without doubt, 2043, 1504; indeed, 4053

DREFEN, DREUEN. *See* DRYFFES

DREGHE, *s.* length, duration, 2915; ON DREGHE, afar, from afar, far off, 787, 3968

DREGHE, DRYE, *v.* last out, endure, 3276, 3437, 1632

DREGHELY, *adv.* continuously, deeply (of drinking), 2028

DRENSCHEN, DRYNCHEN, *v.* drown, overwhelm, 761, 816

DRESCE, DRESSE, *v.* set in order (for a battle or journey), go;

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550, 1072; 3 *s.* 2833; sets up, 2026; 3 *pl.* DRISSES, 2473; *pret.* 3 *s.* 786; 3 *pl.* 579; *p.p.* 1252; DRISSID, decked, 218

DRIGHTEN, DRYGHTTEN, DRYGHTTYN, *s.* the Lord, 4008, 1278, 664; *gen.* 664, 1564

DROMONDARIES, *s. pl.* dromedaries, 2286

DROMOUNDES, *s. pl.* large ships, 3615

DROUPE, v. droop, remain dejected, 4007

DRYE, *v.* *See* DREGHE

DRYFFES, *v.* 3 *pl.* rush, drive, 2757; *pret.* 3 *s.* DRAFE, 787; 3 *pl.* DREUEN, 2914; *p.p.* DREFEN, 3224

DRYNCHEN. *See* DRENSCHEN

DRYSSEDE. *See* DRERCE

DUCHERYE, *s.* duchy, 2400; *pl.* 3614, DUCHERÉS, 1728, DOWCHERYS, 49

DUELLE, *v.* abide, tarry, 3067; *pret.* 3 *s.* 219; *pple.* 3443; *p.p.* 1200

DULE, *s.* dole, 704, 3915

DULE-COTES, *s. pl.* mourning garments, 4336

DUSPERES, DUSPERS, DUSSEPEREZ, DUZSEPEREZ, DUSZEPERIS, DUSSZEPERIS, *s. pl.* illustrious knights, originally the twelve noble peers of Charlemagne, 66, 145, 2029, 723, 3751, 4336

DYKED, *p.p.* buried, 975

DYNT, DYNTE, DYNTT, *s.* stroke, blow, 2183, 3611, 1505; *pl.* 1253

DYSPENS, *s.* supplies, liberal giving, 538

DYSSAUYDE, *p.p.* imposed upon, 683

EFTE, *adv.* again, 470, 2349

EGERLY, EGYRLY, *adv.* angrily, violently, fiercely, 337, 1499

EGHELYNGE, adv. edgeways, 3675

EGHEN, EGHN, EGHNE, EUGHNE, EYGHEN, EYGHN, EYNE, *s. pl.* eyes, 3790, 116, 1920, 3985, 1083, 3282

EGREE, *adj.* eager, 507

EKE, *conj.* 44, 674

EKKEN, *v.* increase, 2009; ekys, 3 *s.* 3965

ELAGERE, 2977 "is certainly miswritten. The alliteration requires sl . . .; perhaps we ought to read sleyghte, skill, dexterity" (Brock), or slahtere, slaying

ELDE, *s.* old age, 4220; *pl.* ages, 301

ELDERS, ELDYRS, *s. pl.* ancients, ancestors, 13, 99, 293

ELFAYDES, *s. pl.* animals of some kind, 2288

EMANGE, *prep.* among, 2060

EME, *s.* uncle, 1347

ENANGYLLS, *v.* 3 *s.* drives into a corner, or surrounds with troops disposed in an angular figure, 3781

ENARMEDE, *p.p.* fitted, equipped, 910

ENBRACES, ENBRASSEZ, *v.* 3 *pl.* fit on the arm, 4111, 1753; *p.p.* 2518

ENBUSCHEMENT, *s.* ambush, 3115

ENBUSCHES, *v.* 3 *s.* places in ambush, 1981; *p.p.* 1403, 1712

ENCLINES, *s. pl.* bows, 83

ENCOROWNMENTES, *s. pl.* coronation-ceremonies, 4197

ENCROCHE, *v.* seize, win, take, 3212; 3 *s.* 1243; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 2036

ENCROYSSEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* made the sign of the cross, 4112

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ENDENTE, ENDENTTYD, *p.p.* indented (Her.), 2052, 3297
ENDORDIDE, *p.p.* coloured yellow with egg or saffron, or covered with a yellow glaze, 199
ENEWE, ENOWE, *adv.* enough, 2657, 504
ENFEBLESCHES, *v.* 3 *pl.* grow feeble, 2484
ENFLURESCHIT, *p.p.* decked out with ornaments, 198
ENFORCE, ENFORSSE, *v.* reinforce, 364 ; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* strive, 225
ENGENDERDE, *p.p.* begotten, 843
ENGENDURE, *s.* parentage, begetting, 3743
ENGLAYMEZ, *v.* 3, make slimy, 1131
ENGLAYMOUS, *adj.* venomous, 3684
ENGOWSCHEDE, *p.p.* ? 2053
ENGRELEDE, *p.p.* (Her.), engrailed, 4182
ENGYNES, ENGEYNES, *s. pl.* large weapons for assault, catapults, rams, 2481, 3036, 2423
ENGYSTE, *v.* assign resting-places or lodgment, 445
ENHORILDE, *p.p.* edged, 3244
ENJOYNES, ENJOYNYS, *v.* 3 *pl.* join in company, 2897, 4109 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* engaged, 2087
ENKERLY, *adv.* heartily, ardently, 507, 2066
ENNELLED, *p.p.* annealed, enamelled, 1294
ENPEYREDE, *p.p.* impaired, 474
ENSEGE, ENSEGGE, *v.* besiege, 441, 1337 ; 3 *s.* 623 ; *p.p.* 1696
ENSERCHEDE, *p.p.* "read enserclede, encircled" (Brock)
ENSERCHES, *v.* 3 *s.* examines, 4311 ; 3 *pl.* search, 2466
ENSURE, *v.* guarantee, assure, 1689 ; 1 *s.* 3734
ENTAMEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* cut, wounded, 2203 ; *p.p.* 1160, 2708
ENVERYDE ? *p.p.* l. 1691 appears to be confused with 1694
ENVYOUS, *adj.* actuated by ill-will, revengeful, 2047
ERBERIS, *s. pl.* walks shaded with trees, 3425
ERCHEUESQUES, *s. pl.* archbishops
ERLES, *s. pl.* on deposit, as a pledge, 2687
ERNE, *s. pl.* ears, 1086
ERRAWNTE, *adj.* arrant, 2895
ESCHEFFE, *v.* gain their end, be successful, 2301 ; ESCHEUE, achieve, 3347 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 1620 ; *p.p.* ESCHEWEDE, 1539
ESCHEUEDE, ESCHEWYDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* befell, 3000, 2956 ; *p.p.* 3021, 3027
ESCHEWES, *v.* 3 *s.* stands back, avoids, 1116 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* retreated, 1881 ; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 1750
ESTERNE, ESTYRE, *s.* Easter, 1006, 554
ETHENYS, ETHYNS, *s. pl.* giants, 4163, 4123
ETTYLL, *v.* 1 *s. reflex.* intend, 554 ; 3 *s.* ETLES, purposes, determines, 3077, ETTELLS, 520
EUERICHE A, EUERILK A, *adj.* every, 2037, 212
EUIS. *See* EYUES
EWYN, *s.* evening, 1006, 1788
EYGHEN, EYNE. *See* EGHEN
EYUES, EYUIS, EYUYS, EUIS, EUYS, *s.* edge, outskirt, 1283, 1760, 2516, 1879, 2886 ; brow of a hill, 3466

FAAMEN, *s. pl.* foemen, 303
FADIRE, FADYR, FADYRE, *s.* father, 3432, 112, 1169

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FADOM, *s.* fathom, 1102
FAGHTE. *See* FEGHTE
FAIRE, *adj.* fairer, 3306
FAKEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* coil, 742
FALOW, *adj.* brown, yellow, 1402
FALOWEDE, *p.p.* grown pale, 3954
FALSEDE, FALSSEDE, *s.* falsehood, error, 3918, 2860
FALTEREDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* quivered, 1092
FANDE, FAWNDE, FONDE, *v.* try, proceed, 984; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 867; taste, 3370; see to it, 656; FONODE, taste, 205; 3 *pl.* 747
FAREWAYE, *s.* course, 1357
FARLANDE, *s.* foreland, 880
FARLY. *See* FERLY
FAUCRTEZ, *s. pl.* taps, 205
FAUNGE, *v.* take, receive, 425; 3 *s.* FANGEZ, 1005, 1249
FAWE, *adj.* sparkling, 747
FAWNTKYN, *s.* little child, infant, 2440, 2736; *pl.* 845
FAWTE, *s.* default, 160; fault, 2737
FAWUELL, *s.* a fallow-coloured horse, 2765
FAX, *s.* hair, 1078
FAY, FEY, FEYE, *adj.* at the point of death, fated to die, 394, 517, 1912, 2847
FAYE, *s.* faith, 2842, 4252
FAYFULLY, *adv.* faithfully, 1715
FAYLED, *p.p.* 3308, possibly a mistake, = "faldede, folded" (Brock)
FAYNE, *adj.* glad, 1160
FAYTHERLY, FAITHELY, *adv.* assuredly, 3864, 4031
FECCHEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* fetched, 169; *p.p.* 111, 437
FEEMEN, *s. pl.* men working for hire, 2488
FEGHTE, FYGHTE, *v.* fight, 367, 1345; 3 *s.* 789; 3 *pl.* 1495; *pret.* 1 *s.* FAGHTE, 1174, 3 *pl.* FAUGHTE, 2164; *pple.* 4066, 4121; *p.p.* 3019
FEKILL, *adj.* false, 2860
FELE, *v.* hide, 3237
FELE, *adj.* many, 845, 2092
FELEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* felt, 1874
FELETEZ, FELETTES, *s. pl.* loins, 1158, 4237
FELEWES, *v.* 3 *pl.* follow, 2758
FELEYGHES, *s. pl.* fellies, outer rims of a wheel, 3308
FELL, *s.* skin, 1081
FELL, *s.* wild moorland, 2489, 2502
FELL, *adj.* fierce, ruthless, 1401, 2769
FELLY, *adv.* fiercely, 2141
FELSCHEN, *v.* make good? 1975
FENDE, *s.* fiend, devil, 881, 1038; *pl.* 612
FENTE, *s.* opening of the mantle at the chest? 4249
FENYSTE, *p.p.* finished, 4254
FERANT, FERAUNT, FERAWNTE, *adj.* iron-grey, 2259, 1811, 2451
FERCOSTEZ, *s. pl.* ships or boats, 743
FERDE, *p.p.* afraid, 403, 2438
FERDE, *s.* fear, 3237
FERDNESSE, *s.* fear, 121, 2258
FERE, 1232. *See* FERRE
FERE, *adj.* sound, unhurt, 2796, 3017
FERKE, FERKEN, FERKKE, *v.* move, go quickly away, 984, 2071, 2257; 3 *s.* 933, 2900; *pple.* 1452
FERLY, FERLYCHE, *adj.* strange, marvellous, 2842, 925
FERLY, FARLY, *s.* wonder, 2440, 2485
FERMES, FERMEZ, *s. pl.* rents, tribute, 425, 1005

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FERMYSON, *s.* the closed season for the male deer, 180
FERRE, FERE, *adj.* far, distant, 3547, 1232; BE FERRE, by far, 1176; OF FERRE, afar, 2096; *comp.* 1496; *superl.* 2741
FERROM, *adj.* foreign, 3578; O FERROM, afar, 856, 2100
FERS, FERSE, *adj.* fierce, 2161; 1451, 1537
FERTHE, *num.* fourth, 3412
FERTHYNGES, *s. pl.* small pieces of metal like farthings, 3472
FERYNE, *adj.* foreign, 3711
FERYNNE, *s.* fern, 1875
FESEDE, *p.p.* driven off, 2842
FESTE, *adj.* fast, firm, 2142
FESTENESSE, *v.* 3 *s.* fastens, 1118; 3 *pl.* 934
FETELED, *p.p.* arranged, laid out, 2149
FETTE, *v.* fetch, 557
FEUERȝERE, *s.* February, 436
FEWE, *adj.* brown, fallow, 2502. *See* JAMIESON, fauch, faugh, fewe
FEWLE, *s.* fowl, bird, 2071; *pl.* 926
FEWTEE, *s.* fealty, 112
FEWTERE, FEWTIRE, FEWTYRE, *s.* rest or support for a lance, 1991, 2803
FEWTERS, *v.* 3 *s.* casts the lance or spear in FEWTER, 3775; *p.p.* with lances in rest, 1711, 1756
FEY. *See* FAY.
FEYEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* wiped, 1114
FEYNE, *v.* feign, 1913; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* flinch, 1734
FICHENE, *v.* 3 *pl.* pierce, 2098; *pret.* 3 *s.* 4289
FIFTE, *num.* fifth, 3306
FILLEDE, *p.p.* satisfied, 1032
FILSNEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* lurks, 881
FILTEREDE, FILTYRDE, *p.p.* matted together, 1078; tangled, 780; clotted, 2149
FIRTHE, FYRTHE, *s.* deer forest; open space between forests and thickets, unused common, 1708, 1875, 2144; *pl.* FRITHEZ, 924
FISCHE-HALLE, *adj.* whole as a fish, 2709
FITT, *v.* array, set in order; 3 *s.* 1755, 2072; 3 *pl.* 2139; *p.p.* 2455, FETTEDE, 4067
FLAMMANDE, FLAWMANDE, *pple.* gleaming, flaming; resplendent, 198, 945, 1365
FLAPPES, *v.* 3 *s.* strikes, 2781
FLAWES, FLAWEZ, *s. pl.* blasts, 773; flakes, 2556
FLAY, *v.* fley, frighten, 2779; *p.p.* 2441
FLAYRE, *s* odour, 772
FLEETE, *v.* float, 803; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 3602
FLEMEDE, FLEMYDE, *p.p.* put to flight, banished, 2738, 1155
FLENGES, *v.* 3 *s.* rushes, dashes, 2762; *pple.* FLYNGANDE, 2757
FLERYANDE, *pple.* grinning, grimacing; sneering, 1088, 2778
FLESCHEZ, *v.* 3 *pl.* flisk, fly about, 926
FLETERERDE, *p.p.* scattered, 2097
FLETHE, *s.* ? 2482
FLIEGHES, *v.* 3. *s.* flies, 4002
FLITT, *v.* 3 *pl.* contend, fight, 2097
FLOKE-MOWTHEDE, *p.p.* having a flat mouth like a fluke or flounder, 2779, *cf.* l. 1088
FLONES, *s. pl.* arrows, 3619, 2097
FLORENEZ, *s. pl.* certain gold coins, 885
FLORES, *s. pl.* open spaces, meadows, 2694, 3249
FLORESCHE, *v.* flower, flourish, 3 *pl.* 2555; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 2346; *p.p.* adorned, 771, 1708, 3472,

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924 ; FLURISTE, thriven, well-nourished, 180
FLOURDELICE, *s.* fleur-de-lis, 3333
FLOWE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* flew, 772, 2100
FLOYNES, *s. pl.* small ships, 743
FLYNGANDE. *See* FLENGES
FLYSCHANDE, *ppl.* slashing, 2141 ; FLYSCHES, *v.* 3 *s.* slashes, cuts, 2768
FLYTTYNGE, *s.* contest, 2099
FODDENID, *p.p.* produced, 3247
FOLDE, FOULDE, FOWLDE, *s.* earth, 315, 1071, 3302
FOLE, *s.* horse, 449, 2783
FOLILY, *adv.* foolishly, 2841
FOLOUS, *v.* 3 *pl.* follow, 1360
FONDE. *See* FYNDE
FONDE, FONODE. *See* FANDE
FOODE, *s.* creature, man, 3776
FOONDE, *v.* go 366, 2489. *See* FANDE
FORBRITTENEDE, *p.p.* cut up, slaughtered, 2273
FORCHIPE, *s.* foreship, 3678
FORCYERE, *adj.* stronger, 1176
FORDREMYDE, *p.p.* wearied by dreaming, 3392
FORE-BRESTE, *s.* front part, 1990, 1494
FOREBRUSTEN, *p.p.* burst, 2272
FORELYTENEDE, *p.p.* diminished, 254
FOREMAGLEDE, *p.p.* mangled, 1534
FORE-STAYNE, *s.* prow of a ship, 742
FORETOPPE, *s.* lock of hair growing above the forehead, 1078
FORETRAUAILLEDE, *p.p.* fatigued, worried, 806
FORFOUGHTTEN, *p.p.* worn out with fighting, 3792, 4179
FORHEUEDE, *s.* forehead, 1080
FORJUSTE, FORJUSTEDE, FORJUSTYDE, *p.p.* overcome in a joust, defeated, 2895, 2134, 1398 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2088, 3 *pl.* 2908
FORMAYLL, *s.* the female hawk used in sport, 4003
FORRAYE, *v.* pillage, search for forage or booty, raid, 2489; 3 *s.* FORRAYSE, 1247 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 3017 ; *p.p.* 3019.
FORREOURS, *s. pl.* foragers, foregoers, 2450, 3017
FORSAKE, *v.* deny, decline, refuse, give up, 2734, 1945 ; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 1686
FORSESY, *adj.* powerful, 3300, 3307
FORSETT, FORESETT, *p.p.* barred the way, beset, 2012, 2018, 1714, 2161
FORSTERNE, *s.* part of the ship before the steering-gear, 3664
FORTETHE, *s.* front teeth, 1089
FORÞERMASTE, FORTHIRMASTE, *adv.* first, 1365
FORTHES, FORTHIS *v.* 3 *s.* leads (of a road), 2827, 1850
FORÞI, FORTHY, FORETHI, *adv.* therefore, 152, 1172, 3009
FORTHIRE, *v.* assist, favour, 300, 1509
FORTHYNKKES, *v. impers.* 3 s. it forthynkkes me, I regret, repent, 971, 4252
FORTRODYN, *p.p.* trampled down, 2150
FOTEMEN, *s. pl.* infantry, 1989
FOULE, FULLE, *adv.* foully, adversely, 3304, 1154, 2436
FOUND, *v.* go, journey, 1189 ; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 452 ; 3 *pl.* 495, 3112 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 1442
FOURTE, *num.* fourth, 3300
FOURTEDELE, *s.* quarter, 946
FOWLDE. *See* FOLDE
FOYLE, *s.* leaf of fine gold used as a wrapper, 2704

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FOYNES, *v.* 3 *pl.* thrust, 1494, 2163 ; *pret.* 1 *pl.* 1898
FRA, FRO, *prep.* from, 7, 1233
FRAISEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* frightens, 1248
FRAISTE, FRAYSTE, *v.* try, test, put to the proof; search; ask ; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 435, 3395 ; 3 *s.* 1227 ; *p.p.* 2774
FRAKNEDE, *p.p.* marked with freckles, 1081
FRANSYE, *s.* frenzy, 3826
FRAPE, FRAPPE, *s.* company, band, 2804, 2091, 3548
FRAPPEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* strikes, 1115
FRAUNCHES, *s.* privilege, right of asylum, 1248
FRAWGHTE, *p.p.* laden, 3547
FRAWNKE, *s.* enclosure, 3247
FRAYEDE, *p.p.* frightened, 2260
FRAYNES, *v.* 3 *s.* asks, enquires, 3865, 337, 1441
FRE, FREE, *adj.* noble, 1711, 3247
FRECHELY, *adv.* eagerly, 3691
FREELY, FRELY, FRELICHE, *adj.* goodly, noble, beautiful, 3330, 970, 3808 ; *adv.* 2072, 2142
FREKE, *s.* man, fellow, 1061, 1174 ; *pl.* 742, FREKKES, 1360
FREKE, FREKKE, *adj.* bold, 2821, 2454 ; *superl.* 1536, 2164
FREKLY, FREKKELY, *adv.* boldly, 1360, 3927
FREMDLY, FREMEDLY, FREMYDLY, *adv.* strangely, unkindly, 2738, 1250, 3405
FREMMEDE, *adj.* unpropitious, 3343
FRENCHEPE, *s.* (?) friendship, 656, *cf.* SCHENCHIPE
FRESCHE, *adj.* brisk, 2501
FRESCHELY, FRESCHELICHE, FRESCLY, FRESCLYCHE, *adv.* eagerly, vigorously, gaily, 3775, 4249, 2097, 2900
FRESON, *s.* a Friesland horse, 1365
FRETEN, *p.p.* adorned, 2142
FRETTE, *p.p.* rubbed, 2078
FRETYN, *p.p.* devoured, 844
FRITHED, FRYTHED, *p.p.* fenced or hedged in, 656, 3247
FRITHEZ, *s. pl.* *See* FIRTHE
FROMONDE, *s.* (?) FORMONDE (?), something protecting the front of the face (?), 1112
FROSKE, *s.* frog, 1081
FROUNT, FROWNTE, FRUNT, *s.* front ; face ; brow ; first line of battle, 3330, 1756, 4122, 1112
FROUNTERE, *s.* boundary ; opposing line ; front battle-line, 2861, 2898
FROYTE, *s.* fruit, 2707 ; *pl.* 3246
FRUMENTEE, *s.* a dish of wheat boiled in milk and seasoned, 180
FRUSCHE, *s.* rush, charge, 2900
FRUSCHEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* rush, charge, 2804
FRYKIS, *v.* 3 *pl.* move briskly, 2898
FRYTHES, *v. s. pl.* spare, 2159 ; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 1734 ; FYRTHE, *inf.* 3370
FULL. *See* FOULE
FULL, *adv.* fully, 2343
FULSOMESTE, *adj.* foulest, 1061
FUNDEN, *p.p.* found, 1176
FURTHE, *s.* ford, 1714, 1897
FURTHE, *adv.* forth, 262, 2420
FY, *v.* flee, 2934
FYCHE, *v.* fix, dispose, 2162
FYGURED, 2151; Branscheid suggests "fygures [on] folde"
FYLEDE, *p.p.* defiled, 978
FYRTHE, *v.* *See* FRYTHES.
FYSNAMYE, FYSSNAMY, *s.* physiognomy, face, 1114, 3331

GADDES, GADDYS, *s. pl.* goads, pricks, 3621, 3683

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GADLYNGES, GEDLYNGES, *s. pl.* worthless fellows, 2443, 2884
GALEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* sang, 927
GALTE, *s.* boar or hog, 1101
GALYARDE, *adj.* debonair, valiant, 721, 1470, 2949
GAMEN, *s.* game, 2811; *pl.* GAMNES, sports, 1730, 3174
GANGGYNGE, *s.* going, 706
GARDWYNES. *See* GWERDONS
GARETTE, *s.* watch-tower, 562, 3104
GARNESCHIT, GARNESCHT, *p.p.* furnished with arms; trimmed; 722, 563, 1000
GARNISON, GARYSON, *s.* defence, garrison, 3105, 2655, 3007
GARTE, *pret.* of GERE
GAS, *v.* 3 *s.* goes, 3006
GATE, *s.* going, course; road; 4144, 4308
GAYNE, *v.* avail, 165; 3 *s.* 4303; 3 *pl.* benefit, 1731
GAYNEST, *adj.* shortest, quickest, 487, 3114
GAYSPANDE, *pple.* gasping, 1462
GEDYRE, *v.* 3 *pl.* gather, 592; *p.p.* GEDERYDE, GADERIDE, 721, 3295; GADERYDE, *pret.* 3 *pl.* 594
GEMOWS, *s. pl.* jointed parts, 2894
GENATOURS, *s. pl.* soldiers riding jennets, 2897
GERE, *v.* cause, make, 3640; 3 *s.* 3592; *pret.* GERTE, GARTE, 3 *s.* 1780, 3709
GERE, *s.* gear; armour; stores; 2539, 3008
GEREFAWCON, *s.* a large falcon, 4004
GERSOMS, *s. pl.* gifts, treasure, 165, 1729
GESSENANDE, *adj.* (Her.) jessant, appearing to emerge from the middle of a shield, 2521
GESSERAWNTE, JESSERAWNT, JESSERAWNTE, *s.* coat of splint armour, 2892, 904, 4238; *pl.* 2909
GESTES, *s. pl.* tales of adventure and heroic deeds, 2876
GETTLESSE, *adj.* without "gett" or gain, 2727
GETYN, *p.p.* got, 886
GHYWES, *s. pl.* gyves, fetters, 3621
GIFE, GIFFE, *conj.* if, 2630, 2623
GIRDE, *v.* smite, strike, 3709; 3 *s.* 1370, 2563; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2791; *p.p.* 3938
GIRSE, *s.* grass, 3944
GLADE, *pret.* of glide, 2972
GLAUERANDE, *ppl.* talking foolishly, 2538
GLAYFE, *s.* lance, or a long blade fixed on a staff, 3761
GLEDYS, *s. pl.* live coals, embers, 177
GLENT, *s.* an awkward stroke, 3863
GLENTES, GLENTTYS, *v.* 3 *s.* strikes obliquely; passes quickly, 4244, 2563, 2780
GLETERANDE, *ppl.* glittering, 595, 3097
GLIFTIS, GLYFTES, *v.* 3 *s.* looks, 3949, 2525
GLOPPYNYNG, *s.* fright, dread, 3863
GLOPYNE, *v.* frighten, be distressed or dismayed, 2580; 3 *s.* GLOPNEDE, 1074; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 2853; *pple.* 4329
GLOREDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* glared, 1074
GOBBEDE, *adj.* boastful, 1346
GOBELETS, *s. pl.* small ornamental balls, 913
GOBONE, *v.* 3 *pl.* cut up into gobbets, 4164

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GOLE, *s.* gully, water-channel, 3725
GOLET, *s.* gullet, 1772
GOME, GUME, *s.* man, 85, 1773, 3409; *pl.* 2538, 3683
GORGE, *s.* front of the neck, 3760
GORGERE, *s*, armour for the gorge or throat, 1772
GORRE, *s.* dung, 1130, 1370
GOSESOMERE, *s.* gossamer, 2687
GOWCES, *s. pl.* for GOWTES (Her.), coloured drop-shaped figures, 3759,
GOWKE, *s.* cuckoo, 927
GOWLES, *s.* (Her.), gules, 3759, 3945
GRAME, *s.* wrath, vexation, 1077, 3008
GRANES, *v.* 3 *s.* groans, 2562
GRAPE, *v. imperat.* 2 *pl.* grope, search, 2725
GRASSEDE, *p.p.* fattened, fat, 1091
GRAYHONDES. *See* GREHOWNDE
GRAYNES, *s. pl.* small globules in gems or metal, 913, 3163
GRAYTHE, *v.* make ready, convey, proceed, advance ready for battle; 2 *s.* 2539; 3 *pl.* 1279; *imperat.* 1 *pl.* 1303; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 1266; 3 *s.* 1353, 2124; *p.p.* 602, 3096
GRAYTHELYCHE, GRAYTHELY, GRAYTHLY, *adv.* readily, 722, 1774, 1000
GRAYTHELY, *adj.* suitable, fitting, 187
GRAYTHESTE, *adj.* most skilful, ablest, 1201
GRE, GREE, *s.* favour, prize, victory in combat, 2645, 4298, 2748, 3706
GREES, *s.* the fat of deer distributed among sportsmen at the hunt, 658
GREFFEDE, *pret.* 3 *pl.* grieved, 1463
GREHOWNDE, GREWHOUNDE, *s.* grayhound, 3464, 1075, 4001; *pl.* 1730, GRAYHONDES, 2521
GREKKES, *adj.* Grecian, 594
GRENNEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* grinned, 1075
GRESSE, *s.* grass, 1131. *Cf.* GIRSE
GRETE, *v.* weep; 3 *s.* 2962; *pret.* 3 *s.* GRETTE, 3790; *pple.* GRETANDE, 951
GREUE, *s.* grove, 2540; *pl.* bushes, trees, 927; GREFES, 2881
GREWES, *s. pl.* ditches or trenches, 1874
GRISELY, GRYSLY, GRYESLYE, GRYSELYCHE, *adj.* and *adv.* grisly, horrible, horribly; 3105, 3950, 1075, 1469, 1373
GROFFE, GROUFFE, GROWFFE, in adverbial phrase ON GROFFE, etc., flat on the ground face downwards, groveling, 3850, 3944, 3869
GROME, *s.* man, 3489; serving-man, 2526
GROUNDEN, GROWNDEN, GRUNDYN, *p.p.* ground, sharpened, 2972, 4162, 1461
GRUCHE, GROUCHE, GRUDGE, *v.* murmur at, grieve; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 706, 2644; *pret.* 3 *s.* GRYCHGIDE, 2557; *pple.* 1076, 1462
GRYFFOUNE, *s.* griffin, 3869
GRYGYNGE, *s.* dawn, 2510
GRYLYCH, *adj.* GRY[S]LYCH, terrible, 1101
GUCHEDE, *adj.* *See* Note, 3937
GUMBALDES, *s. pl.* (?) 187
GUME. *See* GOME
GUYTE, *s.* youth, 2963
GWERDONS, GWERDDOWNS, GARDWYNES, *s. pl.* rewards, 4277, 2820, 1729

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GYE, *v.* guide, lead, 4; *pret.* 3 *s.* 3860

ȝA, *adv.* yea, 993, 1033

ȝALDSONS, *s.* synonym for devil, 3809

ȝAPELY, *adv.* promptly, 1502

ȝEE, *v.* 3911; "perhaps miswritten for ȝexes, sobs" (Brock)

ȝEFFE, *conj.* if. *See* ȝIF

ȝELDE, *v.* yield, 1502; 3 *s.* 3809; *p.p.* ȝELDEN, ȝOLDEN, 2334, 2482

ȝEME, *v. imperat.* 2 *s.* take care of, guard, observe, 1503; 3 *s.* 430, 938; 3 *pl.* 647

ȝERDE, *s.* yard, 3254, 3280

ȝERMYS, *v.* 3 *s.* grieves, 3911

ȝERNE, *adv.* eagerly, 1794, 3325

ȝERNEZ, *v.* 2 *s.* yearnest for, desirest, 1502; 3 *s.* 1032; *p.p.* 2343

ȝIF, ȝIFF, ȝIFFE, ȝEFFE, *conj.* if, 340, 104, 4153, 2859

ȝIF, ȝIFE, ȝIFFE, *v.* give, 1668; 1 *s.* 1567, 2323

ȝOLDEN. *See* ȝELDE

ȝOLE, *s.* Yule, 2628

ȝOMANE, *s.* yeoman, gentleman attendant in a royal household, 2628

HABYDES, *v.* 3 *s.* abides, waits for, 596; 3 *pl.* remain, 1431

HAILSEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* salutes, 1058

HAKENAYES, HAKKENAYS, HAKNAYS, *s. pl.* hacks, riding-horses, 484, 2284, 734

HALDE, *v.* hold, 424; 3 *s.* 64; *pret.* 3 *s.* HELDE, 1196; *p.p.* HALDEN, 534

HALE, *v.* 3 *pl.* haul, 748

HALE, HALLE, HOLE, HOLLE, *adj.* whole, 2449, 2651, 2661, 3637

HALELY, HALLY, HOLLY, *adv.* wholly, 764, 1101, 748

HALFES, HALUES, *s. pl.* halves, parts, sides, 1853, 3530

HALOWES, *v.* 3 *s.* shouts out, 3319

HALS, *s.* neck, throat, 764; *pl.* 1798

HALY, *adj.* holy, 309

HAME-HOLDE, *adj.* domestic, home-bred, 1843

HANDSOMERE, *adj.* readier to hand, 2128

HANSEMAN, *s.* henchman, groom, 2662

HAPPEN, *v.* meet with, 3433

HAPPYNGE, *s.* good fortune, 3958

HARAGEOUS, *adj.* stern, violent, 1645, 1878

HARAWDE, HAWRAWDE, *s.* herald, 2294, 3013

HARBERGAGE, HERBERGAGE, *s.* inn, quarters, 2475, 3014

HARDE, *pret.* 3 *s.* heard, 1285

HARDLY, *adv.* sharply, 1084

HARLOTTE, *s.* vagabond, knave, 2446; *pl.* 2743

HARNAYSE, *s.* equipment, 2629

HARRAWNTE, *adj.* hurrying, 2449

HARSKE, *adj.* rough, 1084

HATHELL, *s.* man, 358

HATHELL, *adj.* noble, worthy, 3501; superb, 988, 2109

HAUNDE-BREDE, *s.* handbreadth, 2229

HAWBERKE, *s.* a long military tunic, commonly of chain-mail, 1156, 2700

HAWE, *s.* enclosed place in a ship, 3704

HAWLE, *s.* hall, 3879

HAWTAYNE, *adj.* haughty, valiant, 1058, 3029

HAYLEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* reached, 2077

HAYTHEMEN, *s. pl.* heathen, 2295

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HEDDE, *v.* behead, 2311
HEDDYS-MEN, *s. pl.* chief men, 281
HEDE-RAPYS, *s. pl.* stays of a mast, 3668
HEDIRE, *adv.* hither, 2614
HEDLYNGS, *adv.* headlong, 3829
HEDOYNE, *s.* (?) 184
HEDYRWARDE, *adv.* hitherward, 25
HEGHE, HEY, HYE, *adj.* high, 158, 39, 3467; ON HEIGHE, *adv.* on high, aloft, 2476, 2651
HEGHE, 1146. *See* HEGHTE
HEGHELY, *adv.* zealously, 2294
HEGHTE, *num.* eight, 2830
HEGHTE, HEGHE, HIGHTE, *s.* height, 1146, 1157, 2294, 3626
HEKES, *s.pl.* horses of some kind, 2284
HELDEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* bent down, 3368
HELE, *s.* welfare, good fortune, 2630, 3958
HELE, *v.* cover, conceal; *pret.* 3 *s.* HILLID, 1120; *p.p.* HILLYD, HYLED, 3607, 184
HELME, *s.* helmet, 1832; *pl.* 380; HELLMES, 2551
HELMEDE, *adj.* having helmets, 3626
HELYCH, *adv.* loudly, 1286
HEMMES, HEMMYS, *s. pl.* edges, borders, 2825, 2219
HENDE, *adj.* skilful, courteous, 167, 1283; *superl.* 3879
HENTE, *v.* seize, catch; receive; suffer; 3 *pl.* 3485; 3 *s.* 1132; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2973; *p.p.* 1842
HERBARIOURS, *s. pl.* harbingers, company sent on in front of an army to prepare the way, 2448
HERBERDE, *p.p.* lodged; quartered; stationed; 158, 166, 2650
HEREDE, *adj.* hairy, 1083
HERNE-PANE, *s.* skull, 2229
HERTE, *v.* take heart, 1181
HERTELYCHE, HERTLY, *adv.* heartily; thoroughly; 3642, 2991
HESLYN, *adj.* of hazel, 2504
HETCHES, *s. pl.* hatches, 3682
HETE, HETTE, *v.* 1 *s.* promise, 2127, 3396
HETHE, *s.* heath, 2660, 4176
HETHELY, *adv.* scornfully, 268
HETHYNGE, *s.* contempt, scorn, 1843
HEUANDE, *pple.* striving, 3704
HEUEDE, HEDE, *s.* head, chief; 262, 2445
HEUEDEDE, *p.p.* beheaded, 463
HEUEN, *v.* 1 *s.* afflict, agitate, 1937
HEWE, *s.* hue, colour, 207; *pl.* 4165
HEWYS, *v.* 3 *s.* lifts, raises, 4156; *p.p.* 4091
HEYGHE. *See* HEGHTE
HEYLY. *See* HYELY
HEYNDLY, *adv.* graciously, 15
HEYNNE, HYEN, *adv.* hence, 2436, 2744
HEYNȝOUS, *adj.* heinous, 268
HIGHTE, *p.p.* named, 2899
HILLID, HYLED. *See* HELE
HIRSTE, *s.* copse, 3369
HODLES, *adj.* bare-headed, 2308
HOLE, *adj.* hollow, 1083
HOLE, HOLLE, *adj.* *See* HALE
HOLTE, *s.* wood, copse, 1283; *pl.* 1259; HOLTTES, 3544
HOMAGERS, *s. pl.* those owing homage, 3147
HONDEM, *v.* 2 *pl.* keep in hand? 3209
HOPE, *v.* 1 *s.* trow, 2209, 2885
HOPES, *s. pl.* mountain-glens, 2503

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HORSEDE, HORSESEDE, HORSSYDE, *adj.* horsed, mounted, 1179, 2944, 1647
HOSTAYE, *v.* wage war, 555
HOTCHEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* jog; toss, 3687
HOUE, HUFE, *v.* tarry, linger; 2 *s.* 1688; 3 *s.* 1283, 2010, 1260; 3 *pl.* 377, 2122; *pret.* 3 *s.* 3046; 3 *pl.* 3009; *pple.* HOWANDE, 1648
HOUNDE, *s.* hand, 1807
HOURSCHES, *v.* 3 *pl.* rattle, din, 2110
HOUSYNGE, *s.* habitation, dwellings, 1284, 2285
HOWGE, HUGGE, *adj.* huge, 2889
HOWNDRETHE, *num.* hundred, 2108
HOWSELDE, *p.p.* BE HOWSELDE, communicate, receive the Sacrament, 4315
HUKE-NEBBYDE, *adj.* hook-nosed, 1082
HUKES, *s. pl.* probably miswritten for HEKES, 734
HUNDE-FISCH, *s.* dogfish or shark, 1084
HURDACE, *s.* fence, or barrier, 3626
HURDEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* herds, 1010
HURLES, *v. imperat.* 2 *s.* dash, 262
HURTEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* thrusts, 1772
HYDEDE, *adj.* having a hide or covering, 1001
HYE, *adj.* *See* HEGHE
HYE, HY, HEY, *s.* haste (in phrase "on hye" sometimes without significance), 463, 2109, 166
HYELY, *adv.* proudly, 1058
HYMLANDE, *ppl.* (?) 2503
HYNDIRE, *adj.* hindmost, 3626
HYNGE, *v.* hang; 3 *pl.* HYNNGES, 3473; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 281; *ppl.* 1083; *p.p.* 3590
HYNTER, *s.* rear, 3605
HYRDEZ, *s. pl.* shepherds, 3245

ICHE, YCHE, *adj.* each. *See* ILKE
ICHE, *v.* 3 *pl.* move, 1411
IDENE, 3061, probably miswritten. *See* Note
ILE, *s.* isle; *pl.* ILLES, 2359
ILKANE, ILKONE, *pron.* each one, 279, 3691
ILKE, *adj.* same, 65, 1311
ILKE, YLKE, ICHE, YCHE, *adj.* each, 83, 194, 589, 3634
IMANGEZ, *prep.* amongst, 3169
INCOME, *s.* entrance, 2171
INEWE, INOWE, YNEWE, YNOWE, *adv.* enough, 3161, 3095, 1360, 1626
INGLISCE, *s.* English, 2529
INMETTE, *s.* entrails, 1122. *See* N. E. Dict. Inmeat
INNS, *s. pl.* houses, 3041
INSETTE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* overran, 2038
IROUS, IROWS, IRUS, *adj.* wrathful, angry, 1329, 1592, 1957
IROUSLYE, *adv.* wrathfully, 2530
IWIS, IWYS, IWYSSE, *adv.* surely, of a truth, 3339, 2332, 546

JAGGEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* cut, slashed, 1123, 2087; *p.p.* 2909, notched, 905
JAMBE, JAMBY, *adj.* well-legged, swift, 2894, 373
JAPEZ, *s. pl.* wiles, 1398
JERODYN, *s.* "Some fabric" (Strat. Bradley), 905
JEROWNDE, *adj.* (Her.) gyronny, divided into triangular parts of two colours or shades, 2891
JOLILY, JOLYLY, *adv.* gallantly, festively, 245, 373, 4109
JOLY, JOLLY, *adj.* valiant; well-conditioned, 3414; *comp.* 4110; *superl.* 1658

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JONEDE, *p.p.* joined. *See* JOYNEZ

JOPOWNE, JUPON, *s.* a thick tunic worn sometimes under, sometimes over, metal armour, 4238, 905

JORNÉ, JOURNAYE, JOURNÉE, JURNÉE, *s.* a day's journey; a day's work, 3411, 445, 2875, 1161, 2894

JOWELL, *s.* jewel, 862

JOYNENYGE, *s.* hostile encounter, 2133

JOYNEZ, *v.* 3 *pl.* join battle with, 2112; *p.p.* JONEDE, 2890

JOYNTER, *s.* jointure in armour, 2893

JUSTER, *s.* jouster, 3412

JUSTYFYE, *v.* execute justice upon, 663

JUSTYNGE, *s.* jousting, 2875

(Many K-words will be found under C)

KAMBE, *s.* comb, 3351

KAMPE, *s.* battle, 3670, 3701

KAREDE, *v. pret.* 2882. *See* CAIRE

KARFUKE, *s.* place where four roads meet, 2003

KAUNT, *adj.* courageous, 2195

KELE, *v.* cool, 1839; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2712

KELLE, *s.* caul, net for the hair, 3258

KEMBEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* combed, 3351

KEMPES, *s. pl.* knights, warriors, 1003

KEMPE, *v.* contend, compete, 2683

KENE, *v.* tell, show, point out, 876, 3521; *pret.* 3 *s.* 481; 3 *pl.* 1590

KENETEZ, *s. pl.* small dogs of some particular breed, 122

KEPE, *s.* care, heed, 156, 3049

KEPE, KIPPE, *v.* keep, observe, watch; await; 1138, 2003, 3484, 3522; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 628; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 838, 919; *p.p.* 998, 2171

KERFES, KERUES, *v.* 3 *s.* cuts, 4231, 2567; *p.p.* CORUEN, 211

KETILL-HATTE, *s.* a kind of mediæval helmet, 3516; *pl.* 2993

KIDD, KYDD, KYDE, *adj.* renowned, famous, 3673, 849, 626

KIRK, KYRKE, *s.* church, 4016, 1219

KITHE, KYTHE, *s.* country, home; nation; 3866, 1004, 142; KYHTE, 3996

KLOKES, *s. pl.* claws, 792

KNAFE, KNAFFE, KNAUE, *s.* servant, serving-man; boy; 2621, 2637, 850, 1025

KNYLLES, *v.* 3 *pl.* ring a bell, 2353

KONYNGE, *s.* wisdom, ability, 3883

KRISPANE, *adj.* crisping; KRISPANE KROKE, crisping crook, 3352

KWN, *v.* 1 *s.* acknowledge, 1565

KYHTE. *See* KITHE

KYNDE, *s.* nature; natural descent; mankind; 125, 3049, 2385, 3956, 848; race, 3867

KYNDLY, *adj.* fit, suitable; good; 3883, 4188

KYNDLY, KYNDLYCHE, KYNDELY, *adv.* suitably (as befitting), 2712, 3521; graciously (like a king), 714

KYNGRYKE, *s.* kingdom, realm, 24; *pl.* 649, 820

KYNREDEN, *s.* kindred, 2604

KYRNELLES, *s. pl.* battlements, 3046

KYSTIS, *s. pl.* chests, 2302, 2355

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KYTHE, *v.* show, manifest, 1652, 4193

LACCHEN, LACHEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* take, seize, catch; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 1515; 3 *s.* and *pl.* LAGHTE, 2693, 2702; LAUGHTE, 2226, 2292; *p.p.* LAGHTE, LAUGHTE, 1817, 1902

LADE-STERNE, *s.* load-star, 751

LADILY, *adj.* befitting a lady, 3254

LAGGEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* beat down? 2542

LAGHTE, LAUGHTE. *See* LACCHEN

LAKE, *s.* lack, 163

LAKES, *s. pl.* pools, puddles, 960, 2149

LANGE, *adj.* and *adv.* long, 1103, 1200; ON LANGE, along, 1045; *adv.* comp. LENGERE, 736, 889

LANGE, *v.* belong, 3 *s.* 465; LENGEZ, 2082; 3 *pl.* 244, 1244; LENGEZ, 1410; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 1901; LENGEDE, 1624

LANGUESSANDE, *ppl.* languishing, drooping, 4338

LAPPE, *s.* covering, wrapper, 3286

LAPPEZ, *s. pl.* lappets or loose borders, 3254. Pearl, edit. Gollancz, XVII, 9, Lappez, translated *sleeves*

LAPPE, *v.* enfold, enclose, 3292: *pret.* 3 *pl.* 2300

LARGE, *v.* at (my, his) LARGE, at large, freely, 349, 421; AT THE LARGE, broadly, 447

LARGE, *adv.* boldly, unrestrainedly, 143, 2533; away, 1040, 3309

LARGESCE, *s.* liberality, 163

LAT, LATE, LATT, *v.* let, 4001; *imperat.* 1 *pl.* 3639; 3 *s.* 420, 398: LETE, *pret.* 3 *s.* 3886; LATTES IN SONDRE, parts asunder, 1819

LATES, LOTES, *s. pl.* gestures; behaviour; manners; 118, 536, 2425, 1462

LATHE, s. reluctance, 458

LATHELICHE, LAYTHELY, *adj.* loathly, repulsive, 3279, 4302

LATTEDE, *v. pret.* 1 *pl.* sought, 254

LAUNCHES, *v.* 3 s. leaps, 2560; hurls a spear, 3831; *pret.* 3 *s.* 194

LAUNDE, LAWNDE, *s.* open glade among woods; plain; 1517, 2084

LAUNDE, LOND, *s.* land; *pl.* 878, 1691

LAUNDON, *s.* field; the open; O LAUNDON, to the open, 1768

LAUNGES, *v.* 3 *s.* longs, 383

LAYE, 3721. *See* LEE

LAYE, *s.* faith, creed, 2593

LAYERE, *s.* resting-place, camp, 2293

LAYKE, *s.* game, 1599, 3386

LAYNE, *v.* conceal, 2398; *imperat.* 2 *s.* and *pl.* 419, 2593

LEBURDE, *s.* lee-board, 3624

LECHE, *s.* division or separate portion of dishes arranged in small ornamented turrets and pinnacles, 194. *See* LECHYDE

LECHEN, *v.* tend, doctor, 2388

LECHYDE, *p.p.* sliced or divided into parts, 188

LEDE, *s.* man; nation; 138, 473, 997; *pl.* 1902, 2801

LEDYNGE, *s.* predominance, leadership, 3536, 3880

LEE, LAYE, *s.* shelter, 1446, 3721

LEEFE, LEFE, LEUE, *adj.* and *adv.* dear, lief, 454, 1035, 350; *comp.* 872, 1344

LEEFE, LEFE, LEUE, *s.* leave, permission, 3432, 429, 2082

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LEFE, *v.* leave, 1340; *p.p.* LEFEDE, LEUEDE, 1397, 848
LEFULL, *adj.* permissible, 130
LELE, *adj.* leal, faithful, true, 14, 647, 1971
LELELY, LELLY, LELY, *adv.* faithfully, honestly, 672, 1102, 3084
LEMANDE, *adj.* gleaming, 2462
LEMETE, *p.p.* limited, 457
LENDE, *v.* abide, 1970
LENDEZ, *s. pl.* loins, 1047
LENGE, *v*, abide, linger, 72, 349; 3 *s.* 469; LENGGES, 476; *inf.* LENGEN, 1588
LENGEDE, 1624. *See* LANGE, *v.*
LENGERE, *adv.* *See* LANGE
LENGHE, *s.* length, 1102
LENGHEN, *v.* lengthen, 2845
LEPPE, *v.* 3 *pl.* leap, 2084, LEPPYN, 3697, LEPYS, 3696; *pret.* 3 *s.* 3427; *ppl.* LEPPANDE, 1460
LERE, *v.* teach, 1035
LESKES, *s. pl.* loins, 1097, 3279
LESSE, *s.* leasing, lying, 139
LESYNGE, *s.* loss, 3079, 3721
LETANDE, *ppl.* appearing, bearing oneself, 3831
LETE. *See* LAT
LETHERLY, *adv.* wickedly, 1268
LETT, LETTE, *v.* desist; hinder; 2326, 473; *pret.* 3 *s.* LET, 3720
LETTE, *s.* hindrance, 92, 458
LETTYNG, *s.* prevention, 371
LEUE, *v. imperat.* 2 *pl.* believe, 702, 1097; *indic.* 3 *s.* LEUES, 2593
LEUENYNGE, *s.* lightning, 2463
LEUERÉ, *s.* retinue, company of men wearing their lord's colours or badges, 241, 3078
LEUEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* lives, 1731
LIFELICHE, *adj.* forceful, 3427
LIGGE, LYGGE, *v.* lie; 2 *s.* LIGGES, 1060; 3 *s.* 805, LYS, 3938; 3 *pl.* 459, 1773
LIGHAM, LYGHAM, *s.* body, 3286; *pl.* 4269
LIKYNGE, LYKYNGE, *s.* pleasure, delight, 130, 701, 2673
LIRE (*lere*), *s.* face, 4272
LIRE, LYRE, *s.* fleshly parts; flesh; 3281, 3954
LISTE, *s.* desire, 12
LISTE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* desired, 4270
LOFTE, IN and ON LOFTE, APPON LOFTE, adverbial phrase, aloft, 942, 3623
LOGE, LUGGE, *v.* lodge, 421, 152; 3 *pl.* LUGEGEZ, 2280; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 486; *ppl.* LUGANDE, reposing, 1045
LOKERDE, *p.p.* matted, 779
LONGEZ, *v.* 3 *pl.* belong, 2828; *pret.* 3 *s.* 3080
LOOS, LOOSSE, *s.* renown, fame, 254, 474
LORAYN, *s.* richly-wrought trappings for a horse, 1460; *pl.* id. or thong-shaped streamers flying from the lance-heads, 2462
LORDCHEPPEZ, LORDCHIPEZ, LORDECHIPPEZ, *s. pl.* territories, seignories, 1727, 253, 1970
LOSELS, *s. pl.* worthless fellows, 252
LOTHEN, LOTHYN, *adj.* hateful, disgusting, 778, 1097
LOUE, *v.* 1 *s.* praise, 369; *p.p.* 4305
LOUELY, LOUELYLY, *adv.* in a kindly, pleasant manner, 3478, 2292
LOUERDE, *s.* lord, 3918
LOWDE, ON LOWDE, *adv.* aloud, 1781, 2032
LOWE, *s.* flame, 194
LOWKKIDE, *p.p.* closed, 3953

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LOWRANDE, *ppl.* sullen, downcast, 1446, 4338
LOWTTES, *v.* 3 *pl.* bow; bow down before; 505; *pret.* 3 *s.* and *pl.* 3285, 3408
LOYOTOUR, *s.* "embroidery" (Perry), 3253
LUFE, *s.* helm; beam; part of the bows; 750, 744
LUFE, LUFFE, *s.* love, 705, 3381
LUFFE, *v.* love, 1597; 2 *pl.* 12; *p.p.* 2866
LUGANDE, LUGGE. *See* LOGE, *v.*
LUGHE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* laughed, 248
LUMPE, LUMPPE, *s.* company; crowd; 1819, 2230
LUSSCHE, *s.* stroke, 3848
LUTTERDE, *adj.* bowed, 779
LUYSCHEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* strike, 535; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2226
LYARDE, *adj.* gray, 2542, 3280
LYEFE, LYFFE, *s.* life, 2845, 1269; *pl.* 1217
LYFTE, *s.* sky, 4272
LYGHTE, *v.* light, alight, 1270; 3 *pl.* 933; *pret.* 3 *s.* 3594; *p.p.* 1782
LYGHTE, *v.* lighten, 2846; 3 *s.* 368; 3 *pl.* 251
LYGMAN, *s.* liegeman, 420; *pl.* 1518
LYKE, *v.* please, 195; *impers.* pleases, 302, 435; *pret.* 267; *p.p.* 3109
LYM, LYMME, *s.* limb, 459, 1046
LYMPE, *v.* befall; incur; occasion; 3 *s.* 1643; 3 *pl.* 3119; *pret.* 3 *s.* 3415; 1 *pl.* 292; *p.p.* 875
LYND, *s.* tree, 454, 486
LYNKWHYTTEZ, *s. pl.* lintwhites, linnets, 2674
LYONEZ, *s. pl.* lions, 1818
LYTHE, *s.* probably miswritten for KYTHE, 1653
LYTHE, *adj.* tranquil, quiet, 1517, 1600
LYTHE, *v.* listen, 12; 3 *pl.* 1810
LYTHERLY, *adv.* wickedly, 1448
LYTHES, *s. pl.* people, 994
LYTHYRE, *adj.* bad, 23
LYTTE, *adj.* little (while), 550
LYWYNGE, *s.* living, 5

MA, MO, MOO, *adj.* more, 1829, 844, 856
MACHE, *s.* match, 4070
MACHEDE, *p.p.* matched, 1533, 2904
MACHES, *s. pl.* *See* MAKK
MADE, *adj.* mad, 4271
MAILIS, MAYLES, *s. pl.* chain-armour, 2545, 904
MAKK, *s.* fellow, mate, 1166; *pl.* MACHES, 2950
MAKLESS, *adj.* matchless, peerless, 3875
MALLE, *v.* hammer, 4037; 3 *s.* 3841; 3 *pl.* 3038
MALUESYE, *s.* rich wine from Morea, 235
MANLY (MAYNLY), *adj.* with might, 2204
MANHEDE, *s.* manhood, 434, 4278
MANREDE, *s.* homage, service, 127
MANYKYN, *adj.* various, 3174
MARCHE, *s.* border, frontier, 318, 1588; *pl.* 77, 603; MERKES, 461, 1147
MARCHEZ-MEN, *s. pl.* borderers, 1237
MASE, *v.* 3 *s.* makes, 960
MASONDEWES, *s. pl.* hospitals, asylums, 3038
MAUGERE, *s.* IN MAUGERE, in hostile keeping, 1588
MAUGREE, MAWGREE, *prep.* in spite of, 1238, 426
MAUNDEMENT, *s.* order, commandment, 1587
MAWEN, *p.p.* mown, 2507

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MAWNTELET, *s.* a short mantle, 3632
MAYNE, *s.* might, 4326
MAYNE, *adj.* mighty; vast; 427, 434
MAYNOYREDE, *p.p.* tilled, 2507
MEDILL-ERTHE, *s.* middle-region between heaven and hell; earth, 2951
MEDILLWARDE, MEDYLWARDE, *s.* centre (of an army), 2904, 1988
MEKILL, *adj.* and *adv.* great; much, greatly, 1236, 711
MELE, *v.* speak, talk, 990; 3 *s.* 679; 3 *pl.* MELLYS, 3652
MELLE, *v.* join; mix with; join in combat with; 938; 3 *s.* 2950; 3 *pl.* 2904
MELLYD, *adj.* hammer-headed (?), beaten with a hammer (?), 4210
MENDYNANTEZ, *s. pl.* beggars, 667
MENE, *v.* tell; question; talk; mean; make moan to; 3556, 2869; 3 *s.* 3478, 3653; *pret.* 3 *s.* 891
MENGEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* mingle, 4173; *p.p.* 3632
MENSKE, *v.* honour, bestow favour or grace, 1303, 2871; *p.p.* 4018
MENSKFULLY, *adv.* honourably, 631, 2322
MERESWYNE, *s.* porpoise, 1091
MERKE, *v.* go, 351; 3 *s.* 2670; *pret.* 1 *s.* 3238
MERKE, *v.* apportion, 1068; *p.p.* 1304
MERKES, 3 *s.* cuts, 2206; 3 *pl.* 4168; *p.p.* 952
MERKES, *s. pl.* *See* MARCHES
MERREDE, *p.p.* marred, 1238, 3555, 3322
METT, *v.* *pret.* 3 *s.* dreamt, 3223
METTE, *s.* meat; food; 2491; *pl.* 75, 1298
METTE, *p.p.* meted, 2343
METTE-WHILE, *s.* little while, 3903
MEVE, *v.* move, 2001
MISDOO, *v.* *imperat.* 2 *s.* ill-use, 126
MO, MOO. *See* MA
MOBLES, *s. pl.* property, goods, 666
MOLDE, *s.* earth, 129, 975
MON, *v.* 1 *s.* must, 813; 1 *pl.* 1155
MONETHE, *s.* month, 318
MORE, *adj.* greater, 1018
MORNE-WHILE, *s.* morning-time, 2001, 3223
MORTHIRES, *v.* 2 *s.* murderest, 1315; MOURTHERYS, 4259; *p.p.* 976
MORWEN, *s.* morning, 3476
MOSTE, *adj.* greatest; prime; 3322, 4221
MOT, MOTE, MOTT, MOTTE, *v.* 3 *s.* may, must, 346, 136, 227; 2 *pl.* 4104
MOWE, *v.* *subj.* 3 *s.* may, 3812
MOYLLEZ, *s. pl.* mules, 2287
MUSKADELL, *s.* a sweet wine made from muscat-grapes, 236
MYCHE, *adj.* and *adv.* much, great, greatly; 1166, 2033, 1068
MYNDE, *s.* memory, 1221
MYNSTERS, *s. pl.* monasteries, 3038
MYSCHEFE, *s.* mischance, calamity, 667, 3437
MYSE-BIDE, *v.* offer injury, 3083. (More usually MISBEDE)
MYSESE, *adj.* unfortunate, 667
MYSHAPPEN, *v.* 2 *s.* farest ill, 3454; *impers.* *pret.* 3767
MYSSE, *s.* harm, 1315, 3057
MYSTE, *adj.* misty, 2506
MYXEN, *s.* vile wretch, 989

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NAKYN, NOKYN, NONKYNS, *adj.* of no kind, 2350, 430, 2363
NANE, *adj.* and *pron.* no ; none, 213, 565, 657
NAYE, *s.* (an aye), egg, 3283
NE, *adv.* not, 230, 1117 ; *conj.* nor, 10, 161
NEDES, *s. pl.* business, requirements, 522, 470, 1329
NEDEZ, *adv.* perforce, 451
NEGHE, *v.* draw nigh, 2433
NEGHE, *adv.* exactly, 2658
NESE, *s.* nose, 2248
NEUEWE, *s.* nephew, 689
NEYNESOM, *num.* nine others, 523
NOBLAY, *s.* grandeur, dignity, 76, 2435
NOKYN. *See* NAKYN
NOMBIRDE, NOWMERDE, *p.p.* numbered, 2887, 2658
NOMBYRE, NOWMER, *s.* number, 2281, 884 ; *pl.* NOMMERE, 591
NOMEN, NOMMEN, *p.p.* taken, 1437, 1905
NONE, *s.* hour at which a certain religious office was held, viz. the ninth hour after sunrise, about 3 P.M. ; later mid-day and dinner-hour, 78
NONIS, *adv.* nonce, 3297, 1927
NOT, *v.* 1 *s.* (ne wot), know not, 977
NOTEZ, *v.* 3 *pl.* use, 1815
NOTHER, NOTHYRE, NOWTHIRE, *conj.* neither, 2367, 10, 429
NOTTE, *s.* use, business, 1816
NOWEN, *adj.* own, THY NOWEN, thine own, 1806
NOYES, *v.* 3 *s.* annoys, grieves, 1816, 2248
NURREE, *s.* foster-child, 689
NYGHTGALE, *s.* nightingale, 929
NYGHTTES, *v.* 2 *s.* (thou) art overtaken by the night, 451
NYNNE, *num.* nine, 3439

O, OO, *prep.* on, in, 656, 1217, 3736, 3906
OCHES, *v.* 3 *s.* hacks, breaks, 2565 ; 3 *pl.* 3675 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* 4245
OF, *prep.* from, 2540
OFFYRE, *v.* partake of the Sacrament
OLAWE, *adv.* below, 1517
OLYFAUNTE, *s.* elephant, 2339 ; *pl.* 2288 ; ivory, 1286
OLYFE, *adv.* of life, from lyfe ; FELL or BRING OLYFE, kill, 802, 1139, 3906
ONE, *adv.* alone, only, 826, 2519 ; MYN ONE, by myself, 3230 ; THYN ONE, thyself, 466 ; BE ÞAM ONE, by themselves, 3195
ONE-SEEANDE, *pple.* looking on, 525
ONONE, *adv.* anon, soon, 571, 1231
OR, ORE, *conj.* and *prep.* ere, before, 374, 529, 1788
ORDANDE, *p.p.* ordained, 1621 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* ORDAYNEDE, set in order, 1991
ORFRAEEZ, ORFRAYES, *s.* embroidered border ; gold fringe, 902, 2142
OSAY, *s.* sweet straw-coloured wine from Aussay, Alsatia, 202
OSLANTE, *adv.* aslant, 2254, 3923
OSTAGE, *s.* hostages, 3187, 3208
OSTAYANDE, *ppl.* waging war, 3502
OUER-CHARGGEDE, *p.p.* overpowered, 1749
OUER-FALLEN, *p.p.* fallen upon, 1154
OUERKESTE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* overthrew, 3932
OUERLYNGE, *s.* over-lord, head, 289, 710, 2602

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OUER-RECHE, *v.* afford, pay over, 1508 ; 3 *pl.* reach across, 921
OUERSETTE, *p.p.* overthrown, 111, 4136
OUERWHELME, *v.* turn over, 3261
OUNDYDE, *adj.* wavy, curly, 765 ; OWNDE OF AZURE, in undulating lines of azure, 193
OWTE-ILES, OWTT-ILLES, *s. pl.* isles of the outer seas, 30, 2359
OWT-LANDES, OWT-LONDES, *s. pl.* far-away lands, 2607, 3697
OWT-MOWNTES, *s. pl.* far-away mountains, 3909
OWTE OUER, OWTT OUERE, *adv.* outside, above, 903, 2339
OWTHER, *conj.* either, 110, 964
OWTTRAYE, *v.* attack, assault, overcome, 642, 1328 ; 3 *s.* 1664 ; *p.p.* 1952, 2840

PACOKES, *s. pl.* peacocks, 182
PALES, PALESSE, *s.* palace, 503, 3913, 718 ; *pl.* PALAISEZ, 1287
PALLE, *s.* rich cloth used for hangings, often in gold, 1288, 2478, 3142
PALYDE, *p.p.* furnished with pall, 1287
PALYD, *adj.* (Her.) striped, 1375
PARE, *v.* hurt, impair, 4047
PARTY, *s.* part ; country ; treaty ; company of men for reconnoitring, etc. 212 ; *pl.* 2596, 1584, 1925
PAS, *s.* way, 3496
PASSANDE, *ppl.* passing, 2741 ; (Her.) passant, with the head looking straight forward, 4184
PASTORELLES, *s. pl.* shepherd-boys, 3120
PAUMES, *s. pl.* palms, 776
PAUNSON, *s.* armour-piece covering the paunch, 3458. *See* PAWNCE
PAUYS, *adj.* (?) usual meaning of the subst. is shield, 3460
PAUYSERS, *s. pl.* bearers of the pavis or large shield to cover archers, 2831, 3004
PAVELYOUNS, PAUYLLONS, *s. pl.* tents ; banners, 2478, 2624
PAWNCE, *s.* armour-piece covering the paunch, 2075
PAYE, *v.* satisfy, please, 4049 ; 3 *s.* 2646 ; *p.p.* 230
PAYNE, PEYNE, *s.* penalty, 2329, 1217 ; *pl.* 1546, 1632
PAYNYME, *s.* pagan, heathen, 1377 ; *pl.* 2835, 1544
PAYSES, *v.* 3 *pl.* weigh, load, 3037 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* weighed down, 3042
PAYVESE, *s. pl.* large shields, usually to cover the archers, 3625
PECHELYNE, *s.* diminutive of 'peche,' spot, stain, 1341
PEKILL, *s.* pickle, 1027
PELID (Pelt), *v.* 3 *pl.* beat, 3042
PELOURS, PYLOURS, *s. pl.* (?) prob. throwers of darts, archers, 2831, 3004
PENDES, *v.* 3 *s.* belongs, 1612 ; 3 *pl.* 2624
PENSELL, *s.* little banner, streamer, 2411, 2076 ; *pl.* 2460, 1289
PERFOURNEDE, *p.p.* performed, 672
PERRIE, PERRYE, *s.* precious stones, 4184, 3461
PERTLY, *adv.* openly, 2917
PESANE, *s.* armour for the neck or breast, gorget, 3458
PIGHTE, *p.p.* pitched, placed ; set (with stones), 1287, 1290, 212, 3354 ; decked, 3364
PILLION-HATT, *s.* a sort of cap, 3460
PILOUUR, *s.* robber, 2533

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PLASCHE, *s.* pool, 2798
PLATTES, *v.* 3 *pl.* prob. mis-written for PLANTES, 2478
PLENERLY, *adv.* fully, 2608, 3498
PLEYN, *v.* complayn, 1217
PLUMPE, *s.* mêlée, fray, 2199
PLUNGEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* went under the water, 1522
PLYANDE, *adj.* flexible, curved, 777
PLYTTE, *s.* plight, 683
POMARIE, *s.* orchard, 3364
POME, *s.* ball of dominion, 3354
POMELL, *s.* ornamental knob or boss, 1289
PONTYFICALLES, *s. pl.* ecclesiastical dignitaries, 4335
PORKEDESPYNE, *s.* porcupine, 183
PORKES, *s. pl.* swine, 3121
PORTE, *s.* Porte, the Turkish Empire, 2609
PORTES, *s. pl.* gates, 503, 568; port-holes, 749; PORTE, 3625, (?) for PORTES, port-holes
POSTLES, *s. pl.* apostles, 2413
POTESTATE, *s.* potentate, 2327
POUERALL, *s.* poor folk, 3120
POUERE, *adj.* poor, 3540
POURPOUR. *See* PURPRE
POWERE, *s.* forces, 1635, 1925, 2155
POYNE, *v.* 1 *s.* sew, stitch, 2624
PREKES. *See* PRIKE
PRESE, *v.* entreat; bring influence to bear; press, 1583; 3 *s.* 1374; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2199
PRESSE, *s.* throng, tumult, 1477, 1522
PRICE, PRIS, PRYCE, PRYS, PRYSSE, *adj.* precious, good, noble, 94, 688, 1477, 718, 1545; IN PRIS, in costly clothes, 352
PRIKE, PREKE, *v.* spur on rapidly, ride forward, 2844; 2 *s.* 2533; 3 *s.* 718; 3 *pl.* 503; *pple.* 2836; *p.p.* stitched, 3608
PRIKKERE, PREKER, *s.* rider, horseman, 2649, 1374; *pl.* 355, 2835
PRISTE, *adj.* ready; valiant, 1021, 4106
PRISTLY, *adv.* eagerly, 2762
PROFIRE, *v.* hold forth; offer battle; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 2534; 2 *s.* 2533; 3 *s.* 1376
PROFIRE, PROFYRE, *s.* attempt, 2857; offer of battle, 1257
PROUESTE, *s.* provost, 1611, 1889
PROWESCHE, *s.* game for valour, 1958
PRYCE, PRYS, *s.* prize; esteem, 1924, 2751, 2649
PRYME, *s.* the first hour of the day, 95, 4105
PURCHESE, *v.* gain, 3497
PURPRE, PURPUR, POURPOUR, *s.* purple, 4184, 1288, 1375
PURUAYEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* furnished, provided, 2832; *p.p.* supplied with provisions, 2477; made ready, equipped, 1925
PURVEAUNCE, *s.* ALL MY PURVEAUNCE, all in my power to provide, 688
PYKE, *s.* staff, 3475; *pl.* claws, 777
PYKES, *v.* snatch, steal, 1636; 2 *s.* 2534
PYLOTES, *s. pl.* pellets, missiles of stone, 3037
PYLOURS. *See* PELOURS
PYMENT, *s.* wine mixed with spice or honey, 1028
PYNE, *s.* suffering, 3043
PYNNE, *v.* confine, 4047

QUARTE, QUERTE, *s.* health; safety, 552, 3810
QUOD, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* quoth, 140, 1559

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QUYTTE, *v.* 1 *s.* requite, 1788
QWARELLES, *s. pl.* arrows or bolts with square heads, 2103
QWASTE, *p.p.* quashed, crushed, 3389
QWAT, QWATE, *pron.* what, 3868, 4008
QWAYNTLY, *adv.* artfully, ingeniously, 2103, 3261
QWEN, QWENNE, QWHEN, *adv.* when, 1222, 48, 736, 407
QWHILLES, QWHYLE, QWHYLLS, *adv.* whilst, while, 4160, 553, 3505
QWYKE, QWYKKE, *adj.* alive, 1736, 3810
QWYN, *adv.* whence, 3503
QWYTHEN, *adv.* (?) 4157

RAAS, *v.* snatch away, 362; *pret.* 3 *s.* RASEDE, 2984
RACCHES, *s. pl.* hounds, 3999
RADE, *s.* fear, 3896
RADE, *adj.* afraid, 1995, 2881
RADE, *pret.* of 'ryde'
RADLY, *adv.* quickly, suddenly, 1529, 3815
RADNESSE, *s.* fear, 120, 310
RAGHTE, *pret.* of 'reche'
RAIKE, *s.* course, road, 1525, 2985
RAIKE, *v.* 3 *pl.* go, 2352; 3 *s.* 1762; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 237; *ppl.* 3469
RANEZ, *s. pl.* thickets, 923
RANKE, RAUNKE, *adj.* rank, strong, brave, 2271, 2240
RAPLY, *adv.* swiftly, 1763
RAPPYD, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* smote, 785
RAREDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* roared, 784 1124
RASCHES, *v.* 3 *pl.* rush, 2107
RASKAILLE, *s.* rabble, 2881
RATHE, *adj.* swift, 2550
RATHE, RAYTHELY, *adv.* speedily, quickly, 237, 2880
RAUGHTE. *See* RECHE
RAUNSAKE, *v.* search thoroughly, 4304; 3 *s.* 3939; 3 *pl.* 1884; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* investigate, 3228
RAUNSONE, *s.* ransom, 1528
RAUNSON, *v.* ransom, exact payment from, 466, 1276, 3275; *pret.* 3 *s.* 329; 3 *pl.* 293; *p.p.* 100, 2667
RAWE, *s.* rowe; ON RAWE, one after the other, in order, 238, 2179
RAWMPYDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* ramped, 794
RAWNDOUNE, *s.* force, vehemence; A RAWNDOUNE, *adv.* vehemently, 2985
RAYLIDE, *p.p.* covered, 3263
RAYMEDE, *p.p.* taken the rule, 100
REALE, REALL, RIALL, RYEALL, *adj.* royal, kingly, noble, 524, 179, 1993, 2138, 17; *superl.* 175
REALTEE, RYALLTE, *s.* royalty, 228, 512; *pl.* 1605
REBAWDE, *s.* ribald, rascal, 1333; *pl.* 1416
REBAWDOUS, *adj.* ribald, 456
RECHE, *v.* reach, take; draw; 3 *s.* 111, 792; *pret.* 3 *s.* RAGHTE, RAUGHTE, 2766, 3352, 3546; RECHEDE, 3350; *p.p.* RAGHTE, RECHIDE, 2666, 1043
RECHED, *s.* (?) richness, poss. miswritten for 'reches,' costly things, 3263
RECHES, *s.* riches, 2667, 3571
REDDOUR, *s.* strictness, 1456
REDDOUR, *s.* fear, 109, 485, 1418
REDE, RED, *v.* advise; discern; interpret, 1 *s.* 550; 2 *pl.* 2369; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 3228; *p.p.* 2921
REDEN. *See* RYDE

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REFE, *v.* take away, plunder, bereave; *pret.* 3 *s.* 959; REFTE, 1575; 3 *pl.* 295; *p.p.* REFEDE, REFT, REWEDE, 1820, 1206, 3315

REGALE, *s.* regalia, 4207

REGHTTES, *v.* 3 *s.* rights, put to rights, 3815; 3 *pl.* 1454, RYGHTTEN, 3618

REHERSEN, *v.* relate, tell, 3229, 3452; 3 *s.* 3206; *p.p.* 1666

REHETES, *v.* 3 *s.* encourages, cheers, 411, 3198; *pret.* 3 *s.* 221

REKE, *s.* smoke, 1041

REKENESTE, *adj.* quickest, readiest, 4081

REKKE, *v.* reck, care, 1 *s.* 378; 1 *pl.* 2040; 3 *s.* 995; *pret.* ROUGHTE, 3274

RELAYES, *v.* 3 *pl.* pause, 1529

RELEUIS, *v.* 3 *pl.* reassemble, collect, 2278; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 2234; *p.p.* rallied, 1207

RELIGEOUS, *adj.* used substantively, members of religious orders, 3539, 4334

RELYES, *v.* 3 *pl.* rally, assemble, 1882, 429; *pret.* 3 *s.* rejoined, 1391

RELYS, *v.* 3 *s.* reels, 2794

REMMES, *s. pl.* *See* REWME

REMMES, REMYS, *v.* 3 *s.* cries aloud, 2197, 4155; *pret.* 3 *s.* 3894

RENAYEDE, *adj.* renegade, 2913, 3892

RENGNEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* reigned, 3272

RENKE, RENKKE, RENNKKE, *s.* man, 1057; *pl.* 1206, 1882, 1994, 2135

RENKKES, *s. pl.* rows, alleys, 391

RENNEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* run, 200

REPENDEZ, *v.* 3 *pl.* (?) rear (?) 2107

REQUIT, *p.p.* made good, 1680

RERE, *v.* 3 *pl.* move, 2810

RERREAGE, *s.* arrears, 1680

REREBRACE, *s.* armour covering the arm from the shoulder to the elbow, 2566

RERERYS, *v. s.* raises, 4249; *p.p.* 4280

REREWARDE, *s.* rearguard, 1430, 1762

RESAYWE, *v.* receive, 3587

RESON, *s.* motto, 2921

RETENEWYS, RETENUZ, *s. pl.* retainers, suite, 1334, 3572

RETOURNES, *v.* 3 *pl.* turn back, 1395

REUAYE, RYVAYE, *v.* hunt or hawk by a river-bank, 3275, 3999

REUERSSEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* turned down, 2070; *p.p.* bound, bordered, 3255

REUERTEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* changed the direction of, 2918

REUESTE, *p.p.* robed, 4334

REWDLY. *See* RUYDLY

REWE, *v.* cause regret; have pity, 1678; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 866; 3 *s.* repents, 3272

REWEDE. *See* REFE

REWGHE, *s.* sorrow, 3859

REWME, *s.* realm, 509, 637; *pl.* 52, 837; REMMES, 49

REWTHE, *s.* pity, sorrow, compassion, 888, 2241

REWTHE, *adj.* cruel, causing ruth, 3453, 3560

RIATOURS, *s. pl.* ravagers, 2034

RICHE, RECHE, *adj.* mighty, ruling, noble, 238, 361, 1732, 3989; *superl.* 147, 865

RICHELY, *adv.* sumptuously, 173

RIGGE, *s.* back, 800

RIOT, RYOTT, *v.* ravage, riot, 456, 341, 923; (with the reflexive pron.) revel, indulge in feasting, 3 *s.* 619, 3172

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RIOTE, RYOTTE, *s.* riot, license, 294, 412; *pl.* 388, 3893
RISTE, RYSTE, *adj.* covered with trapppings; ready, 1428, 2235
RITTEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* and *pl.* tear, rend, 2138, 3753, 3824
ROCHELL, *s.* a kind of wine, 203
ROG, *s.* rocking wheel, 3272
ROGGEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* shook, 784
ROLLEDE, *p.p.* enrolled, 2641
ROMEDE, ROMYEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* roared, 784, 1124; ROMYEZ, *indic.* 3 *s.* 888
RONNEN. *See* RYNE
ROO, *s.* wheel, 3362, 3374
ROO, *s.* quiet, rest, 1751, 3272
ROO, *s.* roe, 922, 4000
ROSELDE, ROSSELDE, *adj.* (?) "brandished, shaken; *cf.* Sw. ruskla; E. rustle" (Brock), 2880, 2793
ROSERS, *s. pl.* rose-gardens, 923
ROSSE, *s.* rose, 3457
ROSSETE, *adj.* russet, any tone between reddish-brown and gray, 237
ROWELL, *s.* wheel, 3262
ROWM, ROWME, ROWMME, *adj.* roomy, wide, spacious, 1454, 391, 3470
ROWTE, *v.* snore, sleep, 108
ROWTE, ROWTTE, *s.* troop, band, company, 3274, 1704, 719
ROWTTE, *s.* route, way, 379
ROY, ROYE, *s.* king, 411, 3173, 3200
RUSCHE, *v.* rush; fall violently; throw down violently, 1339, 2880; 3 *s.* 2241, 392, RUYSCHES, 2983; 3 *pl.* 2550, RUYSSCHES, 2913; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2792; 3 *pl.* 120
RUSCLEDE, *adj.* (?), 1096. *Cf.* "Wars of Alexander," ed. Skeat, l. 4126, resild
RUYD, *adj.* rude, 1096, 1057
RUYDLY, RUYDLYCHE, REWDLY, *adj.* rudely, 794, 1877, 2810
RYALL. *See* REALE
RYDDE, *adj.* fierce, rough, 4117. See Jamieson, Rid
RYDE, *v.* ride, 1876; 3 *s.* RYDDIS, 3540; 3 *pl.* RYDEN, 2809; *pret.* RADE, RODE, ROODE, 2849, 1953; *pret.* 3 *pl.* REDEN, 488; *p.p.* 52, 100
RYFE, RYWE, *v.* split, cleave asunder, 362, 2439; 3 *s.* 1474, 3824; 3 *pl.* RYFFEZ, 2913
RYGHTE, *v. imper.* 2 *s.* decide, 458
RYNDES, *s. pl.* trees, 921, 3363
RYNE, *v.* run, 109; 3 *s.* 31, 540; *pret.* 3 *s.* RANE, 1526, RYNNYDE, 920; *pret.* 3 *pl.* RONNEN, 922; *ppl.* 392
RYNSEDE, *p.p.* rinsed, 3375
RYPE (up), *v.* tear asunder; search for, 1867; 3 *s.* 3940
RYSSES, *v.* 3 *s.* rises, 3660
RYUES, *s. pl.* (?) probably some kind of weapon, 1764
RYUE, *v.* arrive, land, 3896

SA, *adv.* so, 3796
SADDE, *adj.* sated, 847
SADLYE, SADDLYE, *adv.* seriously, earnestly, 331, 4089
SAGGE, *adv.* sage, 814
SAGHETYLL, *v.* become reconciled, 330
SAKLES, SAKELES, *adj.* guiltless, 3986, 3399
SALE, *s.* hall, 91, 1296
SALL, *v.* shall, 1, 2, 3, *s.* 16, 105, 111, 300
SALUE, *v.* salute, 3 *s.* SALUZ, 87, *pret.* 3 *s.* SALUȝED, 82
SALUE, *v.* salve, deal, 932; *p.p.* 2907
SALUEZ, *s. pl.* salves, 2691

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SANDES, *s.* messenger, 513
SANDES-MANE, *s.* messenger, 1419 ; *pl.* 266
SARE, *adv.* sore, sorely, 134, 2248
SATILLS, *v.* 3 *pl.* settle themselves, 2465
SAUGHTE, *s.* peace, reconcilement, 1007, 3052
SAUNKE, *s.* blood, 179
SAWGHTE, *adj.* at peace, reconciled, 3194, 4042
SAWLE, SAULE, SAULL, *s.* soul, 1169, 666, 2192
SAWTERE, SAWTIRE, *s.* psalter, 3316, 3421
SAWTUROURE, *s.* (Her.) saltier, ordinarily in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross, 4182
SAYNE, *v.* to cross oneself, 969 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* 1042, SAYNNED, 966
SCATHYL, SKATHELL, *adj.* hurtful, 32, 1642
SCHADANDE, *p.pl.* flowing, 3845
SCHAFT-MONDE, *s.* a measure of about six inches, a span, 2546, 4232
SCHAKE, *v.* go forward, hasten, 1213, 1992
SCHAKKE, *s.* charge, 1759
SCHALKE, *s.* chalk, 1226, 1363
SCHALKE, *s.* man, fellow, 1098, 2170 ; *pl.* 1857
SCHALYDE, *p.p.* covered with scales, 766
SCHAPE, *v.* shape, arrange ; assign, 342, 2588 ; 3 *s.* 342, 2588, 1716 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* SCHOUPE, 3599
SCHAPPELY, *adv.* fitly, 2333
SCHAWE, *s.* thicket, grove, 1765 ; *pl.* 1723, 1760
SCHAYLANDE, *adj.* walking askew, straddling wide, 1098
SCHEEN, SCHENE, SCHENNE, *adj.* fair, bright, lovely, 1760, 2429, 2676
SCHEFTEN. *See* SKYFTE
SCHELDYDE, *adj.* furnished with shields, 1856
SCHELTRON, SCHILTRON, *s.* troop, company, 2106, 1856, 1992 ; *pl.* 1765, 2210
SCHENCHIPE, *s.* (SCHEND-CHIP), ignominy, 4299
SCHENDE, *v.* disgrace, 2435
SCHERE, *v.* shear, cut, 3 *s.* 3600 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* SCHARE, SCHREDE, 3843, 2211 ; 3 *pl.* SCHERDE, 1856 ; *p.p.* 2688
SCHETHEDE, *p.p.* sheathed, 3852
SCHEWE, SCHAWE, *v.* show, be seen, appear, 191, 2588 ; 1 *pl.* 1717, SHEWEN, 2457
SCHEWYNGE, *s.* vision, 3401
SCHIPPEMEN, *s. pl.* sailors, 1212
SCHIRE, *adj.* bright, 1760, 1213
SCHIRREWES, *s. pl.* sheriffs, 725
SCHO, *pron.* she, 853, 860
SCHODEREDE, SCHODYRDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* shuddered, shook, 3844, 2106, 2169
SCHOKKE, *v.* shake, jog, thrust with a jerk ; 3 *s.* 3816 ; 3 *pl.* 1759, 4114
SCHONE, SCHOUNE, *v.* evade, shun, keep away, 1719, 314 ; 1 *pl.* 1717 ; 3 *s.* SCHOWNNES, 3559
SCHONE, *s. pl.* shoes, 3471
SCHORTE, ÅT ÞE SCHORTE, *adv.* promptly, 1325
SCHOTEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* shut, 749
SCHOTTE-MEN, *s. pl.* shooters, 2467
SCHOUELL-FOTEDE, *adj.* shovel-footed, 1098
SCHOUEN, SCHOUE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* shaved, 2333, 2335
SCHOUNTES, SCHUNTES, *v.* 3 *s.* shrinks back ; turns away ; avoids, 3816, 3715, 1055 ; 3 *pl.* 1759 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2106 ; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 1324

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SCHOWANDE, *p.pl.* shuffling, 1099
SCHRAGGES, *s. pl.* jagged ends, 3473
SCHREDE, SCHREEDE, *p.p.* clothed, enveloped, 3991, 767
SCHRENKYS, *v.* 3 *s.* shrinks, 4234; 3 *pl.* SCHERENKEN, 2105; *pple.* 1857, SCHRINKANDE, 767; *p.p.* SCHRENKIDE, 2211, miswritten for 'schrenkande' (?), *cf.* l. 1857
SCHREWE, *s.* malignant being, 2779
SCHRIFTE, *s.* confession, 2588
SCHROWDE, *s.* dress, 3628
SCHRYFE, *v. imperat.* 2 *s.* confess, 3400
SCHRYMPE, *s.* shrimp (dragon so called), 767
SCHWEDE, *pret.* 3 *s.* showed, appeared, 4233
SCHINBAWDE, *s.* armour-plate for the shin, 3846, prob. miswritten for 'schynbande.' *See* Stratmann, ed. Bradley
SEE, *s.* seat, 3291, 3350
SEEGE, SEGGE, *s.* camp, encampment, 2478, 355
SEGGE, SEEGGE, *s.* man, 134, 1574; *pl.* 1420
SEGGEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* besieged, 3011
SEGNOURRY, *s.* lordship, 528
SEKADRISSES, *s. pl.* (?) 2283
SEKE, *adj.* sick, 1574
SEKE, SECHE, *v.* seek, resort, go, 105, 3233; 2 *s.* 3507; *pret.* 3 *s.* SOGHTE, SOUGHTE, 1041, 2170; *p.p.* SOGHTE, 1171
SEKERE, SEKIRE, *adj.* sure, certain, trusty, 1173, 551; comp. 3289; *superl.* 1492
SEKERLY, SEKYRLY, *adv.* surely, safely, 969, 3499, 1420
SEKIRE, *v.* 1 *s.* plight, 2585, 3804
SEKTOUR, *s.* executor, 665
SELCOUTHE, SELKOUTHE, *adj.* strange, rare, 75, 3531, 1948
SELDEN, *adv.* seldom, 1163
SELFEN, SELUEN, SELUYN, *adj.* self, 331, 8, 34
SELKOUTHELY, *adv.* wonderfully, 3252
SELKYLDE (?), 3356. "Perhaps miswritten for SERKYLDE, encircled" (Brock)
SEMBLANT, *s.* show; splendour (?) 75, 410
SEMBLE, *v.* assemble, meet, encounter, 63, 967; 3 *pl.* 606, 3748; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 409, 1547; *p.p.* 70
SEN, SENE, *adv.* since, 127, 1695
SENDELL, *s.* a rich material, usually of silk, 2299
SENEGLY, SENGILLY, SENGLY, *adv.* singly, alone, 2434, 2592, 3729
SENT, *s.* assent, 1268, 2615
SENT, *s.* scent, 1040
SEPULTURE, *s.* burial, 4340
SERE, *adj.* various, sundry, 192, 441
SERFEDE. *See* SERUES
SERGEAUNT, *s.* armed attendant, servant, 1173; *pl.* 632
SERTE, *s.* feudal service; obligation, right, 2936; *pl.* 513
SERUES, *v.* 3 *pl.* deserve, 1315; *p.p.* SERUEDE, SERFEDE, 2590, 1068
SESIDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* put in possession, 3065; *p.p.* SESSEDE, 2608
SETE, SETTE, *s.* throne; appointed place, 3315, 1305
SETILL, *s.* seat, 3270
SEUENYGHTE, *s.* week, 153, 380
SEWES, *s. pl.* delicacies; savoury meats, 192

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SEWE, *v.* follow, 3734; 1 *pl.* 2927; *pret.* 3 *s.* 3288; *ppl.* 81
SEX, *adj.* six, 967; SEX SUM, six others, 471. *See* Note.
SEYNE, *adv.* afterwards, 188, 192
SIBB, *adj.* akin, related, 3984, 681
SINGULERE, *adj.* single, 826
SITTANDE, *adj.* becoming, 953 1501
SITTANDLY, *adv.* becomingly, 159
SKALOPIS, *s. pl.* scallops, a pilgrim's shell-badges, 3474
SKAPE, *v.* escape, 1562
SKATHE, SCHATHE, *s.* harm, injury, 1643, 1841
SKATHLYE, *adj.* harmful, 1562
SKAYRES, *v.* 3 *pl.* scare, 2468
SKEWE, *v.* escape, 1562
SKOMFITE, *s.* discomfiture, 2325
SKOMFITE, *p.p.* discomfited, 1644
SKOMFITOURE, *s.* one who discomfits, 1644
SKOMFYTURE, *s.* discomfiture, 1561
SKOTIFERIS, SKOTTEFERS, *s. pl.* shield-bearers, 3034, 2468
SKOUEROURS, *s. pl.* scouts, 3118
SKOULKERY, *s.* lurking in ambush, 1644
SKOWTTE-WACHES, *s. pl.* sentinels, 2468
SKROGGES, *s. pl.* brushwood, 1641
SKYFTE, SCHIFTE, *v.* dispose, arrange; move, 1325, 1643; 3 *s.* 1561, 32; 3 *pl.* 3117, 3627; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 1717
SKYLL, *s.* discernment; skill, 32
SKYRMYS, *v.* 3 *pl.* skirmish, 2467
SLADE, *s.* glade, dell, 2978
SLAKES, *v.* 3 *s.* slackens, 3220
SLAKKES, *s. pl.* pools; marshy ground, 3719
SLALE, *adj.* (?) for slely, slily, 3117. The alliteration requires 'skale'
SLAUGHTE, *s.* sleight, arts (of the birds), 2675
SLAWE, *p.p.* extinguished, outworn, 4044
SLAWYN, *s.* pilgrim's cloak, 3474
SLEGHE, *adj.* crafty, skilful, 2978
SLEGHTE, SLEYGHTE, *s.* skill, craft, 3220, 4045
SLEGHTE, *p.p.* slipped, glided, 2675
SLELY, SLEYGHLY, *adv.* slily, skilfully, craftily, 3855 2975, 4321
SLEWTHE, *s.* sloth, 3221
SLODE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* slid, 3854
SLOMOWRE, *s.* slumber, 4044
SLONGEN. *See* SLYNGES
SLOPE, *s.* gap between the hills, 2977
SLOPPES, *s. pl.* pools, 3923
SLOTE, SLOTTE, *s.* hollow above the breastbone; pit of the stomach,, 2254, 2975
SLOTTEDE, *p.p.* slit, cloven asunder, 3853
SLOUGHE, SLEWE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* slew, 4045, 3418; 3 *pl.* 23
SLOWDE, *s.* sludge, slush, 3719
SLYKE. *See* SWYLKE
SLYNGES, *v.* 3 *s.* slings, hurls, 3220, 3855; *p.p.* 2978, 4321
SLYTTES, *v.* 3 *s.* slits, 2254, 2975; *p.p.* SLOTTEDE. *See* above
SNELL, *adj.* nimble, 57
SOLEMPLY, SOLEMPNELY, SOLEMNLY, *adv.* with ceremony; festively, 3196, 1948, 525, 3805
SOLEMPNITEE, *s.* ceremony, 514
SOMERCASTELL, *s.* small wooden tower for baggage carried on an elephant's back, 3033
SONDE, *s.* messenger, 2511
SONDE, *s.* sand, 3728, 3745
SONDIRE, SONDRE, *adv.* IN SONDIRE, asunder, 2182, 1123, 362

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SONDIRWISE, *adv.* separately, 3529
SOPE, *s.* morsel ; sup, 1890
SOPPE, *s.* troop, company, 1493, 3729
SORE, *adv.* sorely, 1173 ; *comp.* 1163
SORTE, *s.* company, 63, 410 ; *pl.* 606
SOTHE, *s.* truth, 2591, 3229
SOTHE, *adv.* truly, 1686
SOTHELY, *adv.* truly, 172, 239
SOWDANE, *s.* sultan, 607, 1304 ; *pl.* 593
SOWDEOURS, *s. pl.* mercenaries, 551, 593
SOWE, *s.* an engine used in warfare, explained by some as a shed to shelter miners approaching the walls of a besieged town, 3033
SOWMES, *s. pl.* sums, 1627
SOWRE, *s.* (?) mis-written for SOUTHE (?), *see* l. 1039 ; "read SOWRS, source" (Brock)
SOWTE, SOYTE, *s.* suite, company, 81, 3931
SPAKELY, *adv.* speedily, 2063
SPALDDYD, *p.p.* split, 3699
SPAYRE, *s.* (?) waist, 2060
SPEKES, *s. pl.* spokes, 3264, 3311
SPEKYNNGS, *s. pl.* talk, 3163
SPELTIS, *s. pl.* splinters, 3264
SPENCIS, *s. pl.* spendings, 3163
SPENDYDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* dispensed, 235
SPERE-LENGHE, *adj.* of the length of a spear, 3311
SPILLE, *v.* perish ; destroy, 2415 ; 3 *pl.* 3159
SPLENT, *s.* small plate of armour, 2061
SPLENTIDE, *p.p.* covered with small plates, 3264
SPRADDEN, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* spread, 3310
SPRENTE, SPRENTYDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* and *pl.* leapt, sprang, 2062, 3310
SPROULEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* sprawls, 2063
STADE, *p.p.* set, placed, 1926
STAKE, *v.* erect on a stake, 1178
STALE, *s.* a division of an army, 377, 1355, 3873 ; *pl.* 1980
STAM, *s.* prow, 3664
STAMYN, *s.* stem of a ship, 3658
STATTE, *s.* rank, 157
STEDDE, *p.p.* bestead, beset, 2824, 4132
STEDE, *s.* place, 1748, 2824
STEKES, *v.* 3 *pl.* stick, pierce, 3126 ; 3 *s.* 3822 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 1488
STERAPE, STEREPE, *s.* stirrup, 2692, 916 ; *pl.* 3823
STERE-BOURDE, STERE-BURDE, *s.* starboard, 745, 3665
STERENEFULL, STERYNFULL, *adj.* stern, fierce, 3822, 2692
STERYN, *adj.* stern, fierce, 157, 755 ; *superl.* 3872
STEUEN, *s.* voice, 2531, 4269
STEWEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* stowed, made resistance, 1489
STIRE, *v.* set in motion ; stir ; move, 2823 ; 1 *s.* 4038 ; 3 *s.* STERYS, 917 ; 3 *pl.* STERIS, 2923, 3658 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* 1793 ; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 1748
STIRTTELYS, *v.* 3 *pl.* "STIȝTTELYS, arrange" (Brock), 3622
STODE. *See* STONDEZ
STOKES, *s. pl.* thrusts, 1486
STOKES, *v.* 3 *pl.* thrust, 2554
STOKKES, *s. pl.* wooden stakes, 3665
STONAYS, *v.* 3 *pl.* stun, strike senseless, 2118 ; *p.p.* 1983, 3873
STONDEZ, *v.* 3 *pl.* stand, 2090, 3623 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* and *pl.* STODE, 1489, 2923 ; STODDE, 4133

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STOTAIS, *v.* 3 *s.* is upset, disconcerted, 1435, 4271; becomes troubled in spirit, 3467
STOUR, STOWRE, *s.* conflict, tumult, 377, 1747, 2086
STOWNDE, *s.* hour; *pl.* 3888
STOWNNTYNGE, *s.* delay, 491
STRANDEZ, STRONDES, *s. pl.* shore, margin of the water, stream, 598, 947, 1337; *pl.* 3627, 4067
STREKE, *adv.* straight, 1792, 3101
STREKEN, *pret.* 3 *pl.* struck (struck oars or sails), 755, 3659
STREKEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* stretches, stretches forward, 1229, 2085; 3 *pl.* 3101
STRENGHE, STRENGHTE, *s.* strength; strongly fortified place, 258, 796, 1435; *pl.* 1475, 2242
STRENGHELY, *adv.* strongly, 4096
STRETTE, *s.* road, way, 3467; *pl.* STRETIS, streets, 3127
STREYNEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* stretches, 917
STROYE, STRUYE, *v.* destroy, 1927, 561; 3 *pl.* 3127; *p.p.* 1933, 1205
STRYKE, *v.* strike, smite; 3 *s.* 1124; STRYKKES, 1480; 3 *pl.* 1411; *pret.* 3 *s.* STRAKE, 2080, 2129
STUDYANDE, *ppl.* musing, 3467
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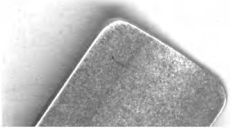

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